

A SERIES of
GENUINE LETTERS

BETWEEN

HENRY and *FRANCES*.

Felices ter & ampliùs
Quos irrupta tenet copula ; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 13.

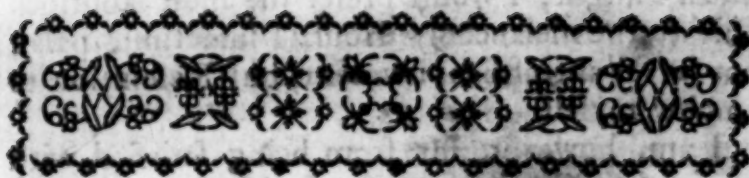
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V O L. II.

L O N D O N :

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A SERIES of
LETTERS
BETWEEN
HENRY and *FRANCES*

HIATUS.

LETTER CLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

ALTHOUGH I have been, ever since
I came to Town, overwhelmed with
Business, I cannot say that I am dis-
pleased at this Embarras du Monde,
as it prevents my having Leisure to
indulge gloomy Reflections, which are the cer-
tain Consequence of Indolence and Inactivity :
And, though my Spirits are too weak to bear

much Fatigue, I would prefer the most laborious Life to the melancholy Hours I sometimes pass; not for Want of Employment, but Resolution to employ myself.

I am, however, far from being satisfied with my present Condition; for I almost hourly find the Want of a reasonable Companion; who, by participating in my Concerns, or approving my Actions, would double my Assiduity, and, of Course, my Success. And this leads me to mention two Things I have often thought of — First, Providence certainly designed us social Creatures; and that our greatest Happiness on Earth, and strongest Pursuit, is the Enjoyment of a rational and tender Friendship; which cannot be attained without devoting the greatest and best Part of our Lives to this single Purpose; for I am thoroughly convinced, that sincere Love or real Friendship, never was contracted after the Age of Forty: The Mind then takes another Turn, grows callous to the tender soft Impressions of Humanity, and is in Pursuit of Enjoyments directly opposite to those, the first, and best — unless before engaged in the dear Tyes of Husband, or of Friend; if so, each Day adds Strength to the blest Union, and steals the Sting from Sorrow and from Care. Can we then, my dearest Life, without arraignment the Goodness and Wisdom of the divine Being, suppose that, from the highest Excellence of our Nature, we should be engaged in laudable Pursuits, which are to take up the best and happiest Part of our Lives; and that, after having been at innumerable Pains to obtain them, the Enjoyment should cease, just when we are capable of it, by putting off this frail Mortality? No-----It cannot be! With thee I'll range the liquid Fields of Air, wander through all the Immensity



Henry and Frances.

Immensities of Bliss, and find none equal to thy dear Society ; to fix my Heaven there.

I grow quite an Enthusiast on this Subject ; and, of Course, talk an infinite Deal of Nonsense ; but sure you will excuse me, when I solemnly declare, I have no Idea of Happiness, either in this World or the next, unshared by thee.

The second Thing I have to mention is, my Surprise at your being able to live so long alone ; “ for, in Unequals, what Society ? ” And sure you appear to me like *Adam*, before “ the last “ and best of all God’s Works ” was formed ; dignified with, and conscious of that Superiority he felt, amidst his vassal Brutes : Yet could Equality alone render Society agreeable to you, you must, indeed, condemn yourself to a perpetual Solitude ; for in that Case, I know not where it would be possible for you to find a Companion.

I am but just come home from ————
My Watch lies on the Table, and points to Twelve ; so I must bid you a Thousand Times Good-Night !

Frances.

L E T T E R CLVI.*

My dear FANNY,

Belmont.

I SET off in *Thursday*’s Stage, the 25th Instant ; and beg you will get some Lodging for me.

I received a Letter from you on *Saturday* last, and another this Day : And, first, of the first. I am very glad you got safe to Town : But why all this Plaintiveness ? Why will you eternally doubt my Tenderness for you ? Observe, that

A 3

there

* One of the Letters which this answers is lost.

there is a childish, and a manly one : Perhaps I am a Child in every Thing else ; and then one may suspect, if I do not appear so in this, it is because I want the Feeling : But if you will allow me to be a Man in other Things, why will you not judge of me all together ? If my Letters and Behaviour differ, it is because one proceeds from the Sentiments I have toward you, and the other from a certain Nonchalance, or Want of Earnestness in my Manners, which has been often misinterpreted.

What you say with regard to Love and Friendship is certainly just, as it is ingenious also. The Pleasures of those Affections are the greatest Enjoyments of Life : How careful ought we then to be to cherish them in their proper Season ! which does not extend even so far as you mention : And yet we have a long Life to labour through after that Æra, which would lag heavily along without those Helps.

The Opinion of a continued Converse after Death has been often disputed, and by me too : But I will come over to your Sentiment, for this conclusive Reason ; We are to be happy after Death. Providence always acts by the most continued, uniform, and constant Means. Love and Friendship are the highest Enjoyments of Mortals : They are likewise in the Series of Virtue. Would it not be Caprice in Providence, to give us new Objects and strange Affections, when we can be made as happy by the Improvement of the former, as by the Enjoyment of any other ? * I will never change my Opinion more
on

* Hear what a great Father of the Church says upon this Subject,

Certum est, beatos homines omnes ab omnibus videri et sciri, et inter se familiariter versari, ut amicos et proximos. Bellarmin de æterna felicitate.

Henry and Frances.

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on this Subject, for your Sake, my sweet Girl, whose Charms (pardon the Quibble) I wish to enjoy, *both above and below*; and in that Wish I live, and in that Hope I die,

Your's, all your's, and only your's.

Henry.

L E T T E R CLVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilkenny.

I AM come so far on my Way to *Dublin*, and shall be able to receive just one Letter from you, before I leave it. My Uncle is in the Gout, which will not mend his Temper; and the three Women, I left behind me, are in a hopeful Way with him, and he, of Consequence, extremely unhappy with them; for Providence has ordered its eternal Laws so equitably, that whoever makes another unhappy by Perverseness of Temper, makes himself no less so. I have more Indulgence for great Vices, than for this peevish unsociable Humour, which Men absurdly contract at that Stage of Life, when they stand most in Need of all the friendly, amusing, * and social Helps, to aid them through. The other Vices have Nature on their Side, or Allurements and Temptations, to excuse them; but Moroseness is contrary to Nature, (who diffuses Chearfulness among all her Works) and is also a Self torment in the very Exercise. As I have often said, I looked upon Chearfulness to be an Hymn to Providence, as well as a strong Indication of a virtuous Mind, so, I am almost

A 4

bold

* Subsidia Senectuti.

bold to affirm, that Ill-humour is Blasphemy in the Act, and a moral Vice in the Disposition: Nay, to prove it a Vice by the strict Rules of Logic, I affirm it to be a Thing diametrically opposite to the Nature of Virtue; for, as that is its own Reward, this is its own Punishment.

It is observed by *Addison*, that few People have all the Qualities requisite to render Life agreeable: But there are two indispensably necessary, which are in every one's Power; Chearfulness and Constancy. Now he who wants either of these, may be condemned; while those, who fall short in the Gifts of Nature, ought only to be pitied. Here it may be proper to say something in my own Defence, who seem to labour under this Rule, in *some People's* Opinion; but observe, that there may be Chearfulness without Mirth, and Constancy without Professing.

I am, my dearest Pet,

Your's sincerely,

Henry.

LETTER CLVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilkenny.

IT may seem idle to write you a Letter now, which you will get but a few Hours before I see you; but I do it, perhaps, to shew you I have not so mean a Consideration for you, as the saving you a Groat; though I am sure, as I have no Letter of your's to answer, that I shall not be able to say any Thing which can defray the Expence.

Our

Our Assizes ended this Day, by the Execution of all the Condemned; among whom was *Roberts*, a Rogue of some Consequence. When I heard the Guards coming down the Street, I retired to a back Room, as it is not a Spectacle I care to look on; but, considering it as an Object which might give Occasion to some useful Reflections, I returned, and saw them pass by. The first Thought which occurred to me was, that I should be glad to have been, for some Time, in their Situation, out of Curiosity, to know how a Man feels, or imagines, in such shocking Circumstances; for the meer Description of any Thing does not sufficiently satisfy me. I should be also glad, more particularly, to know how I should behave myself upon such an Occasion; whether I should feel myself most concerned for my Crime, or shocked at the Punishment; whether my Hopes, through the Merit of Repentance, would be sufficient to support me through the Terrors; if the Shame, or Pain, would afflict me most; whether I should act like a Madman or a Fool; and lastly, whether I could have Strength of Mind sufficient to support that calm and philosophick Temper at my Death, which great Part of my Life has been laid out in endeavouring to attain. With regard to the Wretches themselves, I had one comfortable Reflection, which will henceforward take off greatly from the Shock, which Executions of this Kind give to the humane Mind: That few of such Creatures ever reclaim of themselves; but, proceeding in a Series of Iniquity, die without Repentance. In this Particular, the executed Malefactor has a great Advantage above the Rogue who escapes. The condemned Man has that Benefit which the Psalmist prays for so emphatically: ‘Teach me, O Lord, so to number

' my Days, that I may apply my Heart unto
' Wisdom!' And I think, that the highest
Crime, sincerely repented of, shall meet more
Favour in the next World, than lesser Offences,
unatoned by Sorrow and Contrition.* I shall pur-
sue these Gallows Meditations no farther; but
only observe to you, the powerful Effect of this
great Salvo of Repentance, towards the perfect
Quietism of a Mind, the least imbued with Re-
ligion, though untutored by Philosophy, in the
Instance of *Roberts*, this Day; who, just before
he mounted the Ladder, declared he would not
change his present Situation with any Man in
the World.

I am, my dearest Fanny,

Sincerely your's.

H I A T U S.

LETTER CLIX.

Dear FANNY,

I AM alone here; for my Uncle is in the
Rheumatism again at ——. I want Nothing,
but you, to compleat my Happiness here. You
cannot imagine the different Sensations I have in
this present Vacation, from what I am sensible
of, when I have peevish or difficult People to
deal with. In short, Peace is to the Mind,
what Health is to the Body, Grace to Religion,
and Chearfulness to Virtue. Without these en-
livening Qualities, how dead and inactive are
all their Subjects! Without them all, how poor
an

* I have heard an old Expression upon some such
Reflection as the above, "That more Souls go to
" Heaven from the Gallows than the Grave."

an Animal is Man! When endowed with them, what a noble and amiable Creature! The Love of Gods, and the emulating Envy of Angels! Nay, how much more glorious is the State of a good Man, than even Angels themselves! We suppose them, at first, made perfect and guiltless to Sin; but mere Man, by the Power of his own Virtue, can render himself equal to that Perfection, which was, at once, the Act of Omnipotence, with regard to them. You see I lay hold on every fair Occasion of raising the Dignity of human Nature above the disingenuous and unphilosophic Sarcasms of *Theophrastus*, *La Bruyere*, *Roche-foucault*, *Swift*, and the Tribe of Authors of that Stamp. Such *Satirists* are unjustly stiled *Moralists*; which is the Title they vainly arrogate to themselves.

*I am, my dearest Fanny,
Impatiently your's.*

L E T T E R C L X.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE begun *Orrery's Pliny*, and, as I go thro' it shall give you my Criticisms, or rather Observations upon it.

The Translator, and his Author, have this in common with each other: The Fortune, or Misfortune, just as it happens, of having had two Wives; but there is this Difference between them, that no Poet, or Historian, has mentioned the *Roman's* first Wife, nor has *be* even given us any Character of her; but Lord *Orrery* has immortaliz'd his, in a Note on the second Volume, which I remember you shewed me lately, and has also a Pledge by her, which, if Lord *Boyle*,
fulfils

fulfils his early Promises, will make her live again to the present Times, as my Lord has taken Care she shall to all future. Perhaps *Pliny*, from a Delicacy of Sentiment, or Cautiousness of Manners, did not venture to pay any Compliment to the Memory of his first Wife, during the Life of the second; but if he had had the Address of his Translator, he might have made an equal Compliment to both; and if he had the same Reason for doing so, I should think his Happiness equal even to his Merits.

But though, after the Manner of *Plutarch*, I draw a Parallel between two great Men of different Nations, I do not insist so much upon this accidental Likeness, as I do upon a natural one; in which, from the Text of one, and the Comment of the other, I find an amiable Resemblance, which is their noble Sentiments of Virtue, and their generous and humane Dispositions toward Mankind in general. To prove the Likeness in a stronger Instance, I shall observe, that Lord Orrery is equal to a greater Work, than this Translation; but not being under the Necessity of writing either for Money or Fame, (Fortune having saved him one, and his Virtue the other, as the Character of a good Man is higher than that of an Author) he was at Liberty to follow his own Inclinations, and the Sympathy of honest Minds attracted him to this particular Work. I have observed, upon this Occasion, something greatly to the Advantage of the Commentator; that *Pliny*, from his several and frequent, generous and enthusiastick Remembrance of his particular Friends, seems to rise from Individuals to the Whole; according to that much admired, but fanciful Simile of *Pope's*, of a Pebble thrown into a standing Lake; but *Orrery* seems to take the Sense of social Love in a nobler View,

View, as his Sentiments are more general on this Head, and seem to begin at the outermost Circle, which was the Manner I used to reverse that Simile, when you and I read or mentioned it together. Indeed through the Course of what occasional reading I have had of this Translation, I prefer Lord Orrery's Sentiments upon this Head, before his other Criticisms. Perhaps, and I hope, I have a better Heart for one, than I have a Head for the other; or rather, which is the more probable, Nature has endowed Lord Orrery more in one Way, than it is in the Power of Learning to equal in the other. I have the Latin *Pliny* by me, but shall not compare them together for this first reading, because my Remarks are meant for you, not for the World.

I hope to hear a good Account of your Health, in Answer to my last Letter, or I shall send you off to *Campania*, which might then be stiled *Fælix*.

Farewel, my charming * *Nereid*! and believe me as constantly your's, as the Element you bathe in ebbs and flows; though my Affection only knows the latter; and does not, like the Sea, 'follow still the Changes of the Moon.'

Your's,

Henry.

LETTER CLXI.

My dear FANNY,

I Received your's from the Rock, and am excessively concerned at the Account, you give me, about Lady L-----. Her Death, which God forbid, I should reckon among my Misfortunes;

* She was at the *Black-Rock*.

tunes; for I feel for every Mishap which falls upon the Worthy. You ask my Opinion of Lady O-----'s Behaviour upon this Occasion; and in Truth, I am charmed with it. I always admire Instances of Fortitude most in those Persons who do not affect the Characters of Philosophers: Because one has the best Assurance, in such a Case, that the Part is not acted; a Person who felt less than she did, would probably have acted a Part more seemly to ordinary Apprehensions; as Cowards turn Bravos to disguise their Fears.

If I set *Maiden-ball*, I will build somewhere on the Sea-Coast, my favourite Situation; and rendered still more so to me, by a romantick Whim, that possibly I might have the happy Opportunity, at some Time of my Life, of affording Relief to Persons in the highest human Distress; just after a Shipwreck. But from your last Letter, I have a better Reason to love the Sea than all I have mentioned; as you say you receive Benefit from it. May Halcyon Days attend my little King's-Fisher! I wish we had the same Reason to require them.

I am extremely angry with *Kitty*, such Irresolution may render her Life unhappy; and I think she has bid fair for it already.

In the Preface to *Orrery's Pliny* you have a learned Essay upon the *Roman* Recesses, Places of Exercise, and their Baths, which is an amusing Treatise, considered by itself; but I don't see, at present, nor do I remember, in my former reading of the Letters, any Occasion for so critical a Discourse on these Matters; but I shall have Patience, 'till I have gone more regularly thro' the Work. However, the Sentiment, or Conclusion, he draws from the Decay and Ruin of these extraordinary and stupendous Works

Works of human Grandeur, and Magnificence, shall satisfy me, tho' I should find no other Purpose in the Essay. See the second Paragraph in the twenty-fourth Page of the Preface, *Faulkner's* Edition,

“ The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,” &c.

My Lord then goes on, from the Hint of the Decay of human Greatness, to consider the Subject in a higher Instance, and proceeds to give us a History of the first Government of *Rome*, under the Seven Kings; and begins with a Reflection, which shews more the Goodness of his Heart than a thorough Knowledge in Politicks. Why may not a Rabble of Thieves, and Vagabonds, form themselves into a civil Society, submit to Laws, and be passive to Authority? Did not this World proceed from Chaos? Does not Order spring from Confusion? And does not all Anarchy necessarily end in some Form of Government? As Providence, steadfast to its Purpose, makes Harmony proceed from the very War of Elements. Nay, the meer Necessity of the Thing must have urg'd such Men to this Policy, for Laws are more Requisite among Rogues, than among Honest Men. *Plato's Common-wealth*, *More's Eutopia*, and some other whimsical Pieces of the same Kind, are to be consider'd meerly as Political Romances, for true Policy flourishes independent of the Morals of Individuals; as Discipline makes better Armies than Courage. I am particularly fond of *Harrington's Oceana*, taking all his Works together, which propotes such an Equilibrium of States, that Puppets might be politick, and all the Devils in Hell virtuous; tho' neither by Individuals, yet both with regard

gard to the Whole? Perhaps my mentioning *Harrington's Works*, at this Time, may be hazardous, as it is observ'd, that most of our travell'd young Men in *England*, return home with *Genevan Principles*. But take Notice, that I speak to you, not to the World.

Towards the End of this Preface, or Essay on the Life of *Pliny*, Lord *Orrery* speaks of the Manner, he should chuse to spend the Close of Life; which I am particularly pleas'd with: And it is spoken like a Man of Sense, and Virtue; but the acting according to this rational Scheme is what must determine his Philosophy. It was said by *Solon* to *Cræsus*, that a Man could, not be stil'd happy, or otherwise, 'till his Death: Because we are to be judg'd not by Part, but the Whole of our Lives. Now I think, such an Apothegm as this might be fram'd with regard to a Man's Sense, and Understanding; for there are proper Behaviours, and Decorums for every Stage, and Scene of Life: In any of which should be a Man be deficient, his Character is broken in upon, as much as his Happiness, is, from the Loss of Health, Fortune or Honours.

Your's, thro' every Stage of Life.

Henry.

LETTER CLXII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM, at present, sitting in the Midst of a large Field of Barley, which I reaped the other Day; and am taking Care of the Binders and Stackers: There are forty-seven Women, and

and fourteen Men, at Work round about me, while I am reading *Pliny*, and writing to you.

I think Lord *Orrery*'s Comment upon the seventh Epistle is extremely fine. The eighth Epistle of *Pliny*, has a great Nobleness of Sentiment, and a particular Justness of Thought. I love the fine Struggle between natural Vanity, and the Contempt of Praise ; which is obvious through the whole Letter. It may be Stoicism, if you please ; but I never will admit any Pretence to Virtue to be true Heroism, which seems to be above human Nature, 'till it has first shewn its Strife with the Frailties of it. The ninth Epistle was always a Favourite of mine : But there was a Note I expected from Lord *Orrery* upon this Passage, " Thou art *almost* " preferable," &c. There is no Doubt but *Pliny*, if he had consulted his own Taste and Inclinations, would have left out that Adverb, and put in *omnino*, or *altogether* : But the Philosophers were obliged to speak of the tranquil Joys of retired Contemplation, and learned Leisure, with some Caution and Reserve ? either because the Antients had so often spoken, and written, in such Raptures of these Pleasures, that the World had got into a Kind of Enthusiasm, which alarmed Governments and States ; and the more particularly for this Reason, that those Men, who are fittest for the World, are most fond of retiring from it ; or else *Pliny* moderated his ecstatic Soliloquy, because he could not think a Man, who was retired from all Business, could be quite so virtuous, or, at least, capable of exercising so much Virtue, as one who employed himself in the Affairs of this World ;

World ; for some Part of the Duty of a Man, born a social Creature, must be neglected. *

In the Comment upon the tenth Epistle, there is poetical Wit in the Allusion to *Ajax's* Shield. There is an Expression in the same Comment, which I think exceptionable : Speaking of the young Men among the *Romans*, he calls them *Gentlemen* ; which, being a modern Phrase, is improperly applied, when we are speaking of the Antients.

The Observations upon the eleventh Epistle are very pretty, and very just ; and please me particularly, because they flatter me about a Sentiment you may remember of mine, that “ † Absence to Friends, like Death to Enemies, buries every Fault, and enlivens every Virtue.”

In the last Paragraph of the Comment upon the 20th Epistle, there is a good Deal of Wit and Justness in the Simile of Lightning. There is also something extremely pretty in the Annotation to the second Epistle of the second Book, in the Allusion to the Flux and Reflux of the Sea. The sixth Epistle of the same Book pleases me much. I have been always offended, when I have seen such improper and paltry Distinctions at very good Tables, which I have often done ; and always made it a Rule with myself, to take Part with the despised Guest, which has sometimes had the proper Effect upon the Entertainer.

I received your Letter, with Lady O——’s inclosed, and am much obliged to her for remembering me, which it seems she does, by mentioning Lord ——. I know already, that I am not to expect any Thing from her Kindness

* St. Bernard compares *Contemplation* and *Action* to *Rachel* and *Leah*, the first was *fairest*, but the latter more *fruitful*.

† Letter XXIII.

ness in that Particular ; for I mentioned to you before Mr. -----'s Answer to my Letter, on that Head. Now as I have a Way of profiting something from every Disappointment in Life, I shall, from this, have the Satisfaction of feeling the grateful Sense of Lady O-----'s Patronage, pure and unmixed, for the Friendship she designed me ; whereas, had I succeeded, my Acknowledgments might be looked upon rather as a Rejoicing at the Emoluments of it, than a Gratitude for the Favour itself.

Now have at her Ladyship's * Criss-Cross----

A, then, is * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

B is * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

C spends his Time between Books, Music, and the Business of his Farms ; has indeed an uncomfortable Prospect, with Regard to his Fortunes ; but has a certain Sturdiness in his Nature, which helps to keep up his Spirits. He has that happy Constitution and Turn of Mind, that, contemplating every Fortune or Accident in this Life, as he hopes to do when he is out of it, he regards each Incident of it as a Man should do, " at the Hour of Death, or in the " Day of Judgment ;" † so that he is resolved to regulate his present Actions upon that Plan, which the Ages, some Centuries hence, (should his Memory last so long,) shall approve, or, at least not condemn ; when all Prejudices, private Interests,

* A Paragraph of a Letter, inquiring after three or four Persons under the Characters of A, B, C, &c.

† Hæc Laus, hic apex Sapientiæ est, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda. SEN.

Interests, or partial Connections, shall be no more.

* * * * *

The fourth Letter in the Alphabet is, of Course D; but either the Carelessness of her Ladyship's Typography, or my own ready Adaption of the Letter has made me fix on O, which, from the Figure, being the most perfect in Geometry, seems to bear the nearest Analogy to the Person decyphered by it. O! may our Loves, our Joys, our Days end, like the Circle, as they have begun! (for I keep no Record of Time before our first Acquaintance) and may our Wishes, like that too, have but one common Center!

I am concerned at your Apprehensions about Lady L---'s Face; but more for her as a Child, than as a Woman: For Beauty is desirable, when we can expect Nothing better; but a Woman may be amiable, without a Symmetry of Features, which I cannot instance in you. because I think you handsome; but † Lady O--- may fill the Example, as she was never reckoned a Beauty: And may the Mother's Fortune attend the Child, to miss a Fop, and gain a Man of Sense!

I am sorry for the Accident which happened to your Eye: But, if it ends only in a Blemish,
I am

† Lady O--- resembles one of the Statues stiled *Sileni at Athens*; which appeared a plain Figure on the outside, but when you opened it, the Form of a Deity presented itself to your View. *Henry.*

She may be compared to *Solomon's Tents*. "They were mean without, but adorned with precious Things within." *Frances.*

I am quite easy ; for *Mens sana in Corpore sano* compleats all my Wishes with Regard to you.

I am, my dear Omicron,

Yours, from Alpha to Omega.

LETTER CLXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

WHAT a Scene of tranquil Happiness does my dear practic Philosopher's Letter present me with ! How earnestly, how passionately do I wish to share those rational Delights, which he can, at once, partake and inspire ! How, "*altogether preferable*" should I think it, to be seated by him on an Hillock of Hay, contemplating the Works of Nature, while he deduced each obvious Effect from its first great Principle ; and made me lose all Wonder, in Praise and Gratitude to that Almighty Being, who first created, and then made him mine !

I say, how much should I prefer that happy Situation to a Throne, without thee, thou dearest and most charming of thy Sex ! Nor will I doubt, that my sharing would enhance the Pleasures of Retirement ; for Solitude's the Nurse of Love, as well as Contemplation ; and I am very sure, were we to live but a few Months in a calm settled Way together, you would be infinitely fonder of me than you are, or can be, at present ; as I make no Doubt but we should then experience the charming Theory you have somewhere laid down : * "*Chearfulness without Mirth, Gravity without Spleen, and the warmest Love with the highest Esteem.*"

— You

* Last Lines of Letter CXXXVI.

— You will perhaps be surprized, when I tell you, that I now rejoice at what I have sometimes looked on as the greatest Misfortune of my Life ; that we have not yet lived together. We should have been miserable, if that had happened two Years ago. It is but a very short Time, since I became thoroughly acquainted with you : That Knowledge has increased my Love and Esteem for you. You have introduced me to myself : Need I say, that, by knowing myself, I have triumphed over my † greatest Foible ; And sure I cannot err greatly after your pointing out my Faults, when I declare, in the Sincerity of my Heart, that I have no Will of my own, nor Wish, but that of rendering my little Self agreeable to you. — If it were not a Work of Supererogation, I could even wish that I had greater Failings to surmount, as they would be a still stronger Proof of your Love and mine.

Though I remember the Subject of each particular Letter you mention in *Pliny*, I will not pretend to speak my Sentiments, as I have not the Books by me ; if I had, I should certainly start Objections, for the Pleasure of being refuted by you.

I have not been at the Rock these ten Days : I have lain in *Abbey-Street*, since I came to Town, and am almost killed with Raking. I shall not leave *Dublin* 'till *Kitty* does. I know you will be a little angry with this Account of myself, 'till you recollect, that I have not seen her for some Months, and that the greatest Part of our Conversation is about you ; which being a Subject

† “ Her Spirits kindle to a Flame,

“ Mov'd at the slightest Touch of Blame.”

SWIFT TO STELLA.

ject I shall never be weary of, I cannot think of quitting it without Reluctance.

With your's I received a long Letter from Lady O——, I think, according to your Definition of it, the Letter O is much better adapted to her than to me; for she is indeed the Center of female Perfection. By her Desire, I inclose you Lord ——'s Letter. Nothing can be more elegant than your Sentiments, with Regard to her Intentions to serve you.

I am vastly anxious to know what you have determined about † *Maiden-ball*.---*Kitty* is tearing the Pen out of my Hand: When shall I be able to write or converse with you, sans Interruption? I can no longer withstand the Riot round me; but, though they force my Hand away, my Heart is unalterably your's.

Frances.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

YOU speak too humbly, my dear *Fanny*, about your Person: It is, to my Liking, amiable; and no Comparison can render it otherwise to me, but that of your Understanding: And, though Age or Sicknes, may forfeit your common Admirers,

‘Best quitted with Disdain;’
yet your Charms to me, must still remain: For, though the setting Sun (to use a bold Expression) *annihilates* the *Shadow*, the Substance still remains the same.

I am

† It was advertised to be set at that Time.

I am sorry you had Nothing more particular to tell me, in your last, about *our Lady* — ; *which* is a fond Expression amongst the Antients, signifying a particular Regard, or Friendship to any Person.

I have got home the fine Edition of the *Spectators* I promised to send you. The Papers I design to make Part of a Collection (hinted to you in a † former Letter) which I mean to intitle, ‘the Solamen Miseris, or Cordial of Adversity,’ are Numbers 210, 213, the latter Part of 225, 257, 289, 312, 381, 387, 408, 447, 459, 465, 471, 487, 494, 495, 513, 519, 520, 531, 537, 543, 571, 600, 601, 615, 621, 624, 626, 628, 633, 634, and 635. There are but four Papers in the *Tatlers* to be added to them : Number 89, the first Part of Number 170, Number 135, and 211. I have not looked into the *Guardians* lately, but shall soon do it, with a View to this humane and useful Work. Writings of this Kind have admirable Effects upon a Mind rightly turned : They have quelled all Ambition in me : they have reconciled me to Poverty, rendered me luke-warm to Fame, have comforted me in Affliction, have even alleviated Pain, and taken away the Terrors of Death : At the same Time, they have enlivened my Hope, enlarged my Views, and opened such a glorious Prospect into Eternity, that the Mind’s Eye but carelessly glances over every Object, which lies intermediate to it ; yet not with such an intemperate Enthusiasm, as to hinder a thorough Resignation to the Dispensations of Providence ; for I contemplate the Joys of Eternity, without any Impatience for the Possession of them ; which is owing to the admirable Contrivance of the Almighty, who has given us
such

such a Self-Conviction of the Pleasures of Hereafter, as may make us rest in Hope ; but restrained us from such a Sense of them, as might render us impatient in our Wishes.

Farewel, my Love ! my Friend ! my Oracle !

Henry.

LETTER CLXV.

Dear FANNY,

AS I have not received any Letter from you this Post, I shall go on with my Notes upon *Pliny* and his Translator.

I think the Translation is extremely well done, and the Comments both learned and ingenious ; and as *they* are very full upon the Text, there is but little Room left for me to say any Thing upon the Author ; so that my Observations are mostly an Hypercritick upon Lord *Orrery*.

I think his Lordship shews a noble Sense of Friendship, both the Pleasures and Duties of it, upon every Occasion which offers thro' this Work. His Comment upon the ninth Epistle of the second Book is what particularly puts me in Mind of this, at present. The second Paragraph of this Comment makes a Sentiment occur to me, which I think a very refined one : and which pleases me more, because it is contrary to the common Sense and Opinion upon that Head ; that ' to be thoroughly generous, we should listen to Acknowledgments ;' as this, in a great Measure, eases the grateful Mind of the Weight it lies under from the Obligation.

The Light which *Pliny* places *Marius Priscus* in (see the twelfth Epistle of the same Book)

is very strong and remarkable. It somewhat resembles a Pillory, which gives a Man Elevation, to be scoffed and pelted at. One who retires from Ignominy may satisfy himself with the Hope that his Infamy is buried in Oblivion; but he who lives in the World, in the Midst of Shame, puts me in Mind of that strong Line of *Pope's*,

‘ And *Cromwell* damn’d to everlasting Fame.’

There is a pretty Turn of Wit in the last Paragraph of the Comment upon the thirteenth Epistle: and indeed Lord *Orrery* has, in many Places, shewn a great Liveliness of Imagination, as well as good Sense, just Observation, and fine Morals.

The second Paragraph of the Comment upon the fifteenth Epistle brought Tears to my Eyes. The Exercise of all moral Duties is pleasant. What a Mortification then must it be, to be debarred from one of the most pleasing, Filial Affection; as it has both Nature and Religion on it's Side.

I think, no Man was ever born with more Love of every Kind in his Constitution, than I was; and having the Course of it interrupted thus, upon it's first Current, I have often hugged a Cat for a whole Day, rather than suffer any Part of my natural Fondness to be lost. This, with some other Disappointments and Discouragements which I met with, as I advanced into Life, is the Reason why my social Affections are more general than particular; and indeed, I do not know a Man who loves human Nature more, or Individuals less; it was this Turn of Mind which made me reverse *Pope's* Simile, after the Manner I hinted at in a late Letter. Love, like a River, left to it's natural Progression,

sion, flows constantly within it's own Channel ; but when it's Course is opposed, it recoils upon itself for a Time, swells o'er it's Banks, and diffuses it's Waters impartially on every Side.

The Paraphrase upon the sixteenth Epistle is a very good one : it is a Method the Commentator frequently makes Use of in this Work, and I think it the best Manner of clearing up an obscure Text. I shall introduce a Paraphrase of my own, upon the Answer given by *Socrates* to the Presents and generous Invitations sent him by *Archelaus* King of *Macedon*. His Words are only these : ' I will not go to a Man, who is able to ' give me more than I am able to pay.' I thought this Answer too laconick, and taking a Liberty with the Context of his Life and Discourses, I wrote the following Letter, from the whole Character.

' I will not accept from any Man more than I ' can return ; for the Fruits of the Understanding ' are the Gifts of the Spirit, and are not to be ' bartered. You may ask me then, why I will ' not afford them to you *gratis* ? because they ' need the Assistance of Philosophy most, who ' are in Misery and Want ; while those who feel ' no other Want, are perhaps insensible of this. ' You indeed seem to require that Aid from me, ' by your Offers ; but such conscious Humility ' rather proves that you esteem it's Value, than ' that you need it's Help. If you are yet to ' learn my Science, study it in your own Heart, ' for I profess not to teach the Subtilties of the ' Schools.'

The Occasion of my writing this Letter was from a Method I have always made Use of, upon reading any extraordinary Passage of a great Man's Life. I immediately lay down the Book, suppose myself in the same Circumstance, or Situation ;

tuation: and meditate for some Time upon the Generosity of the Action, or Nobleness of the Sentiment, which I should, or ought to have used, upon such Occasion. This would be a good Method for Preceptors to use in the Education of young Men; for we learn every Thing by first pretending to it, 'till Custom has fixed the Habit.

Adieu!

L E T T E R CLXVI.

Dear HARRY,

I AM vastly delighted to find you so heartily engaged with *Pliny* and his Translator; as I dare venture to pronounce them better Company than any your Country affords. The Sentiment you mention on Gratitude, is both just and elegant: and since we are on this Subject, I shall mention a Doubt, that has sometimes perplexed me—Is it Pride, or Want of Gratitude, that renders the receiving Favours painful, and takes from us the Power of making Acknowledgments, at a Time when our Hearts are filled with them?

The Notion of every Individual's having a particular Quota of Love, is a Thought I would gladly indulge; as it strengthens an Opinion I am vastly fond of; that we cannot love to any great Degree of Passion more than once; for though Death, or the Unkindness of the Person beloved, may quench the Flame, it will never burn with the same Brightness for another; the Strength and Spirit must be exhausted, and the Remembrance of what we felt from the first, must be the chief Support of a second Passion.

You

You will, perhaps, think I should suppress these Sentiments, as they cannot be very pleasing to me, who have given my whole Stock of Love to one who owns the Tenderness and Fervency of a prior Attachment: But though considered in this Light, they may give some little Uneasiness, I must observe they are sometimes of the greatest Use to me. When my Heart overflows with that genuine Tenderness which cannot be felt for a second Object, while I look on you with Delight, and hear you with Rapture; yet find you cold and unheeding of me: I then recollect, that it is not in your Power, were I infinitely more amiable, to return my Love; my Resentment grows cool, my Jealousy vanishes, and I only, to myself, plain the Misfortune of not having made the first Impression on your Heart.—But while I mention this Allay to your Love, be assured it is none to mine; for, could I at this Moment, recall my Affection, I would ‘be frank and give it thee again.’

I very sincerely lament our being debarred the Indulgence of one of the most pleasing Duties of Life; you cannot have so high a Notion of it as I, because I for some Time experienced the Pleasure of loving a Parent. From the Loss of that Happiness, I have marked a visible Declension in my Understanding: There was no longer any Person that received Delight from its Improvement; I became indolent in those Pursuits, which, while pointed out by a fond Father, it was my utmost Wish to attain. You, in some Degree, supplied the Loss; but the Fear of not being able to render myself agreeable to you, greatly damped the Effects of my strongest Desire. Besides, there has been so much Perturbation in my Regard for you, so

many Doubts, Fears and Resentments, as took up too much of my Thoughts to leave me the Power of attending to any Thing else. Perhaps, by adopting the Opinion of a fond Father, I over-rate the Powers of my own Understanding; they may, for ought I know, be improv'd to the utmost they are capable of; and I am often angry with myself, when I find my Grief for his Death mixed with a selfish Concern for my not being as amiable as I think he would, had he lived a few Years longer, have made me.

I have not any Kind of Idea, that the Disappointments we meet from any Individual, should increase our Love for the Generality of human Kind: on the contrary, I think if such a Portion of Love, like Life, be taken from us, it must reduce the Remainder to a more scanty Pattern. Nor can I allow your reversing *Pope's* Simile; for I am very certain that a Man, who does not love Somebody, cannot love every Body. *Your's* of the River I will acknowledge just; for Love, obstructed in its proper Channel, will swell of Course; but instead of enriching and refreshing the Soil through which it passes, it will destroy and lay it waste——“o'erleap all Bounds, “and bear ev'n Life away.”

I have, for the present, lost a very great Pleasure by not having *Pliny* by me; but while I receive your Letters, I shall not regret his; and whenever I meet with them, I shall read them with more Pleasure and Attention than I should otherwise have done, for the Sake of my dear Hypercritick.

I told you in my last, that I have not been at the Rock these ten Days: I cannot think of leaving *Kitty* while she stays, and the Weather seems to favour my Design; for it is by no Means fit for bathing. I am concerned for the Harvest in
general,

general, but more particularly for your's. I cannot yet begin at the outermost Circle, but I hope I shall reach it at last. In the mean Time, I grudge the few Hours of fair Weather we have here, and I wish I could transmit them to you; but alas! as *Cloten* in *Cymbeline* says, 'I cannot lap the Sun in a Blanket, nor clap the Moon in my Pocket.'

I think *Socrates* was in the Right when he refused to receive Favours he was incapable of returning. But notwithstanding your Paraphrase, I look on that Man who refuses to communicate the Fruits of the Understanding as the worst of Misers, and more to be condemned than even the Wretch who hoards the shining Mammon, while his Fellow Creature perishes for Want. For the Person who is possessed of the Gifts of Fortune, may look on them as the Effect of his own Industry, and, like Sir *Balaam*, 'call God's good Providence a lucky Hit;' but he who is blessed with any Superiority of Understanding, must esteem it the immediate Gift of God, who doubtless indulged him that Favour, as much for the Emolument of others as himself. How then can he who hides his Talent in a Napkin account for it to the immediate Donor, or to those who have a Right to expect, but do not reap any Benefit from it? This leads me to mention what I have often wondered at, why you, who have certainly Talents to execute, have never set about any publick Work, which at once might be useful and transmit your Name to Posterity: You cannot complain of wanting Leisure—Indeed I think your Indolence in this unpardonable.

Lady L——'s Face mends daily, and your

own * Eye quite well. When will you see it? or when shall it see you?

Adieu, my Love, my Life, my first, my only ever new Delight, adieu

Frances.

LETTER CLXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE not heard from you these three Posts, and feel such an Aukwardness about me as a Person does when the Salute is return'd. However, this shall not discourage me from paying my Debts; and I will go on to give you in Quantity, what my Letters fall short of yours in Quality.

I have finished Half my Harvest, Hay and Barley; and when my Wheat and Oats are up, I shall ride Post to C——, to meet Lady O—— and you there, to reap the ripe Harvest of Wit, Sense, and philosophic Leisure; though I can expect to be but a *Gleaner* there.

The making Use of *that* Expression gives me an Occasion of observing to you, that the pleasantest Part of the Harvest has always been to me, when the Stacks are finished, and the Leasers are suffered to come into the Field; which they do with a loud Cry of Joy, disperse themselves over the Furrows, and pick up very often as much Corn, unavoidably scattered by the Reapers first, then the Binders, and Stackers, as will give each of them Bread enough for a Week. What a Pleasure did it give me, late in
the

* A Letter is lost, which this Passage alludes to, where she had complained of an Inflammation in her Eye.

the Evening, to sit at my Window, and see them marching down my Avenue, loaded with the Gifts of Providence, like "*Birnam Wood moving to Dunsmine*." I call this the *Gift of Providence*, because what these poor Wretches gain, I could not save; and they but vindicate their Harvest from the Birds of the Air, who will, however, find a Gleaning after them too. For Want of considering the Matter in this proper Light, my Uncle was thrown into a Fit of the Gout at that Scene, which gave me such a Flow of Pleasure as stream'd out at my Eyes. Now I know him to be as charitable a Man as I am myself; but upon this and many other Occasions I have remarked, between two Men of equal intrinsic Virtue, the Advantages which a certain accidental Cast, or what we may call a lucky Turn of Mind, shall often give one over the other. In the Instance we are upon, though I gave no more *actual* Alms than he, yet I may boast a Sort of passive Charity from the benevolent Satisfaction I felt in the meer Contemplation upon the Beneficence of Providence. As the Leasers were singing under their Loads down the Avenue, I cried out to myself in a Sort of Rapture, with an Allusion to a Note of Lord Orrery's in the fourteenth Epistle of the second Book, "These are the *Sophocleës*, these the "*Laudicani*, for a Man of Sense, Virtue, or Religion!" It is upon the Basis of Charity that it raised the "*Monumentum Ære perennius*." There go the Historians who shall record your Fame, when the Sculptor's Chissel, or the Poet's Pen shall have lost their Credit. What humble Pride, what mean Ambition then, to be anxious for a Name raised upon slighter Materials than these! A great Man's Fame I consider as I do Money, which has no Value in itself, but what it receives

from the Consent of the People ; and is no farther useful than as it negociates Things of real Worth-----But the *good Man's* Character is like the Commodities of Traffic, which would preserve their intrinsic Value though there were no such Things as Counters to negotiate them.

Adieu !

LETTER CLXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

MY Letters must certainly have miscarried, for I did not omit one of the Posts you mention.

The Transport you express at being instrumental to the Happiness of your Fellow-Creatures, is the highest Feeling of the human Mind ; it is at once the strongest Mark of the Divinity, and the noblest and most grateful Sacrifice we can make to him who gives us all, and ‘ in whom we live, and move, and have our Being.’ That heart-felt Joy which arises from having done an humane, or generous Act, is doubtless preferable to the giddy Vanity of publick Praise which is too often bestowed on the Unworthy ; yet I am far from condemning a Desire of honest Fame ; for I fear, that without a Sense of well-earned Praise, the most virtuous among us would grow languid in the worthiest Pursuits-----However, it is certainly the Act itself, and not the Applause that attends it, which gives real Satisfaction to every Man of Sense and Virtue.

I almost envy the Pleasure which the Country affords to a Person like you, who considers every Circumstance and Object in a philosophick Light ; every Animal, Insect, Tree, Plant, or Flower, can furnish you with a much higher Entertainment,

tertainment than what is usually found in Drums, Routs, Balls, or Assemblies. I cannot, on this Occasion, forbear to mention a Fear I have been some Time possessed with, that by indulging this very abstracted Way of Thinking, you will acquire a Contempt and Disgust for the Conversation of all, who are not blessed with the same happy Turn of Mind. If this should happen, that Abundance of Love, which you say is a Part of your Constitution, would be confined in a very narrow Compass; nay, I am much afraid it would revert intirely on yourself; for I know few People, if any, who are at present, capable of affording you any Kind of Delight from their Company; and should you go on, encreasing the Refinement of your own Taste, you will of Course find a stronger Dislike to that of others; you will then be, with regard to the World, in the same Situation as mine, when in a visiting Room alone, among a Croud of People, for whose Understandings and Manners I have perhaps a sovereign Contempt—while they are more than even with me, and construe my Silence and reserved Behaviour into Stupidity and ill Breeding.

It is likely you may think this Comparison vain: Upon my Honour I did not mean to draw any Parallel between our Understandings, but only to observe, that my Knowledge of you has rendered the Generality of the World very insipid to me; and no Conversation agreeable but yours. I confess, I am sorry on this Account; but not for this Reason only, that I am for the most Part deprived of your Company; and even when I enjoy it, I am in continual Apprehension that mine is not elegant enough to please or entertain you.

You may judge by the numberless Blots and Interlineations, that I hardly know what I am doing. I think I had better lay down the Pen
than

than persist in writing Nonsense, which I must necessarily do from the Noise around me, unless I were deaf.

You will, I dare say, acknowledge, when you have got all my Letters from the Post, that the Compliment you pay me would be much more justly returned by, than addressed to me ; but if I do not speak my Thoughts of your Letters, it is because I know no Expression strong enough to describe the Elegance of them, nor the Pleasure which they give me.

I have heard (though not from herself) that Lady O ——— intends going to *England* next Month, to stay there two Years : Judge my Concern, and yet I must suppress it. Lady L—— is much better, but Dr. Barry will not let her stir till she is quite well. In the mean Time my Impatience increases hourly to see my dear Henry ; to walk with him, and talk to him, without waiting whole Weeks for a Reply. Such happy Days we have once known, tell me, my Harry, when will they return.

Kitty does not leave us 'till *Monday* ; when she goes, I shall bid adieu to every Thing that has the Air of Gaiety, and apply myself closely to the Pursuit of Health and Philosophy. I fear I have neglected *Madam Hygea* too long, to expect she will quickly revisit me ; but for Wisdom, “ she stands in the Street, and is found “ of all them that seek her.” If I am fortunate enough to engage these Ladies Company, I shall wish for no other, but your's.

“ Nor Fortune's Gem, Ambition's Plume,

“ Nor *Cytherea's* short-liv'd Bloom,

“ Be Objects of my Pray'r ! &c.

I am, faithfully and affectionately,

Your's.

Frances.

LETTER CLXIX.

I FLATTER myself that by this Time, my dearest Life is intirely cured of all Apprehensions arising from my Silence. You could not sure suspect me of Neglect; and had I been so ill, as to prevent my writing, *Kitty* would certainly have acquainted you. There remains but one Hope of my Letters not being intercepted, that my dear, giddy *Harry* forgot his desiring me to address them to *Gowran*. This, I hope, is the Occasion of your Complaint, and that you have, since your last, received four Letters from me.

Now let me unburthen my Heart, and lament the Loss of that most amiable of Women, and best of Friends, my Lady O——. It is too true, that she quits *Ireland* next Month, with a Resolution not to return, for some Years. What a Scheme of elegant Happiness is now destroyed! How have I pleas'd myself with thinking that, on knowing, you would love and esteem her, as much as I do! where, when separate from you, shall I find a Friend, whose Conversation can, at once, delight, and improve! whose Sprightliness can cheer the present Hour, and point the Way to make the future happy! indeed, my dearest *Harry*, I sigh for your Loss too, when I consider myself as the Object of your Affection. I admir'd, and would have endeavour'd to copy her; that Nobleness of Sentiment, Uniformity of Manners, and that calm, chearful Resolution, which shone thro' all her Conduct, would have been stronger Lessons to your *Fanny*, than all the Volumes of Philosophy, that were ever wrote ;
for

for her Actions illustrated their Arguments, and prov'd to Demonstration, that what they prescrib'd was practicable. But, to shew that such a bright Example has not been wholly thrown away on me, I will endeavour to imitate even the hardest Part of her Character; that of chearfully resigning the Person we love, when we hope, and believe it for their Happiness. I will now no longer murmur at losing, what I esteemed the second Blessing of my Life; she goes to her Lord; may she find in him a due Reward of all her Merits! my utmost Wish for her, is that—no more—for more were vain.

All I can tell you of *Kitty's* Affair is, that she has run directly counter to your's, mine, and *Nancy's* Advice; and is now under the Tuition of —, and her Grand-mother. Tho' I have been in the House near three Weeks, she has never mention'd the Matter to me, nor I to her. I sincerely rejoice at her Silence on this Subject, for it is indeed a nice Affair to advise in.

As often as your Leisure will admit, I shall be pleas'd with your Observations on *Pliny*; for, tho' I have not the Books by me, at present, they will afford me a double Delight, when I have.

I expect a Letter from Lady O—, by Tomorrow's Post, which will, I believe, either fix the Time for, or entirely put off our Journey to C—. If the latter should happen, tell me, my Heart's dear *Harry*, may I not hope to see you here? I am forbidden to go near you, will you not soften that cruel Interdiction, by coming to her, who is, and ever will be, sincerely, and affectionately

Your's

Francis.

L E T-

L E T T E R CLXX.

My dearest FANNY,

I RECEIVED all your Letters safe from Gowran, which, with two from *Kilkenny*, I have now before me, to answer. I do not remember to have ever had so much Pleasure, at once, in your Absence, as at present; such “a Feast of Reason, such a Flow of Soul!” Consider the Pleasure of your Correspondence, which would have been portioned out to a Month’s Time, by a Mistake of the Posts, as it were, dammed up for a While, to rush upon me, in one Instant, with a Torrent of Joy.

I declare to you unfeignedly, for indeed I never flatter’d you, that I never read any Thing so infinitely more than pretty, so extremely fine, and elegant, as your Letters are; which I am the more remarkably sensible of at present; for as I have a collected Body of them before me, they give Strength, and Beauty to each other: the only inhanc’d Value, they are capable of receiving, being owing to themselves. Upon my Honour, when I read some Passages, where the Fineness of the Sentiment, the Beauty of the Stile, or the poetical, or epigrammatical Turn of the Expression is remarkable, I feel my Heart move within me; and indeed, my *Fanny*, I should not know I have an Heart, but from the Pleasure or Pain, I receive from you. Now this Sensation is not barely such a one, as Men of Letters or Taste perceive, upon reading fine Writing of any Kind: For this, perhaps, I may be too phlegmatick: but I perceive such an Exultation, made up of Joy, and Pride, in my Heart, as if (I speak but by Guess) I had said such Things myself. But, upon this

this Occasion, all the Vanity, I have to flatter myself with, is that, next to the Art of writing well, is that Taste, which is capable to judge of fine Writing.

I never was sensible of any Pain from receiving Favours ; but that Want of Power to express my Gratitude, I have a good Notion of ; and it proceeds from a Fullness of Heart, which, like a Croud of Ideas, or, in short, like any other Croud, prevents its own Utterance. *Gloster* says of *Cordelia*, “ her full Heart reverberates no hollow Sound of Emptiness ; ” in me there is a little Matter of Pride, upon such an Occasion, lest, by too servile an Acceptance of the Favour I should appear unworthy of it ; for I think too much Expression about the Matter would make me look upon a Person as an Object fit for Alms, rather than a Subject proper for my Friendship. There is a Kind of Honesty too in my Sturdiness, lest I should seem to mean the repaying a Kindness merely with Words.

I did recollect, at first, that you had not a *Pliny* by you, and therefore could not understand my Letters: But I concluded that you would have sent to-----, for his, which I beg you will do immediately, and read those particular Passages, which my Letters relate to, by themselves ; and you can go regularly thro’ the Books, when I return you your’s. I shall not mention one Word more upon the Subject, ’till you tell me, you have got them, for my chief Aim is to entertain you.

What you tell me, about Lady O-----, gives me a great Deal of Concern, upon your Account : for it will be a very great Loss to you, in many Particulars. What is the Occasion of this sudden Change of Affairs ? I shall have a great

L. ois

Loss of her too, as her uncommon Cleverness, and unaffected Manners have given me a sincere Esteem, and Friendship for her ; but your Misfortune and mine are not to be mention'd together : For I shall have you, but you will want her. However, tho' you are deprived of the Happiness of a Companion, you cannot lose her, as a Friend ; for her Regard and Esteem for you is founded upon your own Sense, and Merit, and will consequently last with her's. This sudden Removal, I am afraid, will make it impossible for me to have the Pleasure of seeing you at C---: and indeed it would be improper to incumber her, at present, with a Visit.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CLXXI.

I AM almost ashamed to acknowledge the Receipt of my dear *Harry's* last Letter. I absolutely blush, while I think of it. I can bear any Thing better than Praise which I do not deserve : Yet Praise from you will always be pleasing to me ; for, though I may be conscious I do not merit it, yet I cannot distrust your Sincerity ; and sure I shall always be delighted with your thinking I am what I would wish to be.

I, by no Means, doubt your receiving much Pleasure from such a Bundle of my Letters coming at once to your Hands. My Idea of it is like passing a Day together. Though the Subject was often changed, the Discourse was continued ; while a single Letter appears like a short Visit, where the greatest Part of those Moments, we should wish to employ more agreeably,

agreeably, is taken up with the Form of coming in, and going out : Yet, I confess, I would rather see a Person I loved, for Half an Hour every Day, than be debarred that Pleasure for a Month, though I were certain they would then stay a Week with me ; for I think the Joys of Meeting “ hardly pay the Pangs of Absence.” This may be owing to an Impatience in my Temper, which I would gladly correct, as it occasions me many melancholy Hours ; for, alas ! the greatest Part of my Life is passed in a State of Separation from you ; and even when you are with me, the Certainty of parting, at such a Time embitters the present Pleasure. Pardon me, when I tell you that I have often suspected your Love, when I have seen you quit me, with as much Indifference as you would a common Acquaintance ; while my poor foolish Heart has heaved, and Eyes strained to follow you. I know you have so strong an Understanding, as would, were you possessed of such a fond Weakness, get the better of it ; and yet, at this Moment, I swear (I speak from my own Heart) I wonder how you can bear to be so long, and often, absent. There is, I fear, but one Way of accounting for it.—

I parted from *Kitty*, at *Racool*, this Morning : She pressed me much to go with her : I own, I was strongly prompted by Inclination to accept her Invitation ; but durst not venture, without your Consent. *Nancy* has promised to make her a Visit, by next *Thursday's* Stage : If you do not think it improper, and I do not hear from Lady O-----, I shall gladly accompany her ; but if you have any, the least Objection, or are apprehensive of any ill Consequence from my going, I conjure you, by your Love, to speak freely, and prevent me.

Lady

Lady O-----'s going to settle in *England* is not a sudden Start: She always said she would go, whenever she had completed her Affairs here.

I have been at -----'s ever since I came to Town: He has lent me his *Pliny*. A Company, playing at Cards by my Side, stun me with their Noise: I know not what I am writing; but this I know, that I am, with Love, Faith, and Constancy,

Your's,

L E T T E R CLXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

BELIEVE me sincere in my Praises of you; for upon that Subject all Hyperbole is lost in Truth. Whether, indeed, you really deserve all that I think, which is ten-fold more than ever I said of you, I cannot tell: Nay, sometimes I fancy not; only for this Reason, that I am afraid there is not, in Reality, any Woman in the World so charming as I imagine you to be; yet your Merit is the same to me, which is capable of inspiring me with such pleasing Ideas; as it amounts to the same, let Sceptics wrangle ever so long, whether there is such a Thing as Matter in the Universe, or whether it is only a Spirit, which has the Power of conveying such an Idea to our Senses. And as the amiable Opinion I have of my dearest *Fanny* makes up most of my Happiness in this Life, I shall consider it as *Cicero* does an higher Subject, 'that if it should be a Mistake, I would not part with the Belief of it,

' it, for a Certainty of the highest Good in this World.'*

Your Simile, with Regard to your Letters, has a pretty Fancy in it; and there is a good Deal of the same Kind of Turn in many of your Writings, which has often made me declare, that I never met with any Thing, in the epistolary Stile, so very clever as they are; so that, even abstracted from the Consideration of their coming from you, and being addressed to me, I do not read any Thing which gives me a more refined Entertainment.

I take it very unkindly, your seeming to suspect me of the least Indifference to you. Whenever I can be near you, how few Hours am I from you? And, be assured, it is my Misfortune, not my Fault, that I am not constantly with you. If I do not always part from you with the Appearance of that Fondness, which you might expect, it is owing intirely to that Temper, which I have endeavoured to practise myself into; as I have very little of it from Nature. No Man has more Tenderness, or soft Affection about his Heart, than I have; and my Philosophy, which is not of the Stoic Kind, does not make me feel less in myself, but only serves to save Appearances to the Rest of the World. How often, my dear *Fanny*, have I most earnestly intreated of you never to say any Thing of that Kind to me again? and, if you recollect yourself, you will find, we have had very few Disputes, but upon this Subject.

Henry.

LETTER

* Quod Si in hoc erro, quod animas hominum immortales esse credam, libenter erro: Nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo, animas esse immortales.

Cic.

LETTER CLXXIII.

SINCE you desire me to continue my Notes upon *Pliny*, I shall go on with that Subject again.

The first Epistle of the third Book puts me in Mind of Lord *Orrery*'s Wish about the latter Scenes of his Life, hinted at in one of my former Letters to you; and in the Passage I here allude to, for Want of better Light from History, he supposes after what Manner *Pliny* passed the Decline of Life; but I think the latter Part of the Letter, I am now upon, affords a strong Presumption of this Supposition; and, as *Pliny* desires *Calvisus* to keep that Letter by him, in order to judge of his Philosophy, so shall we remember Lord *Orrery*'s Declaration with the same View. I think the Character of *Spurinna* not unlike his own; and there is one Circumstance hinted at, when he takes the Air in his Chariot, in which they happily agree. In this Letter there is a pretty Distinction between being pleased, and being proud of a Thing. 'The only Mark of Age he discovers, is Prudence.' This is a fine Trait.

In the sixth Epistle of the same Book, in the Comment on it, Lord *Orrery* gives us a gay Ode, to divert our Thoughts from the melancholy Prospect of an old Man; which is like the merry Epilogues they give us often after our Tragedies. This Argument has been treated *pro* and *con* in the *Spectators*: But for my Part, I always chuse to retire with the Bier; for sober Thoughts do me no Harm, as I can be grave, without being melancholy. I am surprized his Lordship should say an old Man was a dismal Sight;

Sight ; for a Person, who views all Things

‘ In the calm Light of mild Philosophy,’

regards with equal Eyes both Youth and Age ; nay, I cannot think it requires any great Straining of Philosophy to bear even our own Decay, as there are Pleasures and Solations indulged by Providence to every Stage of Life ; and, to a Mind rightly turned, perhaps, not the least to the last ; and, if any Uneasiness arises in our Senescence, from a nearer Prospect of the Grave, it is unbecoming a Christian, who rests in Hope.

There is Something extremely elegant, and a fine Address of Compliment, in several of *Pliny's* Epistles, with a certain *Tour d'Expression, et de Sentiment*, which is observable in the Writings of the best and politest *French* Authors. I shall give you but one Example among many ; because I would not prevent you, as you have not gone through his Works. It is in the eighth Epistle of this Book : ‘ And, since it is equally excellent to merit and confer Benefits, I see you are
‘ resolved to lay Claim to the Praise of both, by
‘ giving to another what you have deserved
‘ yourself.’

In the Observations upon the second Epistle of the fourth Book, my Lord, after his humane Way, reprimands *Pliny* for his frequent Abuse of *Regulus* ; which, as I hinted, is an Instance of his Humanity, but not of his Judgment. There are many Men of vile Deserts, so far beyond the Reach of Laws, that there is no Way to punish them, but by Satire or Invective ; and I believe that several People, naturally vicious in themselves, have been restrained within the Bounds of *social* Morality, not from Respect to the *Tables*, but out of Fear of being

“ damn'd to everlasting Fame.”

From

From the whole Tenor of *Pliny's* Character, and it is this Way we should judge of Men, he inveighs against *Regulus* from a virtuous Rage, rather than from Hatred, Malice, or any Uncharitableness. This puts me in Mind of a Sentiment of your's, upon some such Occasion as this, which may not be improperly repeated here : It is upon the Subject of Revenge ; * ' As a Passion, it is a Vice ; ' but, as a Principle, a Virtue.' Pursued with Malice and Ill-nature, upon slight or common Provocations, it is a Passion instigated by the Devil ; but great and real Injuries, proceeding from extreme Vice and Immorality, call aloud for Justice, and then Vengeance becomes a godlike Principle. Perhaps it would be a proper Criticism here, to distinguish between the Words *revenge* and *avenge*.

In the latter Part of the Comment upon the fourth Epistle, there is a very just Observation, That it is absolutely necessary for us to be as wary in the Choice of our Amusements, as of our Studies : For which Reason, I have often thought, that there wanted extremely such an Office to be established in all States, as a general Reveller ; who should prescribe and preside over the Amusements, Pleasures, and Diversions of all Ranks, all Professions, and all Ages of Men, even from their childish Years ; which would be an Institution of admirable Service to the World.

Read the whole nineteenth Epistle, and the Comment upon it. I fancy there are some Passages in both, which will strike and please my dear *Fanny* ; and, in order to leave the Impression on your Mind, I shall put an End to this
Letter,

* Letter XLVIII, last Paragraph.

Letter, with the Addition only of an Allusion to one of *Prior's* Poems,

' So thinking on thy charming Youth, &c.'

Henry.

LETTER CLXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I SUPPOSE, by my not hearing from you last Post, that you do not get my Letters regularly; which, I hope, is owing to your being retired to the Rock, though you have, at present, extreme bad Weather for Bathing. I have a melancholy Prospect before me for my Wheat Harvest, and I have the greatest Quantity, and the best in this Country; most of which is lodged by the Rain, and shedding by the Wind. *Mais vive la Philosophie!*

I hope to have a Letter from you To-day; but cannot get it before this goes to the Post: So I shall go on with my *Pliny*, which I never read, but when I am to write to you; and, as I undertook this Work merely for your Amusement, so I find it now, for that Reason, if I had no other, the pleasantest Manner of reading: It is certainly the most improving Method too; and, if I had a great Fortune, I would allow a good Salary to a Librarian, who should *antecede* my Study, and mark out to me only those Passages, which were remarkable or ingenious, improving or entertaining; as I would give my new Shoes to a Servant to wear first. The Person I would employ for this Purpose, should rather be one of a refined Taste than of deep Learning,

Learning, and of more natural Understanding than great acquired Knowledge. In short, my dearest *Fanny*, you should be my *Minerva*, my Preceptor; for even from your Fragments I might hope to grow rich in Wisdom, and to be *polished into Virtue*. This last Expression has made a Sentiment occur to me, that there is a certain refined Taste (Parsons may call it Grace, if they will) which, unless born with a Man, the best-disposed Christian will be but an heavy, unformed Lump of Morality. What is that Reverence for the Antients, that humane Love for our Cotemporaries, that generous Benevolence for Posterity, that tender Sense for another's Sorrow, that high Relish for a Stranger's Happiness, and, lastly, that noble, philosophic, heart-thrilling, and religious Ardor, which possesses the whole Soul with enthusiastic Rapture, upon the Contemplation of the astonishing Greatness of the Works of Providence, and the infinite Goodness of their incomprehensible Author? What are all these refined Pleasures owing to, I say, but to a natural Taste and quick Relish for Virtue; to a certain gifted Capacity, large enough to comprehend the whole intellectual Universe; that is, all Mankind, past, present, and to come; and reaches so high, as to embrace even God himself; all which, a plain good Man has no more Idea of, than we can of the Pleasures of a sixth Sense. *Addison* has somewhat the same 'Turn of Thought with Regard to Piety, when he says, 'that some People want 'Parts to be devout, and could as well make an 'Epic Poem, as a fervent Prayer.'

But to return to *Pliny*, who is properly enough introduced after such a Subject, as carried me beyond myself just now.

The twenty-first Epistle of the fourth Book is an extreme pretty one. I wept for the *Helvidiæ*, no so much for their Death, as for *Pliny's* Grief at it.

In the next Epistle there is a poetical Witticism in the Allusion of the Arrow; which is, I think, the first Instance of that Kind I have met with in this Author.

I am charmed with the whole twenty-third Epistle. That truly noble and philosophic Exclamation, wishing for that Stage of Life, when he might live to himself, transports me. There is Nothing for which I despise a Person so much, as the paltry Wish to be younger; a childish Longing for a Bib and Bells again! He must have spent his Life very ill, or mean to do so, who would desire to return back to any *Æra* of it; for we are, at any Stage, capable of Virtue.

In the twenty-eighth Epistle, *Pliny* has mistaken the Matter, with regard to Painting; for I think, it is a much easier Matter to copy a Picture, than to draw from the Life.

In the last Epistle of this fourth Book, he mentions a Spring, which ebbed and flowed. There is a * Well some Miles from this, which is reported to do the same. I never examined into it, but shall ride over there some Day, on Purpose.

I am surprized, that any Person of common Sense could mistake the Legacy, which he was so pleased with, Epistle I. Book V. for that from *Curianus* was the only one, which did him Honour. He says, 'A small Legacy is fallen to me;' which shews, he was telling his Friend something new: And the former Legacy was above two Years before, at least; for he
says,

* At *Newtown*.

says, that the Suit, with the Coheirs, was of so long standing. The Mistake of the Commentator's could never have happened, but from the meer Force of Prejudice; which has amazing Powers, in many higher Instances. *Pliny* first speaks of *Pomponia's* Favour, to which it was natural to apply his Expressions of the Gratefulness of the Present; and, leaving the Reader in this Error, almost during the whole Letter, what he says at last, tho' it breaks with full Day upon you, could not open the Eyes of Prejudice.

In the fourth Epistle you may see the extravagant Fees, which were given to Lawyers, in *Pliny's* Time. This may make us a little better reconciled to the Extortion in our own Days: Though, to view this Matter in the Light of political Morality, the present Exorbitancy ought to alarm us extremely; for, the higher Law or Justice is vended, the scarcer it must be; and the Poor, who need it most, will consequently, have least of it. Then Oppression reigns, and Liberty is no more; and then is a State in the proper Crisis for a Revolution, either by Rebellion at home, or Invasion from abroad. At the Time *Pliny* hints at this Extravagance, the great *Roman* Empire was hastening to it's Ruin.

Adieu!

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CLXXV.

My dearest FANNY,

Musæum.

OUR Assizes are over, and I am returned to myself, that is, to you. I wait not for the Pleasure of hearing from you, but amuse myself,

myself, in the mean Time, with the more imperfect *one* of writing to you. I am now retired among my Books, the best Part of which Library I esteem your Letters; for they not only teach me Wisdom, but promise me that glorious End, of which Wisdom is the surest Means, Happiness.

I have read some Pages this Morning in the second Volume of *Orrery's Pliny*; but should not, at this Time, think of entertaining you out of this Author, if I had not from thence a fair Opportunity of addressing myself more particularly to my Heart's only Aim.

You may remember, that you rallied me upon not taken Notice of *Pliny's* Epistles to *Calpurnia*, in my former Remarks; but I defended myself, upon there not being any in the first Volume. The fourth of the sixth Book, which is the first of the second Volume, is the first of these Epistles. I confess myself charmed with it; and am the more particularly fond of her, as, from the Hint of her Constitution and Make, she seems to resemble you; as you, in Return, do her in this; that I think you would deserve, on the like Occasion, a Letter full of the same Fondness, and Tenderness, and conjugal Regard. Whenever I raise a Statue to *Pliny*, I will have that whole Epistle inscribed on the Pedestal.

The two first Lines of the fortieth Page contain a very fine and a just Sentiment. From the second Paragraph of the Comment upon this sixteenth Epistle, you may draw a Comparison between *Pliny* and *Shakespeare*, by observing, that the little Jingle, and affected Turns, in both their Writings, were rather the false Taste of their Age, than the Vices of the Authors.

The

The Reflection in the seventeenth Epistle, that
 “† he who envies another, must be his Inferior,” is fine.

At the End of the Notes upon the fourth Epistle of the seventh Book, Lord Orrery wishes that this Letter had perished; I suppose, because it betrays a little Vanity about his trifling Performances in Poetry. He is very often angry at him, when he shews a Weakness of any Kind; because it is natural for us to wish those, we love or esteem for some Qualities, perfect in all. Now I am not quite so severe in this Matter: ‘Non ego paucis offendor Maculis.’ Human Nature has many Foibles; and, when I perceive some in a great Character, I suppose I see the Whole Man; but, when a perfect System is presented to me, I suspect the Genuineness of the whole; for, as I conclude a Part is acted somewhere, I think it possible it may be done throughout: Which gives me Occasion to remark upon the only Foible, I ever could object to my own *Calpurnia*; and which, like the Caprices of Beauty, may be compared to Shrubs, that sometimes occur in laying out an Improvement; which though out of Rule to plant there, would be Want of Taste to root out.

The first Paragraph of the fifteenth Epistle gives me an Opportunity of renewing my Remark upon one of the Epistles of the first Volume: * I forget which of them; and, as I have returned you that Book, I cannot set myself right now: but it is where he comes very near preferring a Life of retired Leisure to public Business; but dares not speak quite out, for the Reasons there mentioned. In the Passage of this Letter, which

C 3

I am

† Si non invideres major es: Nam qui invidet minor est.

Incert. Auth.

* See Letter CLXII.

I am now quoting, he says, ‘ I *dare* not say
‘ my Life would be better, but certainly it
‘ would be happier, if my Studies were my sole
‘ Employments.’

I think, Lord *Orrery* has mistaken that Passage in the eighteenth Epistle, where *Pliny* says,
‘ The Land itself will never want a Proprietor ;’
for *Pliny* seems to consider this Farm with a View
of letting it, not of selling ; and therefore rather
wants a Tenant than a Purchaser. The original
Expression, † ‘ *à quo exerceatur,*’ seems to
warrant this Sense.

On the nineteenth Epistle, *Faulkner* makes a remarkable Blunder in the Comment, about the Genealogy of *Fannia* ; but, indeed, the whole Edition of this Book is very faulty.

In the Observations upon the twenty-fifth Epistle, my Lord quotes, as a Proverb, this Sentence :
‘ He that is not for me is against me ;’ by which he seems not to recollect that it is a Passage in Scripture, and spoken by our Saviour. * I am sure if he had been aware of this, he would not have introduced it so lightly here. *Adieu !*

LETTER CLXXVI.

I AM infinitely obliged to my dearest Life, for the Kindness and Constancy of his Letters : They have, indeed, almost made me Amends for the Pangs of Absence. I know Nothing else that could have soothed, or even amused my Mind, but those dear Pledges of your Love. I confess I never felt such severe Anguish in my
Life,

† *By whom the Land is occupied :* which distinguishes a Tenant from the Owner of the Soil.

* *Luke ii. 23.*

Life, as at our last Parting; and though you appeared so then, I do not now believe you was indifferent. A Thousand Circumstances concurred to render it more painful to me than any of our former Separations. You have kindly obviated the most material; and I shall now endeavour to forget the past, and only look forward with the pleasing Hope of our Meeting.

The Gentleness with which you treat my greatest Fault, will, I flatter myself, have a better Effect than the severest Reproof. Allow me, my dearest *Harry*, to say, without a Boast, my Nature is honest, generous, and open. I was brought up with, perhaps, too much Tenderness and Lenity: Unused to Harshness, I cannot easily bring myself to bear it from one I passionately love:—But be assured I will endeavour to root out this *Weed*, not Shrub, intirely out of your little Parterre.

I wish I was as well able to vye with the Merits of *Calpurnia's* Character, as your Epistles, for Nobleness of Sentiment, Justness of Thought, Elegance, and Tenderness of Expression, may with *Pliny's*; but, alas! I fear I fall as far short of her, as you, in my Opinion, surpass him. In one Respect, however, I am sure I shall equal, if not exceed her; in my unbounded Love and faithful Friendship for thee, thou dearest, most amiable; and deserving of thy Sex!

I hope, when I write next, I shall be more at Peace; for I am not settled yet. In the mean Time, I beg you will excuse the Wildness and Incoherence of this Scrawl, and believe me, with the tenderest Affection and sincerest Esteem, your fond and faithful,

Fanny.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED no Letter from you by *Tuesday* Night's Post, so suppose there was not any Certainty, or Alteration in your Affairs at that Time, worth recording. I have sent to Town, expecting a Letter by *Thursday's* Post, and am very sure I shall not be disappointed. I hope the Letter itself may not disappoint me.

Since I received Lady ———'s last Letter, I have had frequent Struggles with myself about answering it. If I do not answer it, I suffer the Correspondence to drop on my Side: which is unpolite: If I do answer, I may seem to presume too much upon an occasional Adventure, and thereby be deemed unworthy of the Honour proceeding from it. Upon the Whole, I have determined in the Negative, and sacrificed my Inclinations to my Prudence, upon this Reasoning: that few Men can deserve such high Honour by their Merits: but almost any Man may appear not unworthy of it by his Modesty. One particular Thing, which tempted me to write, was, the occurring of some farther Thoughts upon that comfortable Subject of the Mercy of God; which was Part of my Letter to her; and which I did not carry as far as I might, with a little Reflection, at that Time, lest it should look like a premeditated Essay, what was, in Reality, but an occasional Occurrence; though, after what Manner hinted to me, from any Part of my Letter, I cannot at present recollect.

The only Objection which Divines make to the unbounded Mercy of God, is his infinite Justice; for, say they, Justice is concerned about punishing the Wicked, as well as rewarding the Virtuous:

ous : and the only Scope they will allow to Mercy, is Remission upon Repentance.

Now, let us consider the Matter impartially, among ourselves ; for observe, there is Nobody by, but you and I.

In the first Place, it is high Presumption to pretend to reason about the Attributes of God ; and all Definitions of this Kind may be considered ' like the Eye in Prospect, whose Strength can ' find no End ; but Weakness makes one.' The Qualities and Faculties of the human Mind, from whence they vainly argue, may have (and it is more than probable) so little Relation to the divine Mind, that there may not be even any Analogy between them ; and may, perhaps, to a Spirit capable of conceiving both, be as different Ideas, as Sound and Colour.

But let us dispute with them upon their own Terms, and speak of God as Man ; and let us agree, for the Sake of Argument, that, though the Qualities of a human Creature certainly bear no Proportion to the Attributes, they may, however, have such a Relation to them as Time has to Eternity ; and thus we may come to a clear Method of reasoning upon this Subject.

Human Justice then, as blended with human Passions and human Policies, may be defined a Retribution of Rewards and Punishments ; but, to consider it in the Abstract, I do not think that even human Justice comprehends the latter Part of this Definition ; for Punishments are inflicted either to revenge or to deter. Now, with Regard to the first, a Legislature is dispassionate ; and, with Regard to the latter, I am sure that if a Man could commit any Crime which it was impossible for him, or any Body else ever to commit

again, it would be a Cruelty to allot any Penalty for it; because in this Case, the Benefit of the Example could never operate. In this State, then, I look upon our Souls in the next World; as having committed Offences, which we can no longer repeat, and the Punishment of which can then no more avail us, or serve as a wholesom Example to deter others; nor is God a Man, that he should be angry.

I shall not add any Thing farther upon this Head, but just to observe to you, that the Definition of Mercy, as it is given in the Beginning of this Discourse, absolutely annihilates the Virtue, by making it only Part of another; for Forgiveness, upon Repentance, is not a distinct Operation, according to that Sense; but meerly a Piece of Justice. If I forgive my Debtor, he is obliged to my Generosity: But if he pays the Debt, he releases himself; and I but perform common Equity, by giving up his Obligation, upon Conditions performed.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

THE unsettled, and, of Course, uncomfortable Situation I have been in these three Months, makes me feel a very sincere Satisfaction at being able to date this Letter from my own Apartment, or rather your's; for I cannot, will not call it mine, 'till you have blest it with your Presence. Haste then, my dearest Life, my kindest Love, my All, my Being, haste and restore your *Fanny* to the Enjoyment of herself in you! bring

bring to her Wishes, to her Transports bring, all that can make Mortality endured, and render Immortality still more desirable!

The Impatience of my fond Desire to see you has hurried my Imagination into a Kind of Rhapsody; but I own I should think it a Crime to love you after the common, sober, insipid Manner; and if Excess of Love be pardonable in any Woman, I may stand excused. My Constitution is naturally cold; nor could it be warmed into Love by an Object less worthy than my Heart's dear *Harry*. This Declaration, which is indeed a true one, may well secure you from any Fear of Change in my Heart: I wish, both for your Sake and my own, that I had Merits sufficient to furnish me with the same Security. But, as your Love and Constancy outweigh even your other Merits to me, I will rest satisfied from my Dependence on them, though conscious of my Want of Worth to deserve them, in any other Way, but by returning them an hundred-fold.

I cannot help saying, I am sorry the Correspondence between Lady — and you, is at an End; though I am certain you judged it right.

Though we can have no perfect Knowledge of the Attributes of God, I cannot think it Presumption to form an Idea, according to our finite Capacity, that he is just and merciful. If we believe the Bible to be a Work of Inspiration, we must assent to this Opinion. If we consider it as the Work of meer Man, unassisted, uninspired, it appears, that the Result of natural Reason, as far as *finite* can comprehend *infinite*, has given us an Idea both of the Almighty and his Attributes; and sure it cannot be criminal to employ that Reason, which he hath bestowed upon us, in Contemplation:

templation of his Excellence. The Fault which I think the Generality of Men, and particularly Divines, run into, is not the Reasoning on the divine Attributes, but daring to set Bounds to what their poor finite Capacities cannot comprehend. — I cannot by any Means agree with you that it is probable there should be no Analogy between the divine and human Mind. We believe God to be all-wise, all-good. We must change the Idea of these Attributes into Folly and Cruelty, if we suppose he did not form the Faculties of our Souls by the most perfect Model—by himself; though he confined their Operation within a narrower Sphere. But when we shall put off this frail Mortality that now clogs and incloses the Faculties of our Souls, I do believe they will be enlarged; and of what Use could they be, had they no Analogy to the divine Being; in the Contemplation of whose endless Glory and Perfection our chief Happiness will, I presume, consist?

I am quite charmed with your Argument for unbounded Mercy. I think it is carried as far as finite Wisdom can go; and to make use of your own Expression, * has shewn, that ‘God is not ‘made up of Parts, but is *one* perfect Being,’ whose Attributes co-operate and correspond together.

In Compliance with your oft-repeated Desire, you see I have ventured to touch upon a Subject infinitely beyond my Capacity; but it is in such a Manner as Boys first learn to swim; conscious I am out of my Depth, and afraid of drowning every Instant: But my dear Teacher will,

* In some other Place.

will, I am sure, reach out his Hand to save his little trembling Pupil.

Adieu !

Frances.

LE T T E R CLXXIX.

My dearest FANNY

Musæum.

TO-MORROW is to be a very busy Day with me, both at home and abroad ; therefore I shall dedicate this pleasant, tranquil *Sunday Evening* to you, lest I should miss a Post. I am in Haste too, to finish *Pliny*, that I may send it up along with the rest of your Books.

In a Note upon the twenty-seventh Epistle of the seventh Book, we are informed of the Name of that Philosopher, who gave the famous Advice to *Augustus*, to repeat the twenty-four Letters, whenever he found his Passion rising. I wish I had seen this Passage before the last Evening we spent at ———. The Advice, indeed, I have often heard of ; but never knew the Author's Name before, or I should have honoured it. I have very seldom known the Charm put in Practice ; but always imagined, when I saw a Man in a Passion, that either he had never heard of it, or had never learnt his Alphabet : Upon which Hint, I am tempted sometimes to treat such Persons like Children, and hang a Horn-Book about their Knecks, saying, with *Brutus*.

“ I will use thee for my Sport, yea, for my

“ Laughter, when thou grow'st waspish.”

The Cure for a Scold, a Poem in one of the *Tatlers*, is from such a Hint, as this of *Albionodorus*.

In

In the Observations upon this same Epistle, Lord *Orrery* inveighs against the Weakness and Credulity, with Regard to Ghosts and Apparitions. Now I cannot join with him in this Particular; because there are some Stories of this Kind, so well attested, that they should gain Credit, like other Parts of History, upon the same Authority. The Belief of this Matter is a Thing above our Reason, but not contrary to it; which is the proper Definition of Faith: And if it were made an Article of our Creed, I do not think it would be amiss; for it is not contrary to Religion, as being vouched by Holy Writ: At least, I would not discourage the Belief, since it is a strong Proof of Life, after Death; and which every Argument that tends to prove, adds Strength to Religion and Virtue. † As to the Immortality of the Soul, which I lay hold of every Opportunity to discourse upon, it is a Thing, which a Christian cannot doubt of; because there is express Authority for it in that Book, upon which his Faith is founded: And even to a Deist it may be proved, *ex absurdo*; which is a Method of arguing in the Mathematics, when the Truth of a Proposition cannot be demonstrated in a direct Manner, the Assent is gained, by shewing the Absurdity of the contrary Opinion: As thus: If there be no Hereafter for Mankind, God is inconsistent, and unjust; the first, in giving us Hopes (which we certainly have from the Light of Nature alone) that are never to be fulfilled; and the second, in suffering Virtue, in any Shape, to go unrewarded. That Being, then, which is inconsistent, or unjust, cannot be God; ergo, a Mortalist.

† Scito te mortalem non esse, sed corpus hoc: Nec enim is es quem forma ista declarat; sed mens cujusque is est quisque. CIC.

Mortalist Deist sinks into an Atheist. I would treat an Atheist after the same Manner that I mentioned just now, and brand him with that pupil Ensign, which is the proper Emblem of his extreme Ignorance; for, as the Psalmist justly expresses it,

‘ The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is
‘ no God.

Orrery, in the Notes upon the twenty-eighth Epistle, says, this Letter should be placed the first of the whole Collection; and he is certainly right: Proper Lights, and particular Points of View, are a great Advantage to every Thing. He often complains of the Want of Order through the Whole; and I am angry at him for not setting this Matter right; for it would be as little Trouble, as the Observing upon it. I have a Mind to do so myself, when I have finished the Reading.

I am pleased with *Pliny’s* Sentiment upon Ridicule, in the last Paragraph of the twenty-ninth Epistle: and I approve of it as an admirable Weapon against Vice: and surely fitter here employed, than, as *Shaftsbury* recommends it, for the Test of Truth. Almost any Man would undergo Fine, Imprisonment, or Pain itself, rather than the Mortification of being laughed at. *Addison*, and other ingenious Writers, have spoken so admirably upon the Power of Shame, or Influence of Modesty, that, for very Shame, I shall not attempt to pursue the Subject in this Light; but shall take the Liberty, for the Honour of human Nature, to consider this Matter in a particular Manner, which I never met with, in any Author.

Speech is not the distinguishing Sign of an human Creature; for Birds have been taught to
speak:

Speak : Nay, all the Brute, or Animal Creation converse naturally ; for their Tones are intelligible to each other ; and what are Words, but Sounds, and Expressions of our Ideas ? Rationality is not the proper Sign neither ; for Instinct makes that Matter doubtful ; and it is certain, that all Animals act logically. Ridicibility is a Mark much insisted upon ; but, if this is meant merely of a Distortion of Countenance, I have seen Dogs laugh ; and if it be meant as a Sign of Chearfulness, or Pleasure, then the various Expressions of these Sensations, throughout the whole Brute World, sufficiently answer to this Definition. I look upon Modesty then to be the only Characteristic, or Criterion, which properly distinguishes Man from other Animals ; as we are certainly the only Creatures known who have the least Sense of Shame. †

I am, my fair Inspirer,

Your Oracle,

Henry.

† It gives me a singular Pleasure to find that *Butler* had the same Thought before me, for in his *Remains*, which were first published, long since the former Edition of these Letters, there is this Passage. " Shame is as much the Propriety of human Nature, tho' overseen by the Philosophers, and perhaps more than Reason, Laughing, or looking Asquint, by which they distinguish Man from Beasts ; and the less Men have of it, the nearer they approach to the Nature of Brutes." Chap. on Impudence.

L E T-

LETTER CLXXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I SENT a second Messenger to the Post, suspecting the first had deceived me ; but not a Line from you, though you must know how anxious I am, at present, to learn some Particulars relating to your Situation. Well ! I am angry now---but A, B, C, &c. and now kiss, and Friends ; and you are my own spoiled Pet again : But, if I do not hear from you by To-morrow, I must eke out the *Roman* Alphabet with the *Greek* and *Hebrew*. I sent to know, if *Kitty* had any Account of you, but received no Satisfaction from thence.

But to return to *Pliny* : I think *Orrery* too severe upon the second Epistle of the eighth Book, not considering it as wrote to a Friend, and not to the World. The Privilege of Friendship is, to think aloud : And shall I be reprimanded for communicating to my dearest *Fanny* my humane Sentiments, with Regard to the * Gleaner's Harvest, &c ? Or, shall I be thought ridiculous for telling you, that I have spent good Part of this Morning in the Amusement of a *Roman* Emperor, catching Flies ? not like *Domitian*, to kill them ; but to retrieve them from their torbid State by the Heat of my Hand, and have the Joy to see them flutter about the Room, with added Life and Vigour. I think it a wrong Thing, to discourage, in any Sort, the Exercise of Humanity, even the Talking of it ; as by this Means, perhaps, some People may be, as it were, intrapped into
Virtue ;

* Letter CLXVII.

Virtue ; * by professing it first out of Vanity, they may come afterwards to practise it out of Shame. Many a Coward has been induced to fight, because he has happened to boast that he would.

In the twenty-second Epistle, there is a very just Sentiment, and a very proper one to be considered by the severe Moralist, or the *outrageously Virtuous* : " He who hates Faults, hates Mankind."

The twenty-third Epistle is a very affecting one, and the Character of *Junius Avitus* is very amiable. It is, indeed, the Nature of the Afflicted to enumerate every little Circumstance, which once gave us Pleasure in the Enjoyment of what we have lost ; and it is sometimes a mortifying Reflection, that, while we are multiplying our Joys, we may, perhaps, be but increasing the Earnest of our Grievs.

In the seventh Letter of the ninth Book, and several precedent ones, I find the Reason for Lord Orrery's Essay upon antient Architecture, which you may remember I was a little alarmed about in his Preface to this Work ; for which I here offer my Palinode.

In the eighth Epistle, there is an Instance of Wit in the Comment : " Vanity, like Smoke, smotherers and obscures the Flame, from whence it proceeds." I have observed a great Deal of lively Fancy, as well as just Thought, in my Lord's Writing, through the Course of this Work : And, upon the Whole, I think he has shewn himself a Man of Virtue, a Man of Learning, and a Man of Taste ; and if he was not also a Man of Rank and Fortune, which might make
my

* Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.
CIC.

my Attachment suspected by Persons, who have none of the Qualities above-mentioned to ennoble their Sentiments, I would certainly take some solicitous Pains to become acquainted with him.

In the last Paragraph of the Preface to the tenth Book, my Lord seems in Doubt about the rendering the Word, *Dominus*; which he has done very justly, by translating it, *Sir*; as it is addressed by *Pliny* to *Trajan*. It is in this Manner we speak to our Kings; and the *French*, who are Patterns of all Politeness and Decorum, salute their Grand Monarque by the Stile of *Sire*.

The twenty-eighth Epistle of the tenth Book should immediately precede the thirtieth; because in this last, he refers to the former, in these Words: "I had informed you, by my last Letter, that *Lycormas*, &c." I take especial Notice of the Want of Order in this Particular, because my Lord has attempted to place all the Letters of this tenth and last Book, in a regular Series; and, upon this Occasion, I shall repeat what I said in a former Letter, Why did he not take the same Pains throughout?

In his thirtieth Epistle, *Pliny* gives an absurd Reason for not detaining the Ambassador: He says, it was because *Lycormas* had desired he should be detained, 'till he himself arrived.

The thirty-fifth and thirty-ninth Epistles from *Trajan*, are exact Models of all the Court Answers to Public Addresses.

Adieu, my Life! and believe me, 'till Tomorrow's Post,

Your's,

Athenodorns.

L E T.

LETTER CLXXXI.

MY dear little Shrub, my Arbutus, my Ever-green, I wish you Joy of your Retirement, and happy Vocation from - - - -

I am really charmed with your Reasoning, upon the Analogy between the finite Perfections and the divine Attributes, so justly deduced from the Wisdom and Goodness of Providence; and am pleased, that I carried my Sentiments no farther upon that Subject, than merely to suggest, that, *perhaps*, there might be no Relation between them: For, when I come close to the Argument with the Divines, I enter the Lists upon their own Terms; but I only fix the Feet of *Jacob's* Ladder on the Earth, while you soar upon it to the Skies.

I meant to consider Mercy, as a self-sufficient, distinct, operating Excellence in the Godhead; the proper Objects of which were those, who did not come within the Merits of that Repentance, which might intitle them to the Justice defined in that Letter. I am, my dearest *Fanny*, well aware, how little orthodox I am in this Opinion; and therefore call upon myself for some Explanation on this Subject, as I seem to make no Difference between the Good and Bad, with Regard to the unbounded Mercy of God. In order to which, I shall make Use of an Allusion by considering Man in this Life, like a Silk-Worm in its *Nymph-State*, involved and incompassed round with Toils of their own weaving; the one waiting 'till God's Blessing, as the other for a warm Sun, shall rescue him to a joyful

ful Resurrection Now some Insects carry the Seeds of Death with them into the Grave, and, consequently, perish immediately, without being able to revive to a new Life: in which forlorn Situation I consider a wicked Man—and think I have some Authority from Scripture for this Hypothesis.

* “The Wages of Sin are *Death*, but the “Gift of the Lord is *eternal Life*.”

And again,

“The Lord wisheth not the *Death* of a Sinner, but rather, that he may turn from his “Wickedness, and *live*.”

Now, though the inflicting of Punishments, as I have somewhere said, would, in some Sort, deprive Heaven of the full Enjoyment of its own Perfection; yet such a literal Death, as I understand from these Texts, that is, the intire Deprivation of Sense or Being from a Sinner, is not only agreeable to Justice, but to Mercy too; for “they say, bad Men would be unblest’d in “Heaven:” And as this Life is given us, in order to prepare our Souls for the Relish of that contemplative Bliss which is hereafter to be permitted to the Spirits of good Men made perfect, it would be rather an Instance of Cruelty, than Mercy, to grant Immortality to thole unhappy Wretches, in a State of Existence, which would not admit the Gratifications of mortal Senses, or the Indulgence of human Passions. †

As

* *Romans*, ch. 6. v. 23.

† It was the Opinion of the *Stoic* Philosophy, that only the Souls of good Men subsisted after Death; that the bad, perished totally, Body and Soul together, like a Brute.

As I am drawing toward the Conclusion of *Pliny's Works*, I shall finish my Remarks upon him, and his Translator, in the Remainder of this Letter.

In a Note upon the forty-sixth Epistle, *optimo Viro* is called an Idiom, but I cannot see for what Reason: And my Lord might very well have rendered it literally, *the best of Men*, without appearing the least stiff in the Stile of that Expression, as he apprehends.

Trajan's Speech, in the last Part of the Comment upon the fifty-first Epistle, puts me in Mind of a Humour of the Widow *Jacob*, in this Country; who was some Time ago married, and the Morning after, she appeared caparisoned with an Horse-whip pinned to her Girdle; and told her Husband, she meant always to wear it about her, that it might be ready, whenever she deserved his Chastisement.

In the sixty-seventh Epistle, read *since* for *scarce*.

I have gone through the Rest of this Book, which finishes the Volume, and find Nothing more fit to be remarked upon, that is not already taken Notice of by the Commentator, much better than I can pretend to do; and this in general, is the Reason why I have made so few Observations upon the whole Work. As to the Freedom I have taken, in some Criticisms, both with the Author, and his Commentator, I shall excuse myself with a Quotation out of the thirteenth Epistle of the third Book: 'If I find you so frank, as to make Objections to particular Passages, I shall take it for granted, that you are pleased with all the Rest.' And so indeed I am.

I think, the twentieth Epistle of the fourth Book, would be proper to conclude these Remarks with;

with; changing the Word *Grief* for *Sense*, and applying that Letter to *Pliny* and *Orrery*.

And now let me assure you, my dear *Fanny*, that I feel a real Concern upon the Close of this Work, at parting with three such Men as *Trajan*, *Pliny*, and *Orrery*: But one I hope to know in this Life, and shall die in Trust of meeting the others in the next; and you, my best-loved Girl, shall know them too:

‘ Together to the Realms of Bliss we’ll go.’
 ‘ Till then, let us live and love; for, while we do one, I am sure we shall do the other.

Adieu, my Heart’s Delight!

Henry.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

My dearest HARRY,

I AM vastly provoked at your not receiving my Letters regularly: I am uneasy about my *Saturday’s* Letter, though the Disappointment only, could make it of any Consequence. As I have nothing extraordinary to say, at present, with Regard to myself, and have not Time to answer your’s. I should not write To-night, but on Account of the inclosed, which, I am sure, will give you Pleasure, as my dear Lady —’s Sentiments correspond with your’s. I have wrote a very long Letter to her; and my Fingers ach to such a Degree, I can hardly hold the Pen. I hope I have now returned the Compliment you paid me, by bringing her Letter to —.

We will prescribe the whole Alphabet, only to very weak or very irascible People; for I think, the five Vowels might serve to surmount any Resentment, we could have to each other:

However,

However, if you like the * *Water-Bottle* best, I will always have one by my Side.

Adieu, my Love !

LETTER CLXXXIII.

My FANNY,

I RECEIVED your's, with Lady —'s, inclosed; and am pleased to find, she does not speak, like a Courtier, to your Pride, but addresses herself, like a Philosopher and a Friend, to your Prudence. It is certain, that no Man partakes of the Lowness of his Situation, while he appears above it: And the Question in Life is, not what Part we acted, but how we performed it. What she says is extremely just, † “ that Misfortunes should be rather a Spur than “ a Bridle to us; as a Man exerts himself more in a Bog, than upon *Terra firma*; and the noble Mind, like a Tennis-Ball, always rises in Proportion to its Fall. *Cæsar* said bravely, that he would rather be the first Man in a Village, than the second at *Rome*; and I would rather appear above a low Part, than beneath a great one.

I am glad to find, that you have contracted the Maxim of *Athenodorus* to the Vowels; tho' by mentioning the *Water-Bottle*, I suspect you mean to add the *Liquids* to them. Now I will cut the Work still shorter; for I will confine myself, not only to the Vowels, but to two of them, in Honour of ourselves: For I think, upon any such Occasion, we need have Regard but

* Alluding to a Poem in the *Tatler*, a Cure for a Scold.

† *Depressa resurgo*; the Motto of the Palm Tree.

but to U and I ; and to shorten it still further, let us consider those two Letters but as a Diphthong.

I have been employed these three Mornings in two of the most opposite Amusements, that one can well imagine ; in sorting and reading all your charming Letters, filled with Kindness, Love, and Truth, and pulling the grey Heirs out of my Head—Not, as one might conjecture, to leave myself yet the Appearance of Youth, sufficient to justify so much Fondness, but for a very extraordinary Reason ; to present my lively, gay, young Love with a Locket of them. You have several Times wished, that I was many Years older than I am, in Return for which, I shall dedicate every Symptom of Age to you still, as they appear.

- “ My Fiddle as my Nerves unstrung,
- “ *Venus*, upon thy Shrine be hung !
- “ *Cupid*, sound a Retreat.”

Now we are upon the Subject of Age we may talk of the Epitaphs, which I promised to frame for you and me. The two, I thought of, are, “ *Evasti*, I have escaped,” looking upon Death in that philosophic Light ; and “ *Permutatio felix !* A happy Exchange !” considering Death, as becomes a Christian, the Means of an Exchange for Immortality. I give you your Choice of them ; tho’, as I hope, and shall take Care, that we shall be both laid under one Stone, I will have them both inscribed, as of one Sentence, to shew that in Death, as well as Life, I consider you Part of myself — “ And in Death they

“ they were not divided.” The Epitaph then shall stand thus :

Evastmus—Permutatio felix !

In the Name of God, Amen !

Believe me your's

Henry.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

AS I am still in the same disagreeable Way, with Regard to my Health, I would not write to my sweet Love this Night, but to prevent his Apprehension, of my being worse. There is Something extremely odd in my Disorder, as there is not the least Alteration in it. Time has, however, lessened my Feelings, but not abated my Complaints. I own I am greatly alarmed at my Illness; but I will not say more on a Subject, which, I am sure, occasions you almost as much Pain as me.

I will not, by any Means, accept either of the Epitaphs you offer me, unless I should survive you. (What a Thought was that !) Forgive me, Heaven, when I say, thy Joys, as far as my poor finite Views can reach, could hardly counterpoise my Henry's Loss. I will not, cannot bear to part with thee. My Spirits are much too low, to be able to get the better of this melancholy Reflection ; and believe me, *Harry*, fully certain as I am of the Mercies of my Creator, I find no Pang in the Thoughts of dying ; nor do I think I should find a Sting in Death itself, but
that

that of being torn from thee, my Life, my Soul, my Immortality ! and could I call it “ an Escape, a blest Exchange ? ” ah ! no----I must want much of that passionate Regard I feel for thee, e’er I can think it Bliss to part from you. I’ll not endure the Thought.

I hope, indeed, you will take Care to see me laid in some Place, where Death shall not divide our poor Remains ; “ where thou, with frequent “ Eyes, my Sepulchre may’st see ! ” Oh ! grant, thou good, thou great, all-merciful, and all-glorious God, that the last Object, which I view on Earth, may be my *Henry* ! that he may close my Eyes, “ and smoothe my Passage to the Realms “ of Day ! ”

I gladly accept of every Mark of Age, which it shall ever be in your Power to devote to me, provided they give no Hints of your Mortality. I own I rejoice at every Pain, or Sicknes, that I feel, which seems to promise I shall not be left behind ; for I can much better bear the Thoughts of quitting you, than of your leaving me.

Adieu, my Life ! my Love ! believe me your’s ’till Death, and ever after.

Frances.

L E T T E R CLXXXV.

I AM almost angry with my sweet Love for not attributing his Disappointment to any Cause, rather than my Neglect. I did indeed write, by *Saturday’s* Post, to Lady ----, to *Kitty*, and to you. How extremely rude must Lady ---- think me ; as there is no Doubt but all my Letters miscarried ! I am vastly uneasy

D 2

about

about them, but particularly for her's, it being of most Consequence.

I join with you in thinking that Friendship not only allows the Priviledge of communicating our inmost Thoughts, and of acknowledging the honest Pride we feel from the Exercise of any moral Virtue, but that it is a Breach of that noble Intercourse to conceal even our Faults or Foibles. For my Part, I have shewn my Heart as naked to thy View, as to the Eye of Heaven. Real Friendship, like true Love, is understood by very few, yet common in the Months of every one. It can be only conceived by Minds capable of the most refined and disinterested Sentiments: "Reserve will wound it, and Distrust destroy;" and this makes "Friends such Rarities below." I think, that Persons of different Sexes, who, with a tolerable Understanding, have had a sincere Affection for each other, are most likely to be capable of real Friendship; for even the Remains of Love will create a Gentleness in our Manners, and Complacency of Behaviour; the Want of which is too often the Effect and Bane of common Friendship. I declare solemnly, I have felt a higher Satisfaction in considering myself as your first Friend, than ever I did in thinking myself the Object of your Affection. I know myself capable of retaining your Esteem, because I will never do any Thing to forfeit it; and therefore I receive greater Pleasure from any Mark of your Confidence. than from the fondest Expressions of your Love --- Not but I shall ever wish to preserve that too, as I have paid the Price for it, by giving mine; but we are, in general, fonder of what we have no Right to, than what is justly our's

There

There is no Part of your Character so much indebted you to me, as the Tenderness and Humanity of your Disposition. I have actually felt the same Transport in thinking of it, as you have done in the Exercise; my Heart has trembled, and Eyes overflowed with Pleasure, as if I had done some generous or humane Act myself.

I do assure you, that often in the extreme Fondness of my Heart, when I have looked at, and heard you with the sincerest Delight, I have been ready to burst into Tears, from reflecting that the Happiness, I then enjoyed, might some Time prove an Aggravation of my Misery; and sure there is no Anguish equal to that, which arises from our departed Joys. I do not remember I was ever so much affected at any Thing I read, as at a Passage of *Young's*, which I met with during the *Interregnum* of our Loves.

“ And she *was* mine; and I *was*—*was* most
“ bless'd!

“ Gay Title of the deepest Misery!”

But I will have done with this melancholy Subject; and I sincerely hope it will never more occur to my Remembrance.

Your Brother and Sister have been with me all Day; so that I must quit you sooner than I would. Set down all the Blots and Blunders to their Account; for though my Thoughts are fixed on you, yet being obliged to converse with them, makes both my Hands and Eyes to wander. They have been vastly civil to me, since I came to Town.

I intreat you will inquire about my *Saturday's* Letter; and believe me, my dearest Life,

Your sincerest, and most affectionate Friend,

Frances.

A Letter

[A Letter is wanting, which this also answers.]

LETTER CLXXXVI.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

Musæum.

I AM concerned at the Account of your Health: You say you do not know what ails you; but that you are sick, and have lost your Appetite, and Spirits. Now take it thus, and you will find the true State of your Disorder. You have lost your Spirits; consequently your Appetite; and then it is no Wonder you are sick. But the Cause of this Progression is yet to be related; namely, the Fretting you have *bumoured* yourself in, upon this late Occasion. I wish, my dear *Fanny*, I could make you as good a Philosopher in Practice, as you are in Theory. You have made me both; for which I am more beholden to you, than to my Mother for my Birth. She made me but an Animal; you have made me a Man.

I desire you will send me Lady ——'s Letter, when you have answered it. I am interested in the smallest Circumstance relating to you, and am vain of every Compliment paid you.

I think there is Something very pretty in your Sentiments about Friendship. You have carried the Thought farther than I had ever considered it, by saying, even our Faults, or Foibles, we should not hide, in such an Intercourse; but I think there is even a certain Honesty in such an open Dealing; for Friendship, such as deserves that Name, is an Union for Life; and, as in the meaner Partnerships of Trade, we should reveal the Drawbacks of Debts, or Insufficiencies upon

our

our Stock, how much more nice ought we to be in this noble and generous Society! I think, with you, that Persons of different Sexes are most likely to preserve the best and most lasting Friendships; and really believe, that in the *very few* Marriage States which can be deemed happy, the most perfect Concords of this Kind are to be found. That Gentleness of Manners, and Complacency of Behaviour, which you mention, may be considered as the Essence of Virtue, rather than the meer Ornament of it; and the *French* Writers treat of them in this pretty Light, under the Title of 'Les petites Morales.' If strict Philosophy will not admit of this Expression, they may certainly be allowed the Marks of the most amiable Virtues; as they are sure Signs of Good-nature, Humility, and Humanity. As some of the Sages said, that Virtue need but put on a visible Form, to bewitch Mankind with her Charms, I think, that what is meant by the Term Good-breeding, must certainly be the Dress she would appear in. Meer naked Virtue, perhaps, may be a fit Contemplation for an Angel; but she must be cloathed with Decency, to be admired by Man. A blessed Spirit, as it has no 'Sense to ake,' can bear the transcendent Splendor of Truth; but her Glory is too dazzling for the human Mind to bear without a Veil; as we look at the Sun through a smoaked Glass, and are obliged to use Shades to mark the Beauties of Proportion.

Upon this Ocasion, has happily occured to me; Part of the most noble Description of the State of the Blessed that can be conceived; though it was imagined by an unenlightened Heathen; *Plotinus*, a Philosopher of the *Platonick* Sect. A Translation will serve you as well as the Original.

' In Heaven, the blessed Inhabitants enjoy a happy Tranquillity, having Truth itself for the

' Author of their Being, for their Essence and Sup-
 ' port. They see Things here, not only as they
 ' are produced, but contemplate them in their first
 ' Principles, and behold themselves in those about
 ' them; for there, all Things are obvious and
 ' perspicuous, Nothing obscure, Nothing oppo-
 ' site: All is conspicuous to all, intrinsical
 ' throughout; for Light every where blends with
 ' Light: Every one has every Thing in himself,
 ' and beholds the same in others: All Things
 ' then are every-where, and immense Splendor
 ' shines through all: Motion there is perfectly
 ' pure; for one Motion does not impede another:
 ' Rest also there, is never disturbed by Change;
 ' for it is not blended with unstable Nature:
 ' There dwells Beauty in the Abstract, independ-
 ' ent of Form, or Matter. We may further pre-
 ' sume, that those who behold these Things can
 ' never be fatigued in the Contemplation of them:
 ' nor can any Satiety occur, to occasion any Fa-
 ' tigue, for there will be no Emptiness in any one,
 ' which, by being filled and satiated, may put an
 ' End to their Enjoyment.'

I have here given you the Sense of this beauti-
 ful Passage; though I am afraid I have but poor-
 ly imitated the Spirit of it. The whole Author
 is extremely fine; and this is but a very small
 Part of the great Description he has so gloriously
 attempted; but it was all which fairly occurred to
 me upon the Subject of this Letter, and, as I
 thought, had some Relation to it.

Adieu!

Henry.

LET-

LETTER CLXXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My Dearest Wife,

I AM much alarmed about your Disorder, and extremely concerned at it. For Heaven's Sake, take Care of yourself. Go early to Bed, though you lie awake three Hours after it; and get up early, though you should be obliged to dose in the Middle of the Day for it. Consider, my Heart's Passion, my Mind's Reflection, my Life's Happiness, and my Soul's Hope, that all these precious Concerns depend upon you, and are employed about you. If I had a more favourite Scheme in View, than your Felicity, or imagined to myself any Transport, but through that Means, you might then, perhaps, be at Liberty to trifle away your Time and Health upon Persons who have neither Sense or Taste enough to conceive your Merits, nor Tenderness or Love to be affected by them. Remember now my warmest Wish, that I trust you with yourself; and surely the high Confidence of so dear a Pledge deserves, at least, that it shall not be impaired in your Keeping.

Since you do not approve of my Epitaphs, I beg you will frame others more to your Fancy; or rather let the Actions of our Lives form the Mottos for our Graves. It was finely said of *Socrates*, when called upon by his Judges to make his Defence, 'I have been doing Nothing else all my Life.' *Montaigne* observes, very justly, upon the Subject of Death, 'that the Philosophy of the Schools but increases, by Præpensity, the Terrors of it; and only prepares us for the Preparation.' What signifies

all the Sophistry, deduced from the Consideration of the Mortality of our State, that we had Life itself, but upon these Conditions; ' that ' Death, a necessary End, will come when it ' will come ? ' with other Quibbles of the same Kind. — The only Way to make ready for Death, is to prepare our Lives for it. Actions, not Words, can comfort us at such a Crisis.

After so solemn a Subject as this, it may appear light to mention such a Trifle, as I am going to speak of, but that, in Truth, though I expect to be laughed at, I have some Scruples of Conscience about it. There is a Butterfly in my Study, which would be dead some Time past, but that I watched it, at the End of the Season, and have frequently revived it by the Warmth of my Breath, every Day since ; and you cannot conceive the Pleasure I receive, when I feel it flutter in my Hand, upon such Occasions. By this Means I have prolonged it's Life beyond the Date of Butterflies. Now perhaps I am counteracting the Order of Providence, and may deserve the Punishment of *Prometheus*, for stealing Fire from Heaven, to animate his Man of Clay : Perhaps too, I am but making this poor Insect linger out a Life in Pain ; for I believe no Creature, but Man, ever received Pleasure from any Thing which was contrary to Nature. In short, I began to fancy I am guilty of such a Cruelty as the keeping a Man awake all Night, by Way of adding so many Hours to his Day. Should any Physician discover an Elixir, which might equal our Lives to the Age of the Patriarchs, would he not deserve to have his own cut short, for tempting Men to cheat themselves of some Portion of a glorious Immortality, meerly to lengthen out some Years of Misery, here below ? the Gymnosophists have a fine Sentiment ;

Sentiment ; that we are, in this Life, but in a State of *Conception* ; and that Death is our *Delivery*. A Man then, who has lived beyond the Bounds prescribed by Nature, may, perhaps, be considered in the next Life, as a *præternatural Birth*. For my Part, I desire not to die before the ordinary Fate of human Nature ; but, at the same Time, wish, with *Horace*.

‘ Nec turpem Senectutem degere,’

Not to consume a loathsome Age.

Adieu, my Life ! Remember your Health, and remember me.

Henry.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THE Passage you quote from *Plotinus*, is indeed a fine one. I have never met with any Thing, which gives so strong, and beautiful an Idea of a future State. What a Disgrace to our modern Philosophers and Divines, who have the Light of Revealed Religion for their Guide, to be so far outdone by the noble Spirit and Blaze, of unenlightened Heathenism.

I look upon *Les petites Morales* to be as absolutely necessary, to make a Man happy in this Life, as true Morality, to intitle him to, or render him capable of Happiness in the next.

There is Something so extremely elegant and tender in the first Part of your second Letter, as would render Life pleasing, under the severest Agonies, if by enduring them, I might repay
such

such Goodness. Indeed, thou dearest, kindest, best of Men, I will do all I can for the Recovery and Preservation of that Health, whose only Charm to me is, being dear to you. I wish I could tell you I was better. I think I grow worse every Day ; but I do not make the least Doubt of my Recovery, for there is Nothing dangerous in my Disorder ; though I suffer more than I thought my Constitution could possibly bear. I am convinced I should mend, immediately, if you were with me. This may appear Childish ? but sick Folks, and Children, are fanciful alike. Tell me then, thou dear Physician to my Soul and Body, when wilt thou give me new Life, and Health ; I consider myself in the same Situation as the little Butterfly, you mention, insensible to every Thing round me ; or rather, like *Prometheus's* Man of Clay,

† ‘ I stand unmov’d, and wait, in dull Suspence,
 ‘ Thy heavenly Charms, to warm me into
 ‘ Sense.”

I can, no more than you, determine whether it is kind, or cruel, to prolong the Life of your little Favourite. What does it subsist on, during the Time of it's natural Existence ? If you know, and can provide it with natural Sustenance, we may suppose it dies only for Want of the Sun's Heat ; then to revive it with an artificial Warmth cannot be Cruelty : But if it's Food, as I believe, be of the Summer's Pride, and is not now to be found in the vegetable World, I fear the poor little Insect suffers by your Fondness, as Annihilation is preferable to Misery. Besides, I fancy a Butterfly does not die ; but, according to the *Pythagorean* System, changes it's Form, and Being. This I am not quite

† See Letter LXIV.

quite clear in ; though I have met with some poetical Simile, that warrants this Opinion,

To consider our present State of Existence, as rational Beings, who hope for a glorious Immortality, it must appear the highest Act of Folly to aim at lengthening it, even for a Moment ; It is as absurd, as to suppose a Prisoner should desire to continue in a Dungeon, when he may have Liberty to quit it, and enjoy all the Delights of Life ; yet were there any Person, who had been born and bred in such a dismal Situation, that had entered into Ties and Connections with Wretches, as unhappy as himself, he would, I dare say, feel a strong Reluctance at entering into a happier State, when he must part from those, who had been Partners in his Misery, and all the Solace of it. So we, though Providence has wisely ordered, that Disappointments, Pain and Loss of Friends should, by Degrees, unloose the Hold we take of this dim Spot ; that our Loves, our Friendships, should be torn asunder ? that even our Desires and Passions should decay, and leave us scarce a Wish on Earth ; yet stripped of, and abandoned by all, that makes Life pleasing ; left, as it were, naked, on a barren Shore ; when we have Nothing else to grasp at, we lay Hold on our own frail and feverish Beings, and seem to find a *Pain*, in being separated from *Pain*.

There are five or six People talking round me. It is impossible for me to know what I write : But this I know, that I live but in the earnest Hope of being your's here and hereafter.

Frances.

L E T.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

My dear FANNY,

YOU may see, by my Paper, that I am not at Home, and consequently have not your last Letter with me, to answer; therefore you can expect no other Reason for my writing to you now, but to shew you I would not neglect it, even for one Post, though unprepared with my best Help, your Love-inspiring, Sense-inditing Epistles.

The Family of ----- dined with me To-day, and hurried me home with them this Evening. I would have excused myself, but that I avoid the Appearance of any Thing which looks queer; and I am apt to suspect, that a Person has but the Appearance of Sense, Courage, or Philosophy, who affects to manifest them upon trifling Occasions. I declare that I have, of late, so entirely given myself up to the charming Pleasures of Solitude, that I begin to endure Company, as one plays a bad Hand of Cards, not for the Enjoyment of the Sport, but meerly to keep one's Self within the Game. This Turn of Mind has sometimes so alarmed me, that I have argued the Point with myself, pro and con; but have declared for the Pleasures of retired and philosophic Leisure, upon this Reasoning, that it is possible some Accident or Misfortune of Life may hereafter deprive me of the Enjoyment of Society; for few and rare Friends are found at the Poor, the Sick, or the Prisoner's Levee; but Death alone can rob me of the Heart-approving, rational Joys of Solitude. If I quitted the *Converse* of the World out of an Austerity of Manners, or a Severity of Morals, I might justly appear in the uncouth and unphilosophic Light of
a Misanthrope;

a Misanthrope ; but when I retire, in order to prepare myself for a *better*, I seem to myself to act the Part of one who takes a larger Scope in View, than the scanty Horizon of this narrow Globe. I retire, to converse with you, and to make Affignations with thee, my charming Seraph, where I shall have Myriads of unjealous Rivals in thy Love, in the Harmony of thy Sense and Virtue. It is you alone, who can make me endure Society ; as it was you only who have inspired me with those Helps, which can enable me to live alone. You need not be apprehensive, that such abstracted Speculations, as these, can ever abate the Warmth of my Affection to you ; for what is my Love to my dearest *Fanny*, but that *Taste* for Virtue, which hinted at, in a former Letter, and that high Admiration for Beauty, Harmony, and Order, which is the proper Contemplation of the truly philosophic Mind ? So that even my Relish for every Thing that is amiable, may be considered but as a Part of that Love and Esteem, which I bear to you.

I slip away from Cards to write to you ; and the Bell rings for Supper : So I must unwillingly conclude my Letter ; though most willingly conclude myself, my charming Girl,

Ever your's,

Henry.

L E T T E R

LETTER CXC.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I Do not, indeed, think it would be possible for me to support myself, under the very disagreeable Situation I am in, both of Body and Mind, were it not for the Pleasure I receive from my dear, Life's kind Letters. I own I am jealous of Solitude ; and cannot help being uneasy, when I think your Fondness for that must by Degrees, lessen your Love for me : And should I ever be so happy as to live with you, my Company or Converse, may appear an Interruption to your Scheme of Life : It will of Course, grow distasteful, and I unhappy. I only speak my Fears, not my Opinion ; for that shall always be guided by you ; nor will I doubt your Love, your Truth, and Constancy.

I am vastly alarmed at hearing, from your Brother, you do not intend coming to Town. I will not believe you could form so unkind a Resolution : Pray answer me directly, will you come, or no ? and when, if you do come, may I expect to see you ? You cannot conceive what a Shock this Report gave me. My whole Life is, indeed, spent in waiting for you : I count every Hour an Age, 'till we meet, and would gladly * “ imp “ the Wings of Time, which thy Absence clips.” I rejoice, every Night, that a Day is passed, and that I am so much nearer the happy Æra, I had fondly fixed for our Meeting. In short, I should have no Idea of Time or it's Limits, but from the Expectation of seeing you. Yet notwithstanding
my

* Alluding to the Ode in Letter LXIV.

my earnest Desire, let me intreat you not to think of coming, unless it be quite convenient to you.

Though I object, from selfish Views, to my dear *Harry's* Love of Solitude, I perfectly agree with him in thinking the Generality of People and Conversations we meet with, to be mostly disagreeable; at best, trifling and insipid, and quite incapable of affording that Delight, which should arise from the Converse of rational and immortal Beings; yet do I think Life would become irksome, and every Virtue stagnate in our Souls, were they not called into Action by a Desire of being approved by some particular Person.

' Nature, in Zeal for human Amity,
 ' Denies, or damps an undivided Joy:
 ' 'Tis Converse qualifies for Solitude,
 ' As Exercise, for salutary Rest:
 ' By that untutor'd, Contemplation raves
 ' A lunar Prince, or famish'd Beggar dies;
 ' And Nature's Fool, by Wisdom's, is outdone.
 ' Needful Auxiliary is a Friend, to give
 ' To social Man true Relish of himself;
 ' Full on ourselves descending, in a Line,
 ' Pleasure's bright Beam is feeble in Delight;
 ' Delight intense is taken by Rebound;
 ' Reverberated Pleasure fires the Breast.
 ' Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
 ' To visit Earth, one Shrine the Goddess finds,
 ' And one alone, to make her sweet Amends
 ' For absent Heav'n—the Bosom of a Friend:
 ' Where Heart meets Heart, reciprocally soft,
 ' Each other's Pillow to Repose divine.'

Oh! were I capable of being that pleasing, kind and rational Companion to my *Henry*, my Bliss would be compleat. I would, with Transport, quit the World this Moment, if I might be Partaker

taker of thy Solitude in the most distant Desert ; nor cast a Wish, a Sigh, or Thought, away on aught on Earth ;—for thou to me art all. And yet, perhaps, we never shall spend a single Day together, in that delightful, undisturbed, peaceful Retirement, which we both pant after—My Spirits were low before : This Thought has sunk them quite.

Adieu, my dearest Love ! I am still sick : still your's.

Frances.

LETTER CXCI.

My dear giddy Girl,

I SEND you, inclosed, the Cover of your last Letter, which you see was sent without a Seal. Through what Perusals it has passed I cannot say ; but am glad it has escaped the *Cotton* Library of Manuscripts, to arrive safe to my Hands at last.

You have no Reason to apprehend, that my Fondness for Retirement can ever seclude you from my Society : That Taste, or Turn of Mind, which gives me a Disrelish to Conversation in general, does but create in me a stronger Impatience for the Enjoyment of your's in particular. I own that my Passion for Solitude has grown very strong in me of late ; but must confess, that I should chuse to carry it no farther, than to that blessed State, which *Adam* rejoiced in, between the last Creation and his Fall :

“ *Adam* relating, the sole Auditress.”

I agree with you that the Approbation we expect from virtuous Actions, is a very high Incitement

ment to them; and the Love of Fame, so strongly implanted in all Mankind, has always appeared to me a very good Proof of the Soul's Existence after Death, even of it's eternal Existence : For, as this is a Passion, which Nothing less than Immortality can gratify, it would be impiously charging Providence with inspiring us with a Desire, which we were never designed to possess the Enjoyment of, were we to exclude the Hope of an Hereafter.

As the Immortality of the Soul, and the Existence of a God, have been often made Use of, as reciprocal Proofs, I shall add a few Words, upon this last Subject, to the many excellent Arguments, more at large insisted upon by Divines. If Infidels, or Sceptics deny, or doubt the Certainty of an intelligent Providence, yet surely the Belief of it ought to be received, as we give Credit to the *Copernican* System ; if not for its Demonstration, at least, because this Hypothesis accounts for all the Phænomena of the celestial Bodies ; which would otherwise appear a Heap of wild Incoherence . And rashly to deny a Thing, because we cannot comprehend it, is such a Pyrrhonism, as to affirm we cannot see, because we are not sufficiently informed how we see : For to say we see by our Eyes, is unphilosophical ; for our Eyes are but the Organs of Sight ; that is, the Instrument, not the Cause. In looking up through the Chain of Effects, our Reason hesitates at a certain Period, which we presume to be the first Cause ; though, beyond our Comprehension, the Links may be infinite, before they reach the first Cause ; and then to say we cannot comprehend that first Cause, is but a Sort of Definition of it ; for, if we could comprehend it, it could not be what we must suppose it.

Ever

Ever since you attacked me so well upon my Hint, that, perhaps, there was as little Analogy as Comparison between the Virtues of Man, and the Attributes of God, I have been revolving that Subject in my Mind; for we should have Reasons even for our Doubts, in so high a Matter; and the more I consider it, the more I am confirmed in an Opinion, which was but a Surmise, at first. If we stick to the Religion of Nature, we can indeed only say, perhaps there may be no Relation between them; but when we come down to Revelation, we shall find many express Authorities to support my Argument; two of which I think sufficient to produce. What Notions of Justice can the human Mind supply us with, for the Curse derived to all Mankind from original Sin? Then, again, Part of the second Commandment says, 'I will visit the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children, to the third and fourth Generation of them that hate me,' &c. What human Equity is there in this? Is not the Crime of *bating God*, in the proper Sense of that Expression, sufficient to incur the Punishments denounced against the Wicked, without involving us in our Parent's Guilt? * Perhaps it was from such Instances as these in Scripture, that the Papists have deduced their absurd Doctrine of Supererogation; for, if we are to be damned by another's Sin, it may be reasonably implied, that we may be saved by another's Merits. Upon the Whole, I shall conclude with another Passage from the Scriptures, 'that the Wisdom

' of

* That the Sins of the Fathers were visited upon the Children, for several Generations, was an Opinion of the Heathen World, as well as of the *Jews*. Among the many Authorities, read the Epode, which concludes the first Act of the *Electra* of *Sophocles*.

‘ of Man, is but Foolishness in the Sight of God.’
 Away then with all presumptuous Reasonings of
 this Kind; but let us submit our Minds to Faith,
 and begirt ourselves with good Works.

Adieu, my Heart’s Delight! my Soul’s Desire!
 Say you are well in your next Letter; and then
 say you have obliged me.

Henry.

LETTER CXCII.

My dear FANNY,

Belmont.

I RECEIVED no Letter from you last Post,
 and cannot know whether I shall hear from
 you by this, ’till I return To-morrow to *Maiden-*
ball. It was unkind in you to neglect writing,
 when you knew how uneasy I must be to have
 some Account of your Health. I saw *Kitty* Yel-
 terday, who heard from some of her Friends; and
 by not mentioning you, I hope this Omission was
 not owing to your Disorder.

I had a wild Night of it, coming here, and
 have not been so wet, since I was last in the Ri-
 ver. I had no Cloaths with me, but what I had
 on my Back; so I betook myself to Bed; from
 whence I am now writing to you, and drinking
 your Health, and my own too, in Milk-Whey.
 My *kind* Landlady, who is also my Tenant, upon
 Notice of my coming here To-day, has washed
 my Sheets in the Morning, and my Room in the
 Evening, to make me welcome.

I observed an extraordinary Phænomenon, as
 I came along. The Night was extremely dark,
 and the Rain fell excessively: Notwithstanding
 which,

which, the whole Mountain I rode over, seemed to be on Fire, with such an ember Light as is seen after the Blaze of a Bonfire is gone out. I asked my Guide the Meaning of it, (whom I hired at the Foot of the Hill) and he told me that all the heathy Grounds hereabouts have this Appearance by Night. This is certainly a very great natural Curiosity; but what I never observed, or heard of before. If this were real Fire, it might put this Part of the Country into a terrible Combustion, as the Collieries happen to meet in the Center of these Hills.

This Thought led me insensibly on to the Consideration of the general Conflagration which is prophesied in Scripture, and which our Faith makes us expect, at a certain Period, from some extraordinary Act of divine Power; but which I never heard accounted for, from the Philosophy of Nature, as it stands at present. I shall therefore amuse you and myself with an Hypothesis for this Purpose; and may some Time or other, hereafter, refer it to wiser Heads than our's, whether there be any real Weight in this whimsical Opinion of mine, or no.

* I must first give you a short Account of Astronomy. This Globe of Earth, as well as all the Planets of our solar System, revolves about the Sun; which Rotation is effected from the compounding of two different Powers; the *Centripetal*, which is the common Gravity of Bodies that mutually attract each other, and, if acting alone, would occasion the Earth to be swallowed up by the Sun; and the *Centrifugal*, which is a Force impulsed upon all the Planets at their Creation, that directs them forward in a right Line, and, if not counteracted by the first Power,

* See *Henry's Letter to the Editor*, last Paragraph but two.

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Power, would propel the Body on through infinite Space to all Eternity. Now both these Powers acting, by the almighty Oeconomy, upon our Earth, at the same Time, occasion a Motion compounded of both; every Revolution of which is performed in that Period of Time that is called a Year. From what I have said it is plain, that, if the *Centrifugal* Power was taken away, the Earth must rush into the Sun, and so be destroyed by Fire. † But this would be a particular Act of the Almighty; and my Philosophy is to explain the Possibility and Probability of this Effect, by plain and natural Means; which I apprehend may be occasioned by increasing the Weight of the Earth, and consequently its gravitating Powers: For I think natural Philosophers agree, that Bodies attract, in Proportion to their Quantity of Matter; which, at a certain Degree, will make the *Centripetal* overcome the *Centrifugal* Force. Now my Opinion is, that every living Creature, Man, Brute, Insect, &c. which has been produced since the Creation, has made an Addition of so much Matter to the Earth, as it's Weight came to at it's Birth. The Increase of Bulk during it's Life, I make no Account of, because that proceeds from the Consumption of the Fruits of the Earth, which drawing their Nourishment from the Earth itself, alters only the Form, not the specific Gravity; but that Weight which the

† There was a Philosophy, that might have accounted for this Event in another Way: Water was said to be the Increment of Plants, which perishing, turned to Earth. If this was true, the Element of Water must be annihilated, in a certain given Time, and leave the Element of Fire without Controul. But this Philosophy is exploded; Earth is the Augment; Water only the Vehicle.

the Creature brings into the World, is certainly and Addition, because the Parent neither eats or drinks more, to bring the Fœtus to Perfection, than if she were not pregnant; and, if tried in Scales, would be found to be of equal Weight, before and after—except in the Case of Sickneſs, or hard Labour; neither of which is the natural Conſequence of Procreation; as may be obſerved from Brutes, and other Animals; and from the Generality of the human Species too, who have not weakened or debauched their natural Forces by Luxury, Effeminacy, or Exceſs. I have no Library here, ſo muſt be excuſed, If I am not as full and as correct upon this Subject, as I might be, if I were among my Books: But I always write to you in the ſame looſe Manner that Things occur to my Mind at firſt Thought; and often but juſt enter down Hints, to ſupply us with Topics for Converſation, when we are together.

I am particularly pleaſed at this Hypotheſis preſenting itſelf to my Reflection; as the Explanation of any Prophecy, by natural Means, is a ſtronger Motive to our Belief, than the meer Faith of it from a Miracle. Now the Deſtruction of the World by Fire was denounced, as I apprehend, long before the Laws of Aſtronomy, or the Gravitation of Matter were ſufficiently known, to authorize ſuch an Hypotheſis as this; and, as I am not quite orthodox in ſome Points, I own that I heartily rejoice, when I can make Amends in others; and in reaſoning about Religion, or contemplating the Ways of Providence, I think we ought in a ſtronger, and more particular Manner, to apply an Obſervation which I remember out of *Longinus*: That, in reading of *Homer*, *Plato*, or any of thoſe precious Spirits of Antiquity, when
any

any Passages occur, to which we cannot readily reconcile our Reason, we ought firmly to believe that, were those great Genii present to explain themselves, we should, to our Confusion, be convinced, that we only were guilty of those Errors, which we blindly charged upon them.

I think I may now lay myself down to sleep, esteeming this Essay in the Place of a Prayer: And may I have the Blessing of it in my Dreams, by meeting you there in perfect Health!

* "Have I not seen thee where thou hast not
"been?" &c.

Adieu!

L E T T E R CXCIII.

My dearest Life,

NO Words can express the distracted Situation of my Mind, nor give you any Idea of the ill Treatment I have received from —. Indeed, neither my Health nor Spirits can hold out much longer; but I will do all I can to support myself under the complicated Pains of Body and Mind, which I at present feel, till I see you; then gladly part with them and Life together.

' So, 'till the Day was won, the Greek re-
' nown'd,
' With Anguish, wore the Arrow in his
' Wound;
' Then pluck'd the Weapon from his tortur'd
' Side,
' Let rush the Torrent of his Blood, and
' dy'd.'

VOL. II.

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I know

* *Young's Revenge.*

I know you will condemn me for letting my Spirits sink ; but, as you do not know the Cause, let not my sweet Love judge too harshly from the Effects. A little Time will clear me from the Imputation of wanting either Philosophy or Religion : Indeed the latter is my only Refuge. I am sure the Almighty will never forsake me. I know too he orders all Things right, and that my present Distress may be productive of my future Happiness. In the Sincerity of my Heart, I bless the Hand that chasteneth ; and can say, from my inmost Soul, his Will, not mine, be done ! Yet still, as a frail Mortal, I cannot help feeling I am hurt, and complaining to you (tho' I do not repine ;) for ' Sighs and Tears, by Nature, grow on Pain.'

Your Account of your Journey to *Belmont*, and Manner of lying there, has made me vastly uneasy. If you have one Grain of Affection for me, you will take Care to preserve *my* Life, *my* Health, *my* Happiness, for they are all bound up, and centered in my dearest *Harry's*.

I met with a very severe Shock from the Account of Mrs. P——'s Death. There is yet no Certainty of it ; but I much fear it is too true. They say she died in Child-bed. It is very possible those Barbarians she was among have murdered her—vile Wretches ! I have not Patience with them : Better they had all died, than my poor, dear Friend ! Her Failings are now forgotten : Nay, I know not that she had any. But I am sure she had a Thousand Virtues. Oh ! she is happy ! But her poor little Children those *Hottentots* will kill them.—I wish it were in my Power to serve them.

Adieu,

Adieu, my Heart's dear *Harry*! While I am myself, I shall be your's.

Frances.

LETTER CXCIV.

My dearest Life,

YOUR Letter of the 9th has given me a great Deal of Concern. Represent your Situation particularly to Lady —; for to me you have spoken only in general Terms; and strictly follow her friendly and considerate Advice. My Fortunes shall be your's, so use them freely; and that I did not offer this before, was from a Regard to your Character, which I have very nice and proper Reasons to be tender of. I could, with Pleasure, wear Sackcloth, and live on Bread and Water, 'to cloath you in Purple, and make 'you fare sumptuously every Day.' In short, I am such an Adventurer in this World, that if I have Luck, there's Nothing in it; and if not, no Oeconomy can save my Fortunes. A Year's Industry will not make me rich; but a Minute's Reflection can reconcile me to Poverty. The utmost Diligence can but establish that Fund which may be thought necessary to this Life, and which *Socrates* or *Pliny* needs not at present: But let us cultivate that Treasure, which will supply us to Eternity, and may help us to bear a Part with those precious Spirits, who are happy before us.

Your Sentiment is both philosophic and religious, "that your present Distress may produce your future Happiness." *Socrates* said, he owed all his Philosophy to his Wife. Every Man should endeavour to be a Philosopher, not so

much to support himself in Death, as to be able to endure Life; and, when Misfortunes or Mortifications come upon us, instead of repining, we should thank Providence for the lucky Occasions of exercising that Virtue. A wretched Man has greater Scope for Virtue, than a happy Man; and a poor Man, than a rich.

I could say a great Deal more upon this Subject; but I would not prevent your own Reflections.

Adieu, my Heart's Delight!

Henry.

LETTER CXCIV.

I AM infinitely obliged to my dear *Harry* for his very affectionate Letter. Though I am far from doubting your Love or Constancy; yet I receive fresh Pleasure from every new Assurance of both; as one is pleased to hear good News repeated, though it does not want *Confirmation*.

Adversity is certainly the School of Virtue and of Wisdom. We feel our own Defects; and, by the Loss of any Happiness or Advantage, first discover our own Unworthiness, and his Goodness, who gave that, and every other Blessing, which we enjoy. For my own Part, I will say, with the Psalmist, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

Though your dear Letter has made me vastly easier than I was, I am not yet calm enough to write about my Affairs to Lady ———; besides, I am unwilling to determine on any Thing, 'till I see, and consult you.

Adieu!

Frances.

H I A T U S.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R C X C V I.

My dear HARRY,

I AM sorry any Accident should prevent our Letters from passing in a regular Course: Indeed it is of little Consequence what becomes of mine, but as they may occasion a Disappointment to you.

You desire to know what affects my Mind.—It would be impossible to recount the Multiplicity of Things, which distress me.—It is true, there is a Cause painfully eminent above the rest, which, when we meet, I fear you will think too soon to know; * till then, the Sorrow it occasions, shall be all my own: ‘For it is the Wretch’s Comfort still to have some little Hoard of Grief, some unknown Woe; which they may weep, and wail, and Glutton-like, devour alone.’

Indeed, my dearest Life, I would rather suffer any Thing, than distress you. I am sincerely sorry, I even mentioned my Illness to you; but I will complain no more, therefore pardon what is past.

I have been in a continual Hurry all Day: It is now very late; so must conclude with wishing you a Thousand Times good Night!

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* She was breeding.

[A second Letter is missing here.]

LETTER CXC VII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

My dearest Life.

I SENT off an Express to *Kilkenny*, and recovered your Letter of the third. I return you Lady O----'s Letter which is very kind. You cannot imagine what Pleasure your saying she stays here for the Winter has given me. It is a very lucky, as well as pleasing Circumstance for you, at this particular Time ; which is enough to shew you, how happy this Account has made me.

* * * * *

I shall go to Town in the Beginning of the Term ; but am extremely uneasy to know what is the Meaning of the Hint, you gave me in your last Letter, " that you have Something to ' say to me, which you will not mention, 'till ' we meet.' I beg, my *Fanny*, you will explain yourself by next Post.

I am now returned to *Montaigne*, which I quit-
ted for *Pliny*, at your Request ; and I make it
a Rule to give you my Observations upon every
Book I read.

In his History of the three most excellent Men,
he names *Homer*, *Alexander*, and *Epaminondos*. By
Excellence, here, he seems meerly to consider
this Expression, with regard to Fame only : But
I think he has not, as one might expect, given
us Examples from different Classes. The first is
a Poet, the second a Soldier, and so is the third,
when

when I expected a Philosopher ; and here I would name *Plato*, or better, *Socrates* : But perhaps *Montaigne* considered *Epaminondos* in this Class, and in the highest Degree, as he is recorded to have practised what others only teach.

Montaigne makes a good Defence for representing human Nature not much to it's Advantage ; as, in general, the *French* Writers are apt to do : ' Others make Men. I but report them.'

I am pleased to find he had some of my Whims : He mentions one, which, you may remember, I sometimes hinted to you ; of taking a particular Fancy to some one Glass laid down at Table, though of equal Dimensions with the rest, out of which I often take a greater Pleasure in drinking ; nay, I have gone so far, once or twice, as to pay a Man's Club for the Exchange of his Glass. Whence such Caprices as this proceed, I do not remember that any of the Expositors upon human Nature have accounted : and I think it would be an ingenious and amusing Subject to inquire into.

This puts me in Mind of a Theme, I have a great Mind to recommend for a Præmium to the Society of † *Dijon* in *France* which is an Essay upon *Metaphorical Taste* ; being a Liking, or Admiration, not confined to, or deducible from the established Rules of Beauty, Harmony, Order, or Truth, which should be the natural or rational Foundations of our Approbation. Why is the Mind of Man, when endued with what is called *Taste*, delighted with extravagant Flights in Poetry, extraordinary Metaphors, Excesses in Grammar, Chromatics in Music, &c ? How come we to be charmed with Things, which offend common Sense, or shock the natural Ear ?

E 4

Nay,

* This Academy proposed Theses, and offered Præmiums for the best Discourses upon the Subjects.

Nay, to shew that Taste is not only above, but even sometimes averse from rational Admiration, we need but recollect the Pleasure we receive from viewing some of the Deformities of Nature, as Rocks, Precipices, &c. and at the same Time remember that we are sensible of a certain Horror during the Contemplation.

Have you seen that Piece which carried the last Præmium at *Dijon*, upon this Thesis, Whether the Re-establishment of Arts and Sciences has contributed to the Refinement of Manners? I have read it, and like the Side of the Question he has chosen, by denying it. I think the Subject might have been handled more at large, and to better Advantage, than the Author has done there.

*Quid juvat innumeros scire atque evolvere Casus,
Si fugienda facis, et facienda fugis?*

What does it import us to know the Springs of Good and Ill, while 'we do those Things which 'we ought not to have done, and leave undone 'those Things which we ought to have done? I have not yet seen the Answer to it; but when I have, I shall probably determine the Dispute like Sir Roger de Coverley, by concluding, 'that much may be said on both Sides.'

What the *Genevan* says of Learning, with regard to Morals, I have often said of it, with regard to Understanding-----That it has so overloaded the Mind of Man, that, like too full a Stomach, the digestive Powers have not Room to exert themselves; or it has confined our Reflections, by setting Bounds to our Inquiries, or giving us a Bias out of the right Road, by obliging us to think too much after one another, and following in a beaten Track. When Reason attempts to exercise herself in the Mind of the
Learned,

Learned, she finds it, like a Storehouse, so filled with the old Trumpery of the Antients, that she has hardly Room to stretch her Limbs. I am for recurring up to the Original of all Things, and drinking Truth at the Fountain-head; not quenching my Thirst of Knowledge in polluted Streams. Rivers, in passing through populous Cities, acquire indeed a Softness and a Richness, but lose the Sweetness and Purity, which they brought from their Spring. If you want to inform yourself of Art or Science, withdraw to your Study; if of Truth or Nature, retire within yourself. Reading should be your Exercise, but Reflection your Study. Sense is a Bottle of Essence, which loses it's Strength by Dilatation; or like a Wedge of Gold, which hammered into Plates, or drawn into Wire, extends it's Dimensions, but weakens it's Substance.

Adieu! my Life!

Henry.

[A second Letter is missing here.]

L E T T E R CXCVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

*R*Ochefoucault says, 'In the Adversity of our best Friends we find Something that does not displease us.' I will not absolutely say this Maxim is verified in you; yet I cannot help observing, with what vast Calmness you have endured my Misfortunes. I do indeed believe that the Distresses of others furnish the best Opportunity for exerting our Philosophy.

E 5

' When

‘ When they are lash’d, we kiss the Rod,
 ‘ Resigning to the Will of God :’

And then we have such a charming Superiority, by making light of those Misfortunes which do not affect ourselves. But I should be glad to see one of our modern Philosophers endure the Loss of Health with that Indifference they recommend to others.

If Lady O—— stays in the Kingdom, which is yet doubtful, she will not come to *Dublin* the whole Winter. I heartily wish she may hold her Resolution of staying at ——, as I hope and believe I shall spend some Time with her : for I am absolutely determined not to continue here long. When we meet, you shall know my Reasons ; which I fancy will be sufficient to make you entirely of my Opinion : In the mean Time I shall exert the little Strength of Body and Mind I have left, to bear up against the Distresses of both, without complaining. I must intreat, for the present, you will not desire any Explanation from me ; for I am resolv’d not to enter into Particulars, ’till I see you ; which I never so earnestly longed for, as now. I could almost wish you were as impatient to see me ; we should then meet before ‘ the Beginning of Term.’ However, a few Days will make no great Difference : and I am content to wait, ’till Business answers the same End as Inclination.

Though I never wanted the Aid of Philosophy more than now, I find myself less qualified than ever to seek it’s Help : ‘ In Pain, Philosophy is ‘ Spleen ; in Health, ’tis only Ease.’——Perhaps it is owing to my Want of Health, that I find my Mind a perfect Chaos. I have not Attention sufficient to read for a Quarter of an Hour.

I perceive

I perceive myself frequently absent in Company, without being able to recollect, what I was thinking of ; Strange Situation ! — When wilt thou recal me to myself ? If you have fixed the Time of your coming to Town, let me know by Return of the Post, that I may be certified, not *how long*, but *when* I shall live.

Adio, Caro !

Frances.

L E T T E R CXCIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I RECEIVED a Letter from you, just as I was leaving *Maiden-ball* Yesterday, which has surprized me more than any Thing I have ever met with.

The Reason, of applying those philosophic Lectures, which you are offended at, was from this Blunder : That I thought the Loss of Health, Fortune, Friends, or any other Unhappiness of Life was the proper Season to recommend such Medicines ; and it ought to be observed, I did not use such Reflections to shew how I could bear your Misfortunes, but to instruct and assist *you* to support yourself under them. He, who would comfort another, comes not, as I apprehended, with Sighs and Groans.

I shall never, upon any Occasion, trouble you with more of my Philosophy, but shall always cherish it in my Heart ; because at this Time it stands your Friend, and helps me to conclude myself, as usual,

*My dear Fanny,
Ever Your's.*

L E T-

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R C C.

My dearest FANNY,

I RETURN you Lady O-----'s Letter, and am pleased to find, that you still hold on a Correspondence with her. I love her for rallying your Spirits. I am ashamed for my *Fanny*, with two such philosophic Friends, to be so cast down. She seems to solicit your writing often to her, which surely I need not intreat you to obey; but shall only leave you more at Liberty to do so, by letting you know, that, if Time presses, I will take your having wrote to her, as a sufficient Apology for your leaving me to hunt through the Stores of Antiquity for something to amuse me, in the Room of those Letters you neglect to me. How much do I regard your Advantage, before my own Pleasure? And for any Favour, she can ever do me, I thus pay the Price before-hand.

I thank you for your kind Sentiments with Regard to passing your Time with me; and it is certain that those Portions of Life, which we spend agreeably to ourselves, are all that can be computed in a Philosopher's Kalendar. I am pleased with the Epitaph, which *Similis*, a General under *Adrian*, directed to be inscribed on his Tomb-stone. He had spent a long Life in Perils and Fatigues, 'till about seven Years before his Death; when he retired to his Villa, passing his Time as became a Man of Religion, Sense, and Philosophy. The *Latin* is, "Hic jacet *Similis*, cujus *Ætas* multorum Annorum fuit: Ipse septem duntaxat Annos vixit." I will attempt the Translation for you:

My

*
Et q
Aut
A Vi
Infan
Ætat
Long
Mult
Non

My Life, O Time ! to many Years amount,
But seven only make my own Account.

For my Part, I have made three Divisions of my Time ; and, according to the Distinctions I make, there are but two Portions of them to be attributed to my Life. When I am in Company, I *pass* my Time ; when I am alone, I *spend* it ; and, while I am with you, I *enjoy* it.*

Since the Election at *Callen*, I have had the Happiness to be entirely alone ; which the Hurry, I was then in, has given me a thorough Relish for. I do not think it amiss to consider the World as a Prison ; where we are subject to such Company, as Chance, Necessity, Vice, or Misfortune, have associated us with : And Solitude may be deemed the true Siege of Freedom ; as there alone, we can be Masters of Ourselves, our Time, and Occupations. The only Thing, in which I think *Augustus* attempted to be great, was his Wish to live, to retire ; but he was never great enough to execute that noble Sentiment. It is somewhere said, that " Privacy and Freedom " is the Wish of the Great, but the Privilege " of the Mean." The Life, I lead at present, is certainly the End proposed of all the Labours and Perils of the Great, in all States of Life ; then what a true, philosophic Pleasure must a Man be sensible of, who has reached this Goal, without being out of Breath for it ! while he looks
back,

* At nostri bene computentur anni,
Et quantum tetricæ tulere febres ;
Aut languor gravis, aut mali dolores
A Vita meliore seperentur :
Infantes sumus, & senes videmur.
Ætatem Priamique, Nestorique
Longam qui putat esse, Martiane.
Multum decipiturque, falliturque,
Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

MART.

back, with Compassion, upon Millions, who are sweating and toiling; casting away Pomps, Fancies, and Fortune, to make themselves light for the Race, and shouldering through opposing Crouds, to come up to him! What the Philosopher *Cyneas* said to *Pyrrhus* might be here applied, but that I hate Quotations; however, I shall give you one: *Diogenes* said, "that *Aristotle* " must go to Dinner, when *Alexander's* Bell " rung; but *he* was at Liberty to wait for the " Summons of his Appetite." In the World, we are obliged to act by Rule; but, in Retirement, we can act according to Reason.

Adieu, thou dear Object or Idea of those Portions of Time, which I treasure up as the Only Parts of my Life!

Henry.

LETTER CCL.

I AM much obliged to my dear *Harry* for the Indulgence he is so kind to grant me: I have a much better Right to plead that Privilege, at present, than I can ever have from writing to Lady O——, or any other Person; which is my being utterly incapable of writing, from real Illness. I have been all Day on the Bed; and, though I ventured to *Abbey-Street*, in Hopes of rousing my Spirits, I find myself so very weak and languid, that I am hardly able to hold the Pen. I have had a severe Fit of the Rheumatism in my Arm, which, joined to a constant Cough, prevents my sleeping an Hour at a Time, the whole Night.

I am

I am ashamed of living a constant Complainer. I think, it would be but decent in me to die ; for, indeed, I am quite weary of Life : But “ Death comes not at Call, nor mends his slowest Pace for Complaints or Cries.”

I am extremely glad you are so happy in your Retirement. I would by no Means have you quit it, for the tumultuous Haunts of busy, idle Men. Let me, at least, have the Satisfaction of thinking you are well, and well pleased ; which is the only Thing on Earth, that can give real Pleasure to my dearest Life's own sick

Fanny.

LETTER CCII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I SEND you Mr. *Lyttelton's* Monody, which I am charmed with, though I think there appears more Poetry than Love in it : * Not that the Grief is not *well*, but that it is too well expressed ; which a Person who really felt, could not, perhaps, so aptly describe : and methinks I perceive more of the Poet's Art, than of the Mourner's Sorrow.

If, indeed, he be truly sincere, I declare that I would rather have Mr. *Lyttelton* my Widower, than be the Wife of any other Man in the World, except yourself : For then I should have had the highest Happiness this World can boast of, the being beloved and esteemed by a Man of Sense, Taste, and Virtue ; the Merit of which

* *Spencer* says of Love, 'tis *Nothing nice*, and as Grief is the fondest Part of Love, it should be still less so.

FRANCES.

which must insure the Happiness of the next; which, if higher than that, rises above the Power of human Wish to desire, or of human Wit to conceive.

There is one Criterion of Mr. *Lyttelton's* Sincerity, which I have established in my own Mind; and that is his marrying, or not marrying again. *Adieu!*

LETTER CCIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I RECEIVED the Monody, and am as much charmed with it as you are; but I could not help smiling at your jealous Criticism. I do not look upon the Poem in the Light that you do; for it affected me in a higher Concern, that it was possible for your Death to inspire me with every Sentiment of Grief there expressed, without the Poetry to publish them to the World.

To a Person used to read and write Poetry, Figures, Allusions, and Numbers are as familiar, as plain Prose is to other People:

—— ‘For the Numbers came.’

Poets have generally pleaded their Incapacity, on Account of Grief; but this was always in order to raise the Merit of the Poem. *Tickel* says,

‘Grief unaffected suits but ill with Art,
‘And flowing Numbers with a broken Heart.’

However, he has contrived to *sig*h out as beautiful an Elegy, as ever was written in any Language.

Waller

Waller said, that Poets excel only in Fiction; but this was rather an ingenious Apology for writing better on *Cromwell* than on *Charles*: It had more of Wit than Criticism in it; or, if there was any Thing of the latter, it must be true only of Heroic Poetry; because neither the Actions, Virtues, or real Characters of Men are high enough to adorn the Epic Verse.

But there is a Mixture of Tenderness and Dignity, which form the Characteristic of Elegy, that agrees perfectly well with Figures, which it naturally inspires; and the more sincere the Grief, the bolder will these be of Course.

There is one Authority, which puts an End to any further Criticism upon this Subject. *Horace* says, 'if you would make me weep, you must first drop Tears yourself:' Which shews, that the Beauty of Elegy must rise in Proportion to the Sincerity of the Mourner.

I remember the elder *Palma*, whose Taste in Music I was fond of, sat down, one Day, to compose Something for me; perhaps I was in Love at that Time, for I desired he would make it expressive of the most melting Tenderness: Upon which he replied, 'Il faut pleurer donc;' and, as the *Italians* have their Passions at Will, he began to sigh, and actually wrought himself up to a Flow of Tears, while he was writing.

But I might have saved you the Trouble of all this Criticism, only by referring you to Mr. *Lytelton's* Character; who is far from being so slight a Man, as to play the Poet upon so serious and affecting a Subject: And there is one Particular, which proves to me his Sincerity beyond all Doubt; which is, that, among a great Choice and Variety of his truly classical and poetic Writings, this Poem is, I think, the Chef d'Oeuvre.

All

All the Fault I find with Mr. *Lyttelton* is, that he did not under-write himself upon this Occasion; for there is a certain gallant Pride in an ingenuous Nature, which tempts it to fall short even of the Praise it thinks is due, and is willing to bestow, lest it should be mistaken for Adulation. However, there is, at the same Time, a certain Fondness in the Lover, which inclines him to give Immortality to the Object of his Passion, which is not to be hoped for, without an Exertion of the fullest Powers of Poesy.

I pity a Poet's Grief more than any other Man's; for his natural Warmth, Tenderness of Sentiment, and Liveliness of Imagination, give Sorrow a Power of sinking deeper in his Heart, than others can possibly be affected with. When a plain Man loses a Mistress, Wife, Child, or Friend, he laments merely for the Loss of so much Property: But, when these dear Connections are torn off from a Person of a delicate Taste, he feels as if he had lost Part of himself, *Animæ Dimidium*—nay worse, for the Remainder is a Burden to him.

Your Criterion I will not admit of; for a Man, who is sincere in his Grief for the Loss of a Wife, is the more likely to marry again. When Pleasures are flown, Nature strongly solicits the Recovery of them: The chaste nuptial Joys engross the whole Man, and form his Taste and Sentiments entirely to such social Enjoyments, which, by fond Indulgence, become at last his sole Scheme of Happiness; and when those charming Ties are dissolved, he has the World, as it were, to begin anew; and it is surely then more natural, and more rational too, to endeavour to renew the Pleasures we have been so well acquainted with, and approved of, than to attempt a spiritless Succedaneum to them.

So

So that, if ever your *Crisis* should come to pass, we ought not to doubt his Sincerity to the last Wife, but rather say, that he had paid a very high Compliment to his future one.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCIV.

Dear FANNY,

AS the Post for this Day is not come in, I do not know yet, whether you leave Town To-morrow or no; therefore I shall write to you, because I would not spare myself any Trouble certain, for even the Chance of giving you a Quarter of an Hour's Amusement.

I met with a small Treatise Yesterday, intituled, 'On the Employment of Time.' It is wrote by *Gilbert West*. I think it is very well collected; for, indeed, it is mostly a Heap of Quotations, and shews more of Learning than Understanding: For a Work of this Kind almost any Man may compile, who reads with a Common-place Book by him.

Young, the Satirist, has two very severe Lines against Quotations, which, for that Reason, I shall not recite; and there is certainly Nothing so tiresome to the Reader as Writings of that Kind, which are only to be admitted in Works of Fancy, but not at all necessary upon moral or philosophical Subjects. For Example: If Mr. *West* speaks Sense or Reason, what Occasion is there to inform us, that *Cicero* thought the same Way, or said the same Thing? It is Argument, not Authority, which convinces. All Knowledge is derived originally from the human Understanding;

derstanding ; and a Thought is nevertheless our own, because it has been hit on by Somebody else before : And one may as well quote *Adam* for breathing, because he was the first Creature who did so, as *Euclid* for saying that the three Angles of every Triangle are equal to two right ones, because he was the first Person who demonstrated that Proposition. *

A quoting Author is just as ridiculous as a Country Girl, who, upon her first coming to Town, being decked out by the Help of her Friends, should make public Acknowledgment from whom she had her Stockings, her Shift, her Stays, &c. So that, if every Person was there to claim their own, she would be left as naked as the Jay in the Fable, or as such a pyebald Author, say *Writer* rather, say Compiler, say Publisher, say second-hand Cook, who gives you a Beggar's Dish out of Fragments, or say Printer's Sign-Post, upon which are pasted the heterogeneous Scraps of many Authors.

I remember a stupid Sort of a Fellow, who used to put me in Mind of these Men, who are too modest to say any Thing of their own ; for he never asked for Bread, Drink, told you what o'Clock it was ; or mentioned even the most trifling Occurrence, without adding, "as the Man said : " And whenever he had a Mind, like these Men, to shew the Extent of his Learning, by recurring up to the most ancient Authority,

* *Epicætetus* in his XIXth Chapter, ridicules this Impertinence finely ; for, after he has made a philosophic Division of Things, into Good, Evil and Indifferent, some Body absurdly asks him, Whence he learned such Distinction ? " From *Hellanicus*, says he, " in his History of *Egypt* ; for what signifies it (if it be just) whether I received my Information from "*Hellanicus*, *Diogenes*, or any other Philosopher ? "

Authority, he would cry, 'as the Man said
' * a great *While ago*.'

The Importance of the Subject, which Mr. *West* treats on, is great, and ought to be the frequent Reflection of every Man of Sense, Morality, or Religion: He has considered it with Regard to the two last, and placed the Matter in several very strong Lights: But, as a Thing of this Consequence cannot stand in too many Points of View, I shall attempt to consider it with Relation to the first, meerly as a rational Man, without any Regard to Virtue; relative only to our present State, and, in that Respect, confined intirely to ourselves: Which few Hints you may stile, *Of the Oeconomy of Time*—Of the simple Enlargement of it---Or, a certain Method to lengthen Life, in Spight of Fate, or of the Grave.

There is an Expression often made Use of by thoughtless People, which astonishes and provokes me extremely; 'Let us do so and so, to kill Time.' It is some Revenge, however, to observe what Suicides they are, at the same Time of this most horrid and unnatural Murder: So true it is, that we and our Time must live and die together. We generally lament the Shortness of Man's Life taken together, while we are blaming the Tediousness of every Portion of it. † This Contradiction may be accounted for, if we consider,

* Alii alios se convincere arbitrantur, cum multos, & celebres testes produxerint: Verum hæc probationis ratio nullius est momenti ad veritatem. C I C.

I am here quoting Quotations against Quotations, like *Jeremy* declaiming against Wit; but if 'tis allowable in any Case, it is in this.

† When Men say *Life is short*, it is not Time, but their Extravagance, that is to blame! a Squanderer may make the largest Patrimony scanty. HENRY.

der, that as Time unemployed lags heavily along, an idle Person, for this Reason, must complain of tiresome Days ; and as Duration is marked only by the Succession of Ideas, his Life must appear shortest, who has fewest Actions or Passages to recollect.

To consider Man, then, only with Regard to this Life ; What a miserable Wretch must he be, whose passing Minutes are told as so many Hours, and whose past Years are reflected on, but as so many Days.

Let us then, as rational Creatures, contrive so to employ ourselves in a Series of Actions, which by marking every Period of our Lives, we may enjoy this great and happy Advantage, that the present Moments shall glide imperceptibly away, and our past Age appear so long, upon summing up, that we may not murmur at the short Span “ of threescore Years and ten.”

¶ O Vita Stulto longa, Sapienti brevis !

Again, 'tis computed, that the Generality of Men sleep away about one Third of their Time, that is, about eight Hours in the twenty-four. Now five Hours is full sufficient for any Person, who would preserve Health of Body and Vigour of Mind : * So that there may be above three Hours saved out of every Day, which is about one Day in the Week, and that is one Year in seven. Then by the Time a Man has reached his grand Climacteric, he may be said to have lived just nine Years more than some of his twin Contemporaries.

What would a Man give for nine Years added to sixty-three ! How much more valuable are nine Years before sixty-three ! for surely that Time is
the

* Rising early is but a Minute's Uneasiness, for several Hours Pleasure.

the most preferable, which we can live without growing older. We cannot, indeed, borrow Time from Death; but we can take it from it's Semblance, Sleep—Which brings me to the Close of my Proposition, or ‘a certain Method to ‘lengthen Life, in Spight of Fate, or the Grave.’

Henry.

LETTER CCV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE read the Treatise you mention, but I like your Supplement to it much better. It is a double Charity to write to me on Subjects at present, because there is not a Book in this House which could supply me with Matter for a Minute's Reflection; which makes the Time, except what I spend in reading your Letters, or writing to you, pass like an idle Dream, which leaves no Trace behind.

Your Letter has made me grow quite impatient at the Reflection of having lost so much of my Life. The Desire of improving my Mind, and fixing it's Contemplation upon proper Objects, increases daily; yet by some unforeseen Accident, I find myself continually deprived even of one Day's Retirement, and am, if I may use the Expression, constantly employed in Idleness.

The Tedioufness of present Time is often irksome to the wise Man as well as the Fool, though not in so great a Degree; which has been considered as a Proof of the Soul's Immortality: For we are continually pushing forward to some Point of Time, which, when arrived at, falls short of the

the Expectations we had raised upon it ; we still persist in flattering ourselves, and fix our Happiness on some future Period, which, in it's Course, brings Disappointment too ; and yet we still go on, wishing the present Hour was past, and hoping Peace or Joy from some more distant *Æra* ; 'till the Grave opening, interrupts our Schemes, and shews the only Prospect where the Soul can rest. Oh ! may we fix our Grasp on that Strong-Hold which cannot, will not fail us ; and like the Patriarch, wrestle for a Blessing ! Let the incumbering World recede, and even our mutual Loves decay, before the glorious Hope of Immortality ! What Joy, what more than Transport do I feel, in thinking that when Death shall have dissolved the poor, infirm, and feeble Forms which now incase our Spirits, we shall meet again, conscious of each other's Love and Truth, in perfect Bliss above !

I do not, however, cordially approve of your lessening the Portions of Time allotted for Sleep. It is wise Nature prompts, and all Philosophy is vain which dares oppose her. She has appointed equal Periods to Labour and to Rest ; while Man, impatient to be happy, steals from his only promised Blessing, Ease, to squander on the vain Pursuit of Wealth or Pleasure. — I must own, notwithstanding your philosophical Moral, which I acknowledge to be very ingenious, that I am a great Friend to Sleep, whom *Statius* calls the most † amiable of all the Gods. When tired out with Grief or Pain, it strengthens and renews the Springs of Life : we wake refreshed, and feel a Kind of silent Hymn of Gratitude arise in our Minds for this, more than for any other Blessing. While we sleep, we are, at least,

† *Juvenis placidissime Divum.*

STAT.

least, negatively good, incapable of acting or designing Ill; and I am afraid, that even the best Man has more to answer for his waking than his sleeping Hours, be he never so great a Sluggard. However, I shall receive one Advantage from your Doctrine, that I shall insist upon your Practice keeping up to your Preaching; and I will certainly produce your Letter against you, whenever I find you begin to yawn about Ten o'Clock; for that is a most unreasonable *Hour* for a Person to go to Bed, who has not Occasion to sleep more than *five*.

L E T T E R CCVI.

My dearest FANNY,

I DO not lessen the Portion of Time allotted by Nature for Rest. I find five Hours sufficient for my Health and Spirits; more Sleep injures both; then rationally I conclude, Nature meant no more. Now every Indulgence we take, beyond what Nature requires, is rather a Fatigue, than a Refreshment. This is equally true in Meat, and Drink, and Sleep: And to consider it in this Light, that Passage in Lord *Grimston's* Play, which, along with the whole Performance, has been so laughed at, is not quite so absurd, as it is generally taken; "I'll rest my wearied Bones, 'till they more wearied be." I do not think, with you, that a Man is passively good, all the while he is asleep; it would be great Favour to allow him to be even negatively bad. The Mind of Man was framed for a Series of rational Thought, and his Life designed for a Course of moral Actions; if then, without Necessity, he ceases to think, or act, to the best of his Powers,

he marrs the Ends of his Creation. Nay, I think, we can hardly refrain from charging positive Guilt upon a Person, who sleeps more than he needs. Sleep is a temporary Death : and, as I hinted to you upon this Subject before, how a Man may lengthen his Life, he by this Means shortens it, of Course ; then, for so much, he is guilty of Suicide. Is not a Man guilty of Theft, who steals from an Heap, because he does not pocket the Whole ? And, if a Parcel of Money be laid in a Line upon a Table, is he not equally criminal, who takes from the Middle, as if he stole from one End ?

Adieu !

Henry.

* L E T T E R CCVII.

Dear FANNY,

AS I never read with comepleat Pleasure, but when we are together ; so it gives me Uneasiness, in my Musæum, when any Sentiment or Criticism occurs to me, that I cannot immediately communicate it to you : And this is the Reason, that many of my Letters treat upon Subjects, which seem not proper for such familiar Epistles, as our's generally are ; so that, perhaps, some of them appear stiff, merely from the Freedom of them ; for I never sit down with a Design of writing you a *Letter*, but when I take Pen in Hand, I write you whatever occurs to my Mind at that Time, whether Poetry, Metaphysics, Politics, or Divinity.

For Instance now, who could think of entertaining a young Woman of Wit, Gaiety, and poetic Rapture, with a Discourse upon Self-Murder ?

* See *Henry* to the *Editor*, last Paragraph.

der ? But I happened this Morning to look into a Treatise against Suicide, by Dr. *Watts*, which I think a very insufficient Performance.

Authorities drawn from the Scriptures, or Writings of the Philosophers, may have Effect upon very weak or over religious Minds : But Reasons, not Authorities, are requisite to Men of Sense, or free Reflection ; which a Man may have, without being an Atheist, or merely a Deist.

In those Places, where the Author attempts to reason, he does it very imperfectly ; of which I shall give you two Instances among many. He says, " We are placed here, like a Centinel at his Post, &c. and after going on, with a great Deal of Common-place, on that Head, concludes from the *supposed* Analogy of human and divine Things, that Suicide must be a Crime. But this is begging the Question. What Authority from Reason have we to say, that Man is placed here, as a Centinel ? Or what Certainty have we of this Analogy ? In Metaphysics, indeed, we are obliged to give some Definitions of our Ideas, in order to help us to discourse intelligibly about them ; but in Reality, there may be no more Relation between the Things themselves, and our Ideas of them, than there is between Colours and Sounds ; though a blind Man, to give us his Notion of Red, compared it to the Sound of a Trumpet, but yet in true Philosophy, it comes as near the Sound of a Lute : And, indeed, the speculative Divines seem to me, generally, to reason, like this Man, with more Fancy than Philosophy.

Another Piece of Reasoning, he makes use of, is this : " That, though we cannot perceive any Relation, we are placed in, with Regard to this Life, (as in some Instances may be the

“ Case) which might make our Death a moral
 “ Evil; yet, *perhaps*, we may be appointed by
 “ God to influence some future Event, and so
 “ the Ends of Providence may be disappointed
 “ by one Man’s Impatience.” Now I think it
 extremely weak, perhaps impious, to imagine,
 that it can be in the Power of one Man, or Man-
 kind united, to frustrate the least Scheme or De-
 sign of Providence: And a Thief, at the Gal-
 lows, may make use of such an Argument with
 as much Reason as any Body else: So that this
 Reasoning, by proving too much, proves No-
 thing.

Watts has, indeed, summed up all that has e-
 ver been said upon this Occasion; but to tell the
 Truth, I never met with any Thing satisfacto-
 ry upon the Subject; which is owing to the cau-
 tious, but unfair Manner of arguing, upon this
 Head, used by the Divines; who, for Fear of
 giving the least Encouragement to desperate Men,
 will not admit of any Sort of Latitude in this
 Matter.

Adieu!

Henry.

LETTER CCVIII.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

ON finding that my dear *Harry*’s Letter had
 been opened before it came to my Hands,
 I began to apprehend that my Letters might have
 been intercepted. I know not how this Treat-
 ment affects you; but it has filled me with the
 highest Resentment: For sure, it is the Extreme
 of Insolence and Cruelty to deprive us of the only
 Means left to soften the tedious, melancholy
 Hours of Absence: Nor can I believe that any
 Law,

Law, human or divine, has vested even a Parent with such a Power. What barbarous Tyranny then to assume it !

I have often experienced the Uneasiness you mention, at reading any Thing that pleased me, when you was not with me. One finds but a vague Enjoyment in any Pleasure, unshared by the Person beloved.

I think I have Reason to resent the Apology you made for writing upon Subjects above a slight Girl's Reflection. If you consider me in that Light, I must join with the World in condemning your Taste : But if, as you have flattered me, my Person has the least Share in your Affection, that you love my Mind, and would improve it, in order to render it capable of the highest Enjoyment, that of conversing with you, why need you make an Apology for taking the proper Method of rendering it worthy of your Regard ? I have often told you, that no Subject can appear dull or abstruse to me, which you write on : Nay, I have gone farther, and sometimes fancied, that if you were to write in a Language I was wholly unacquainted with, I should certainly understand you ; at least I am sure I should, if I was to hear and see you speak it.

I have never met with any of Dr. *Watts's* Writings ; but, from the Specimen you give, I take him to be a better Christian than Philosopher. Though I am sure there may be many stronger Arguments against Suicide, than those you quote from him, yet I am pleased at his considering every Individual, though without visible Tye or Connection, as necessary to the Well-being of the whole Species ; for as the Great Artificer made Nothing in vain, the Wretch who finds not Happiness in his own Bosom, or in any outward Objects, may, from

this Principle alone, conclude Self-Murder to be a Crime.

But, after all, what are all Arguments about this Matter? Only speculative Essays: For I am convinced, that no Person ever committed the Act, but an Atheist or a Madman. Then it would be in vain to reason with the first upon Principles which he denies you; and it would be a Jest to reason with the other at all.

After this Reflection, I do not look upon Suicide in that shocking Light which other People do: For, with Regard to the Atheist, I fear it is pretty equal to his poor Soul, after what Manner he dies; and as to the Madman, I throw him upon his Mercy, who could, had he pleased, have "made Reason rule, and Passion be it's 'Slave.'"

* LETTER CCIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

* * * * *

"I talked of dying; better Thoughts come forward;" and since the Satisfaction I have had in this Day has made me somewhat more in Love with Life, I shall here give you a Supplement to my last Letter, lest you should imagine I was quite of a different Opinion from *Watts*, because I did not allow his Reasoning to be sufficiently strong upon the Subject.

I do not look upon Suicide, or indeed upon any Act, in the Light that Divines do, as criminal in itself;

* See *Henry to the Editor*, last Paragraph.

itself ; but regard all Actions, in a general View, as indifferent in themselves ; for the same Thing may be virtuous at one Time, and vicious at another : So that the Difference seems to lie merely in Circumstance. I think, with Deference to the Pulpit, that whoever understands the Nature of Vice in any other Sense, impiously charges God with having originally generated Evil. Now, with Regard to this particular Instance we are upon, I consider a Suicide not as guilty of a particular Crime, but of so much Vice, as the moral Consequences of the Act leave him chargeable with : And the Chain is so extensive, and the Dependencies so nice in this Life, that very few Men can be free enough, from Relation or Contingency, to be perfectly clear from Guilt in this Act : And, so far as it is a Crime, it is of the highest Nature so, as it has the Aggravation of Presumption, the Sin of acting against Nature, and the Impossibility of Repentance.

However there may be particular Instances where the Thing may be indifferent in itself ; yet, even here, though the Action be innocent, the Turn of Mind, which prompts to it, must be extremely vicious. It argues an Impatience and Rashness, which are the Signs of an Intemperance of Soul, a Disregard to the Opinion of this World, which every good Man should have Respect for, or a Despair of God's Providence, which a Man of Philosophy or Religion should never betray.

There are, I think, but three Things which can provoke a Person to this desperate Act ; Pain, Poverty, or Shame. If from the first Circumstance, then he has forgot what all the Trials in this Life were intended for ; and so foolishly refuses that Physic, which may give him

him Health to Immortality. If from the second, it is owing to a false Pride, and an unchristian Spirit, joined to a Habit of Idleness, which creates a slothful Despondency. If from the third, he but seals his Name with Infamy, makes that Shame the more public, and deprives himself of any Opportunity of retrieving his Character. It was finely said, by some great Man, upon hearing Libels had been wrote against him, "I will live so, as to give the Lye to their Reproach."

Suppose a Criminal, leading forth to Execution, even he shall have no Power over his own Life, though already forfeited and condemned; for he adds to his Crime, by rebelling against the Laws of his Country, and deprives the Community of a wholesom Example of public Justice. Besides as all human Infiictions may be considered as Trials of our Virtue, so may even legal Punishments, if undergone with Resignation, Contrition, and Hope, be considered as Atonements for our Crimes.

Thus you see, that even in the most indifferent Case, though the Action itself may be morally innocent, yet it can never be performed but by a vicious Actor.

In short, it is an Action contrary to the Laws of God and Man. The first without recurring to Authorities, may be proved from the natural Abhorrence we find in ourselves from the Act, which, to Demonstration, shews the Sense of Providence about the Matter: And the second, we know from the general Sense of Mankind, who have endeavoured to deter from, by affixing Ignominy upon it, the only Way of dealing with the Dead.

But all these Reflections may not occur to a Man in the Hurry of the Act; for there are but few

few deliberate Suicides : Yet surely one Moment of Time may afford us Leisure for this short Expostulation ; “ What if it should be a Crime ? “ Then, great God, how shocking must his Situation be, whose Conviction comes too late “ for Repentance ! ”

Henry.

P. S. Keep this Letter for me.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R C C X.

FRANCES to HENRY.

AS I am thoroughly convinced, that my dear Harry is a much better Judge of his own Affairs, than I can pretend to be, I will never let my Over-anxiousness for his Welfare betray me into so great an Error, as offering my Advice ; but rest satisfied with believing, that he will use every honest and prudent Means for our mutual Happiness.

I was so extremely ill on *Saturday*, that I was not able to hold a Pen. The continual Distraction and Uneasiness of my Mind has almost destroyed my little Body. I am doubly unhappy, that your Circumstances prevent your coming to Town : Your Presence would soften all my Sorrows, and subdue even Pain and Sickness. How have I flattered myself, that you longed as ardently to see me, as I do to see you ! and yet you will not answer to my oft-repeated Question, When will you come ? I am impatient at your Absence, and yet afraid

to wish you here. The Situation of your Affairs distracts me: I do not regard myself, but cannot bear to think that you are unhappy. Do not be angry with me, *Harry*, for saying, that I most earnestly wish and pray the Almighty to take me to his Mercy. I know my Death would be of Use to you: Your Father, and all your Friends, would then be free from any Apprehension of your injuring yourself for an unhappy Woman, who would die to serve you. * That single Consideration could disarm the Spectre of his Terrors, and take away his Sting; for I could part with thee, my Life, my Love, my Soul, to save thee from Misfortune and Distress!

My Spirits are so entirely sunk, that I am utterly unable to write: You may scold, if you please; but, indeed, I cannot get the better of myself.

Adieu, then, my Soul's Hope, my Life's Pain and Pleasure!

Frances.

LETTER CCXI.

My dear FANNY,

THE Dependence, you express, upon my doing every Thing for our mutual Happiness, was not necessary to encourage me to do so, upon all Occasions; but, if I needed any Inducement, that Confidence alone would be sufficient to oblige me to it; and I shall never attempt to over-rule your Will, but to better inform it; or the more effectually to answer the great End of all my Thoughts and Actions, namely,

* Their Marriage was still a Secret.

ly, your Happiness and Establishment, and my own, only through such charming Means. My not going to *Dublin* before this, is one Instance, I may give, that I prefer both our Interests before our Pleasure; and, if I have not fixed the Day, at your frequent Request, it is because I cannot be certain of it yet; however, I can answer you, that, before ten Days from this, I shall have the unfeigned Delight of seeing my sweet Girl.

I cannot help being angry with you for such an ungenerous and impious Wish, as you make in your last Letter. What Advantage could possibly accrue to me, from your Death, who, as I said before, only intend, nay, only wish or desire, and am only capable of Happiness through your Means? How have I *undeserved* from you, or what Merits have those Persons you so falsely stile my Friends, toward you, that their Satisfaction is so unkindly and unwarrantably preferred before mine? What Comfort could they afford me, for your Loss? or where else could I expect to find it? It is too late in Life for me to begin the World anew: My Habits are grown too strong to be counteracted now: What a Turn must my whole Set of Ideas take! and how many refined Pleasures must I *unlearn*, or lose the Relish of, before I could be satisfied with the Enjoyment of any other Woman! I have often quarrelled with you upon such Subjects, and take it very unkindly that you will not recollect yourself a little, before you treat me with so much Ingratitude and Ungenerosity. Indeed *I* is angry with *U*, in Spight of all the Letters of the Alphabet, from *Alpha* to *Omega*; which is the Order your dear Idea presents itself to my Thoughts

Thoughts in. Repent, thou Suicide and Homicide in one!

Remember to write to me by *Tuesday's* Post, directed to *Casbell*, and on *Thursday* direct to me at *Callen*, which is my Way home. I will not excuse you these two Posts, because I shall want your Company on the Road.

Adieu, my Treasure! for, by a Turn upon the Words of Scripture, I may call you so, as my Heart is with you.

Henry.

LETTER CCXII.

THE sincere Pleasure I received from my dear *Harry's* last Letter is, indeed, sufficient to make me wish for Life, nay, a long one, to enable me to repay his generous Tenderneſs. Believe me, my sweet Love, your Kindneſs is not thrown away; for all the poor Return, which I can make, is moſt ſincerely your's, in Thought, in Word, in Deed:—And, if I really am ſo bleſt, as to contribute to your Happineſs, well may you call me ungenerous and ungrateful, for wiſhing to exchange that Bleſs, even for the Joys of Immortality. The Transport, which I feel, from thinking I am dear to you, is much too great to be expreſſed. I am, I ever will be your's: Diſpoſe my Life, my Being, as you pleaſe: Thou art the Lord of me.—Haſte then, thou dear Author of my Happineſs, haſte to complete it by thy much-loved, much-longed-for Preſence!

I am ſtill une pauvre Solitaire; and look upon myſelf to be the trueſt female Recluſe that ever was; as my Confinement, Solitude, and Fasting,
are

are dictated by Choice, not Necessity :—Yet I am afraid this voluntary Restraint is not founded in Reason, or Virtue. My Moderation may be compared to that of an Epicure, who, though he may have a good Appetite, eats sparingly of a coarse Dinner ; but provide him with Delicacies, and he shews the Glutton. So I go seldom abroad, see no Company at Home, never think of public Diversions, and pass my Life in a State of Indifference to the Objects which are within my Reach ; but were it in my Power to enjoy the Feast of Reason, in thy Converse, I should quickly lose the Appearance of Self-Denial, and gladly indulge myself in the extreme Enjoyment of the highest Pleasures—those of seeing, hearing, loving, and being loved by thee.

Adieu !

Frances.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCXIII.

My sweetest, dear Girl,

I AM at a Loss for Epithets fond or expressive enough to address you with ; but must refer myself to the Intuition of angelic Minds, to shew you how far short the warmest Terms of human Language fall of that sincere Affection and tender Love I bear you.

I am surprized at the Weakness of your Concern upon my mentioning my dying ; for surely a Man is not the nearer, though he may be the better prepared for it, by his making a Will ; nay, even the very Approach of it ought to alarm

alarm us no more, than it should a fond Parent, that his Child was growing taller; for Death, in the Philosophy of a Man, or the Hope of a Christian, is to be considered, not as a Change of our State, but an Improvement of it. * However, I will indulge your Tenderness so far, as to speak no more upon this Head; but am pleased to find I am even with you, for some unkind Hints, much stronger than mine, upon this Subject, in one of your late Letters.

I have been to see the large Manufacture at *Waterford*, * as I have engaged in the same; and it has given me great Satisfaction; though it would make any one, of less Spirit than myself, despair of bringing so vast a Work to Perfection, from the complexed Machinery, various Business, intense Application, and large Sums of Money, and Credit, which are necessary to carry it on; yet, believe me, that every Difficulty which occurred, has but strengthened my Resolution to pursue it. It would surprize and startle your Philosophy, at the same Time, to see so many different Machines performing the Parts of rational Agents, and requiring no farther Assistance from Man, than to set them in Motion, and to preserve their Courses regular, which is no more than what often Man from Man requires, as Patients from Physicians: Nay, some of them, like a Person in Health, perform their Parts by the mere Help of the Elements only; and, if the sole Difference between these and Animals be, that the first regularly labours to pursue the Design of its Formation, while the other, through Caprice, is capable of disappointing the End of its

* *Plotinus* said, that the Gods made the Life of Man mortal, out of Mercy.

† *Smyth's* Linen Manufactures.

its Creation, I do not think that living Creatures have much to boast of, in the Superiority of their Mechanism. Man, indeed, as exercised in the Contemplation of Truth, Beauty, Harmony, and Order, and employed in the Practice of Virtue, Morality, and Religion, is, in Reality, a noble and exalted Creature; but the *many-headed Monster*, the vulgar Herd, who are insensible to these great Advantages, I take to be more imperfect Instruments, than a Windmill or a Loom.

Adieu! Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXIV.

Dear FANNY,

YOU desired to hear from me on *Wednesday*; but you may see my Impatience, in writing to you a Post sooner.

I had a very direct and obstinate Wind in my Face, all the Day, and very disagreeable Weather of Rain and Hail; however I jogged on hither, to shew that neither Wind or Weather should get the better of me. I suffered greatly from the Cholic; but chewed Rhubarb all the Way. Mutton Chops was the Word; and now your Health goes round; which is a just Manner of speaking, as I pledge myself to that Toast, every Glass.

I direct to * *India*, because I know you are to dine there To-morrow, and might be from Home, before the Post reached your Lodgings. My Love to the Company; and remember that the Council

• The *India* Ware-House.

Council of Six is still complete, as I have left my Deputy with you: So observe, that, upon every Question, you are to claim the Right of a double Choice, which is the same as if I were present; for I am sure I shall never differ from you, in any Opinion. 'Her Taste was his own.'

Adieu!

LETTER CCXV.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

HOW vastly am I indebted to that Tenderness, which even prevents my Desires, and gratifies my fondest Wish, before it is scarce formed! Indeed, thou dearest, best of Men, my Heart is fruitful with a Thousand Thoughts of Gratitude and Love to thee. Every Moment recalls some Image of thy Kindness to me, and fills my Eyes with Tears, more pleasing than 'the broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears.'

I felt every Blast of the rude Wind, that durst oppose thee; and almost envied it the Happiness, it was insensible to, of kissing thy Lips. Let me, my dearest Love, intreat you, by that Regard you have for my Health and Happiness, to take Care of that, on which they both depend; and no longer trifle with the Pain, which your present Disorder gives me. Remember, I have your Promise to take Emetics, if you knew what I suffer from your Illness, you would do every Thing in your Power to relieve me.

I shall

I shall take Care of your dear little Epitome, and hope, * ' the full Interpretation of Time,' will render it worthy of the Commission you have assigned it ; and give me Leave to say, that my sincerest Wish is now, and ever shall be, to deserve the Compliment you make me.

The Painter took away your Picture, but it is no Matter ; since neither Time nor Absence can efface the much more lively and more lovely one, that is painted on my Heart.

I cannot help repeating my Desire of hearing from you, tho' I know it is needless ; as I am sure my dear *Harry* will do every Thing to alleviate the otherwise insupportable Pains of Absence.

Adieu !

Frances.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCXVI.

Dear FANNY,

Castle-Dermot.

I HAVE set up here at the old Inn ; though you all say it is a bad one : This may be a Reason for new Guests not to come, but not for old ones to quit it. I always suppose, in such Cases, that Poverty is the Reason of bad Accommodations ; and make it a Sort of Charity, to support the Indigent ; and, when I eat or lye badly, it helps Digestion, and softens my Repose, to consider that others eat or sleep the better for it. I made a vile Breakfast at —, this Morning, from this Turn of Mind ; though I had forsworn the old House, upon my going up

* *Shakespear's Coriolanus.*

up to Town last. Such Reflections as these, my dear *Fanny*, are extremely pleasant; and their being uncommon is, perhaps, one of the Reasons I amuse myself with them.

I halted here, in order to write to ———, instead of paying him a Visit; for I do Business better by Proxy, than in Person. The Reason that I write better than I speak, is not, as *Dryden* observes upon *Perfius*, that I have a Difficulty in finding a Meaning; but rather, as the same Critic remarks upon *Juvenal*, “*car il est bon de se fair valoir,*” that it is hard to chuse one. I have too much Fancy, and am too nice about my Expression, to explain myself off hand distinctly and intelligibly. Besides, the Persons and Objects, which strike on my Eyes, throw me into a Confusion, which hinders my Judgement from having fair Play to exert itself. My Ideas resemble a Painter's Pallet, where you have great Variety of Colours lying together, without Harmony or Order; 'till a skilful Pencil has blended them into proper Lights and Shades, to compose an agreeable Picture. This Difference between my Writing and Speaking must be very obvious to you, with whom I have corresponded almost constantly, for above five Years past: And, upon a Review of my Letters lately, I do not recollect to have repeated the same Sentiment twice; yet I remember to have said the same Words, in Conversation to you, an hundred Times.

Every Mile I rode, since I left Town, my Impatience to see *Maidenball* has increased. — Perhaps, the Affection, I have for it, being suspended, while I was with you, (the greater Passions absorbing the less) was then set at liberty to operate, when we parted; or, perhaps, the Thoughts of quitting, as is natural in soft Minds, have

have the more attendered me toward it : If I thought there was a Naiad or Dryad in the Place, who would lament my absence, I should sacrifice my Interest to my Superstition ; but my Religion teaching me, that where-ever we go, our Guardian-Angel accompanies us, I think I but obey it's Call, whenever I change my Situation to my Advantage.

I would have you, by all Means, write to Lady O-----. You may also present my *Duty* to her, as she is to you a *Mother*.

Adieu, my Life ! my double Life now !

L E T T E R CCXVII.

I BELIEVE, I need not take much Pains to assure my dear *Harry*, that Nothing, but a very severe Illness, could have prevented my writing last Post. However, I hope his own Thoughts furnished him with some other Cause for my Silence ; and that he had not the least Apprehension of the terrible Situation, his poor *Fanny* was in. I was seized with a Contraction in my Stomach on *Wednesday* Morning, attended with an unusual Pain ; but, as I had Intervals of Ease, I hoped it would go off. I dressed myself, in order to go to ---- ; but, finding myself grow worse every Hour, I was, at last, obliged to send an Apology. The Pain threw me into perfect Convulsions ; and in Spight of all the Medicines which were given me, I continued on the Rack 'till *Friday* Morning, when a violent Emetic gave me Ease. I am now free from Pain, but so extremely weak, that I cannot walk from my Bed to the Dining-Room, without Help. Even in those Moments, which I thought my last, I rejoiced you were not with me : as your

Sufferings

Sufferings would have added to mine, and made them more than I could bear. Besides, I should not have had any Thing to struggle for, had you been present; but the earnest Desire, I have again to see thee, gave me Strength to encounter those Agonies, that would have torn me from thee, my more than Life! I would not let *Tom* write to acquaint you with my Illness, lest your Apprehension should suggest Something even worse than the Reality.

I now congratulate you on my Recovery, and shall proceed to thank my sweet *Harry* for both his Letters.

There is, doubtless, Something inexpressibly charming in reflecting on those Exercises of Humanity, which my dear practis Philosopher is so constantly employed in: But with regard to the two recent Instances you mention, I cannot help thinking, that it is rather doing a general Injury, than a particular Charity, to support Persons in any Profession, which their Want of Capacity, Industry or a proper Fund, renders them unfit for: These Persons, so disqualified, prevent others, who may be capable, from engaging in that Business, which they do not execute; while themselves might become useful Members of Society, in another Situation. You may perhaps, think this Way of arguing too severe: But, were we not to regard the general Good more than that of Individuals, the Tenderness of our Dispositions might impel us to Acts of the highest Injustice; and lead us, perhaps, to the Rescue of a Murderer; if we did not reflect on the salutary Effects, which Examples produce, in the general Community. But, while I talk with such seeming Strictness, my Heart and Pen disagree; and an inward Consciousness of the many Failings, I am in-

cident

cident to, strongly reminds me of the mutual Claim, which every Part of the Creation has to each other's Indulgence ; and perhaps, none has more Need of it, than my poor, faulty, helpless Self.

I can very easily account for your being able to write in a more clear and distinct Manner, than you speak : For, besides the Confusion of Ideas, which you have found so just and pretty a Resemblance for, you have, probably, more Modesty than any Man, who has lived so long, and been so conversant with the World, as you have ; and I am sure there are Men, who are not possessed of the thousandth Part of your Understanding or Knowledge, who could make a better Figure in a general Conversation.

‘ Distrustful Sense with modest Caution speaks,
‘ While flutt’ring Nonsense in full Volleys breaks.’

You express much Reluctance at parting with the Child of your Fancy ; and I will allow your Attachment too to be a reasonable one : But like good Reason, let it give Way to better ; and remember, “ Your Home is every-where.” I am, perhaps, partial to this new Scheme, as I first mentioned it ; for this, if for no other Reason, you cannot condemn me for desiring it's Success, as my utmost Wish has ever been to become, in some Shape or other, the Means of Good to thee. Let me then, my sweet Love, flatter myself, that, in this Affair, I was the Agent to thy Guardian-Angel, and pointed out the Road to thy future Advantage. But I will not enforce the Subject farther, as I am sure you will do every Thing, which Sense and Prudence direct.

Health

Health, Peace and Competence attend my Love !

Frances.

LETTER CCXVIII.

My dearest FANNY,

YOU have made but a more cruel Apology for your Silence last Post, than that Silence itself. You cannot imagine what Anxiety I went through, in reading your Letter. You indeed, I apprehended, was well and safe, from your writing ; but I expected a *Lapsus Linguae* at every Line. The Remedy I knew to be pleasant, but the Delay of the Cure intolerably tedious. I am not so fond of this Life as to desire to renew my Age ; but I should wish most ardently to revive it in my Posterity.

I must insist upon it, that, 'till I see you again, which shall be the sooner for your Compliance with this Request, you are in Bed, every Night by Eleven o'Clock,---as much sooner, as you please ; and up at Eight, --- as much earlier, as you will ; and that, in every other Particular, you will live, as we should do together, alone at *Maiden-ball*, or whatever Place we may hereafter spend and enjoy our Lives together in.

There is Something very just in your Remarks upon my partial Humanity : But I remember to have observed somewhat to you lately, upon this Subject,

“ Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules

“ Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,” &c.

This Dispute between us puts me Mind of a parallel Difference between *Swift* and *Pope*, in their

their Letters to each other ; but, tho' we sometimes argue on different Sides of the Question, I am satisfied we shall always agree in acting the same Way.

I have not mentioned a Word to my own Family of my Correspondence with ---- ; nor shall I, 'till it is finished. I must now shorten my Letter to you, that I may have Time to lengthen one to him ; the Copy of which I design to send you, and desire you will return it to me.

Your's, Your's, Your's.

LETTER CCXIX.

AND so, Sir, your chief Concern was for Bab ! Indeed, Bab's Mam is affronted ; tho' I may venture to assure you, she was more anxious for it, than herself. I have as little Fondness for Life, as most People ; nor is there " a single Hour o'erpass'd, that I could wish should take " its Turn again : " Yet I acknowledge the same Desire, which you express ; and, I am persuaded, feel it infinitely stronger, than you can do, at present. There is the same Kind of Difference in our Attachment to the dear little one, as in our Affection for each other. You were the first and only Object of my Love : For you I felt all the romantic Tenderness of a first Passion ; while you, who had loved much and many, were utterly insensible to all the soft Inquietudes, the endearing Anguish, the heart rending Fears, which Providence, in Mercy to Mankind, decreed should never be re-felt.

I am

I am to be sent to Bed at Eleven o'Clock, and made to get up at Eight, for Bab's Sake; and these are the Conditions you annex to your Coming. Indeed, my sweet Love, I will comply with them, or any other Command of your's, not grudgingly, nor of Necessity, but with the utmost Chearfulness; as it shall always be my highest Pride to love, honour and obey thee, my Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend.

I should, indeed, be vastly ashamed of myself, did I argue against your Sentiments, from my own: But as you first enter on those Subjects, you leave me only the wrong Side of the Argument; which I sometimes take up, for the Pleasure of being fully confirmed in the right, by you. With Regard to the late Matter in Question, you may be thoroughly assured, that both our Ways of thinking and acting will ever be the same; for I hope, and believe, I have as much Humanity in my Disposition, as any Person I ever knew, except yourself. Did I not love you extremely, I should envy your Superiority there, and there alone.

Rejoice with me! I have had two whole Days sacred to Peace and Contemplation.—But they are over, and Noise and Folly re-assume their Throne.

I know not what I am now writing, for the Hurricane is begun. Oh, for a little Nutshell of my own!

I rejoice in this fine Weather, because you enjoy it; though I cannot help lamenting my own Confinement, doubly uneasy from the Disagreeableness of my Companion. But I will bear it patiently, in Hopes of happier Days; Days spent with thee. When, oh! when will that Time come?

Adieu,

Adieu, my dearest Life! I am, and ever shall
be, your's

Frances.

LETTER CCXX.

AND so, Madam, you are jealous of Bab, are you? I have known such Instances with regard to dead Rivals, but none before of Objects, not yet in Being. However, I shall allow you some Foundation for your Jealousy here; for, if any Thing ever rivals you, it must be some new Perfection of your's; for Nothing can excell you, but what is derived from you. *Prior* makes but a lame Compliment to his Mistress, 'I'll love thee o'er again in Age;' for this hints rather a Revival, than a Continuance of his Passion: But I say, I will love thee o'er in Youth; which shews a Constancy of the same Affection: And I hope I may conclude with an Allusion to the Lines upon the *Spectator*,

' 'Tis the same Sun, and does itself succeed.'

LETTER CCXXI.

Belmont.

I HAVE suffered my Affairs to run into great Confusion, by my two last Journies to *Dublin*; for I have not been here these four Months. I have been at a vast Expence, and Nothing done as I directed.—How much I want the sweet Support of your charming Converse, at present, to assist me, at once, from Spleen and

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Labour!

Labour! two Things, which never at the same Time afflicted any Person, who was not as whimsically compounded, as myself.

However, I have brought my favourite *Montaigne* with me, for I dare not trust myself alone; and, tho' I am enamoured of Solitude, yet I never retire, but in order to chuse my Company; which I cannot always do, when I live in the World. Some *Dramatis Persona* says, "Death" is the being born to *Plato's* and to *Cæsar's*." Then surely a philosophical Solitude is to live with them. There is this flattering Difference between the World and a Library, that there you are subject to every Fool's Humour, here you can make every Wit subject to your's. It is said, that a Man must be a God, or a Brute, who can live alone: Be it so! but surely the Contemplation of Virtue, Truth, and Nature, being the highest Entertainment of Angels, may enable a philosophick Mind to support Retirement without Hanging or Drowning. Mere Solitude, or even the most learned Leisure, is said to unqualify a Man for the Commerce, or even the Conversation of the World; and perhaps it does:—but this Objection is only from them to you, not from you to yourself. Dancing may be a necessary Accomplishment for the Stage, but why shall a Man practise *Coupees*, who only means to walk? Such Hints as these should make a virtuous Mind the more enamoured of Fields and Groves; for sure it is a high Recommendation of Truth and Honesty, that the first would disappoint a Courtier's Preferment, and the latter marr an Attorney's Fortune.

I read over a long Chapter in *Montaigne* Yesterday, absurdly stiled, of *Cruelty*; for the Subject is intirely on Virtue. I think this Essay by
much

much the best of all his Works, and well worth frequent Reading.— I don't know whether any Thing, he has said, is the Occasion of this Observation occurring to me, but I have often thought, that the Writers both upon Religion, and Morality, have said enough about Virtue and Vice; yet have not sufficiently distinguished between Vice and Vice; which would be a more useful Criticism, as less obvious. I am really afraid that some of the Works of our learned Divines have hardened more People thro' Despair, than ever they reclaimed by Repentance; proceeding too much upon a literal Construction of that Text, "He who is guilty of the Breach of any Part of the Law, is guilty of the Whole." Which is a Doctrine as severe against God, as against Man.—For, then, who was born to be saved? My Opinion is, that, as there is no Vice, which the Frailty of human Nature may not be led into; so there is no Crime, which the Divine Nature will not pardon, and the most irreligious Crime is the despairing of that Pardon. The Christian Religion goes Hand in Hand with the Weakness of human Nature; and the very Doctrine of Repentance, without which no Man can be perfect, supposes us to have erred. *Christ* was a Pattern given us to imitate, not to equal. However, when our Saviour wishes the bitter Cup to pass by him, and makes that Ejaculation, *Eli, Eli, lama sabañbani!* he seems to suffer with more Weakness than many Mortals have betrayed in Death or Torments. But surely this was to abate the Vain-glory of *Stoicism*, to humble the Pride of Self-sufficiency, and to shew us that God, who made us as we are, indulges human Weaknesses even in the most perfect Man.

Farewel, my charming Sinner! and I wish I had Half your Virtues to atone for even all my Frailties.

Your's, No Saint.

H I A T U S.

LETTER CCXXII.

My dear FANNY,

Belmont.

* * * * *

What I meant to take Notice of in your Letters was, to reprimand you for even supposing it possible I should ever cease to love you. This Subject, which you too often enter upon, always alarms me; for if ever I should love you less, it must be owing to yourself. I assure you, that it never once enters into my Head, but when you mention it; and, upon such Occasions, I naturally reflect upon every Circumstance in our past, present, and future Lives, which might possibly effect such a Change; which is, by no Means, a healthful Contemplation. On the contrary, when my Thoughts and Reflections are left to my own Guidance, I direct them to your Conversation, to your Letters, to your Kindness to, and Confidence in me: I compare you to any other Woman, and, taking you all in all, give you your Advantage. I beg Leave to put you in Mind, that this is not the first Time, by many, that I have warned you against
this

this Indiscretion ; but your Wit does not always give Way to your Sense ;

“ And, when we grasp the Happiness we wish,
“ We call on Wit to argue it away.”

I have taken a great Deal of Pains, well rewarded, to gain your Love ; but have taken a great Deal more, to teach you how to preserve mine. That my Happiness depended upon it, was not so strong a Reason to me, as that I believed you’rs rested upon the same Foundation : And I have been always more your Friend than your Lover : not by exerting the first Character, which my Sense and Reason sufficiently inclined me to ; but by restraining the latter, which my Heart so strongly impelled me to : And my best Love, my first, my last, my only Love, shall always find the Exercise of both these Characters exerted toward her, while there is one Quality in her charming Composition, which can be the proper Subject of either ; or, rather, she is very near being that clever Creature, which is capable of happily blending both these Affections in one ; for which Nothing more is necessary but to use that Understanding, upon all Occasions, which you are capable of exerting upon some : Nor did I mean to be ridiculous, when I said you should not comb your Head, or call a Coach, without consulting it ; for you cannot imagine to what mean and trifling Offices good Sense will condescend to accompany us ; and, perhaps, it is in what the World esteem Trifles, that a good Understanding should most employ itself ; for great or extraordinary Occasions generally direct their own Operations.

Henry.

P. S. There is a * Gentleman in the House where I am, at present, who has lately read his Recantation, in order to preserve an Estate of about 700*l. per Annum*. He has a Brother at *Bordeaux*, who is a beneficed Priest, from whom he received a Letter this Morning, so full of Fire and Brimstone, that it had almost thrown him into a Fit of Despair : But I had the good Fortune to quiet his Mind, after a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation ; and he begged I would reduce my Reasoning upon this Subject, into the Form of a Letter, which he would copy, and send to his Brother. I did so ; and, as he has just done with it, I send you the Original, inclosed.

Dear Brother,

I Received your religious Exhortation, and brotherly Admonition, which I must acknowledge to be in the Stile of a Priest, but not in the Spirit of a Christian ; both for the same Reason, that it so boldly and ignorantly denounces Damnation against those, who differ from you in controverted Opinions and Forms, even though, in Essentials, you should both agree ; as if the God of the Universe was but a King of one Nation of Men, and declared War against all those, who refused to submit to the same Policy. This I speak, in general, with Regard to the uncharitable Sentiments of the whole Body of Christians, against the Professors of every other Worship, in the Rest of the World. But, as to the Points in Question between you and me, let me fairly state the Case between us.

We

* *Edmund Kavanagh.*

We believe and adore the same God, and have the same Faith in the Trinity : We also observe the same Principles of Morality, hinted first to the antient Philosophers by the Light of Reason, and afterwards more fully illustrated, and made obvious to the meaner Capacities, by the divine Grace of Revelation. We both derive our Doctrines from the same Text of Holy Writ, and are therefore, both of the one only true and universal Church.

The only Difference then between us, is, that in the Infancy of Christianity, making it's Way through the Errors of Judaism and Heathenism, it necessarily contracted a great Deal of the Foulness of Superstition in its Passage, and grew up incumbered with many idle Forms, and useless and absurd Ceremonies, which are by no Means authorized from Scripture. There was likewise a good Deal of Time-serving in the first Preachers after the Apostles ; for they were but Men, and the Grace of Inspiration ceased with the Apostles. These Men, then, finding it impossible to propagate this new Faith, pure and intire, against the superstitious Prejudices of antient and established Modes of Worship, at least with that Dispatch which their Zeal required, temporized with the Ceremonies and Idolatries of the Nations round them, in order to be the better received among them. They thought, perhaps, that, as this Religion was first established by the Power of Miracles, it must be maintained so ; and then introduced that absurd and unphilosophical Doctrine of Transubstantiation. They thought too, that to give Men Hopes of a Redemption, even after Death, and by the Merit of another's Devotion, would naturally allure them to the embracing this new Faith ; and so published

the Doctrine of Supererogation, which unluckily contradicts another, broached at the same Time, of Purgatory, in the most express Manner; as the last supposes, that no Person can be virtuous or religious enough to save his Soul intire, before he dies, therefore must necessarily pass thro' a Purgation; and the other supposes, that a Man may not only perform sufficient Acts to secure himself, but the Overplus of his Merits may go toward the Salvation of another. This Contradiction puts me in Mind of the old Saying, that 'Liars should have good Memories.' Now you are drinking from the polluted Stream, while we have recurred up to the pure Fountain, and original Source. Our Religion is deduced from the plain Text of the Scriptures, your's from the sophistical Comments of the Priests. When a Priest once asked a Protestant, where his Religion was before *Luther*, he answered humourously, but not less justly, by asking him, where was his Face before it was washed?

As for your Doctrine of seven Sacraments, which you say we are deficient in, I answer, that we receive the Essence of them all in our two; and the fewer Heads any Proposition is divided into, the less Confusion there will be in the Comprehension of it.

In short, you seem to have more of the Subtilties of the Schools in your Reasoning, than the Purity of Religion, which, the more simple it is, is the more divine.

What you say, with Regard to the Saints, Martyrs, Virgins, &c. is not only Idolatry, in general, but that particular Species of it imbibed by the Church with its Nurse's Milk; for the assigning separate Charges to them, over Nations, Trades, Distempers, Perils by Land and Water,

Water, &c. is the same Error among *Roman* Catholics, which Theologicians attribute to the *Heathen Romans*, who are said to have worshipped the only true God, but mistook every Attribute for a distinct Deity.

I shall trouble you no farther now upon these Subjects; but conclude, that, if Religion be your Trade, I would have you stick to it; for a better you cannot get for that Purpose: But, if it is your Science, quit it for a more virtuous and rational one, and you can hardly go amiss. I am, in true Christian Charity,

Dear Brother,

Your's, &c.

E. K.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXXIII.

Racole.

THE Heat of the Day, and the Coolness of my unperforming Nag, obliged me to stop here to Dinner. When the Sun's Strength declines, and my Horse recovers his, I shall make a desperate Push for *Castle-Dermot*.

Among the Parcel of loose Papers, which I put into my Pocket, for Amusement on the Road, I find the inclosed Letter from *Oliver Cromwell* to his Wife; which I send you, as Part of a Comment upon *Hudibras*, which I left you reading. You may observe, from this Letter, the hypocritical and fanatic Stile of the leading Men at that Æra, which will give you

you Light into the Characters of Knight and Squire.

Though it is but three Hours since we parted, I found I could not eat my Dinner without writing to you; for my Love is stronger than my Hunger. The Eagerness of Appetite sometimes makes me omit a Grace, and Sleep too often inclines me to neglect a Prayer at Night; but at Bed, or Board, I never forget to think of you, or cease to wish you, most earnestly, a Participation of such Entertainment, as I can afford you at either.

I shall call at ———, in my Road, this Evening; where I expect to find the good Lady in such a Condition, 'as is her Custom always in the Afternoon.'

There is Something remarkably odious in this Vice in Women, as Custom and Education are against it, and that it has not even the Excuse of Nature or Temptation on its Side.

'When Women err, let Nature be their Guide;
'Love has some soft Excuse for female Pride.'

For my Part, I should think the Embraces of a Harlot chaster than the Fondness of such a Wife.

What a shocking Thing must it be to any Woman's Reflection, at a sober Interval, to think, that, by this Vice, she has rendered herself the Subject of Lust, without being the Object of Desire! For such must be the Consequence, when Passions are inflamed, while Reason is extinct, and, as the Wife of *Bath* says,

'There is a Rule I never knew to fail,' &c.

And what a dreadful Situation must that unhappy Man be in, who thinks he has no Security over his

his Wife's Chastity, but the natural Abhorrence which her Vice creates! For, in such a State, one could only think her a fit Paramour for an *Incubus, which is a Species of Dæmon, that is reported to hold criminal Commerce with dead Bodies. But enough of this vile Subject.

Adieu!

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXXIV.

My dearest FANNY,

I HAVE filled one Letter so full of Business, that I had not Room to take Notice of the pretty Part of your last; but I shall not suffer the Post to go out without a Letter, intirely in Answer to the refined Scruples you hint at in your's.

Your Love for me does not destroy your present Happiness, but rather constitutes it. Those Apprehensions, and that Uneasiness, which sometimes afflict you, are not indeed Part of your Happiness, but are the natural Consequence of it, in tender and delicate Minds; for Absence, or Fear of losing, affects us always, in Proportion to the Height of our Enjoyments. Now those who desire their Pleasures to be less, in order to rid themselves of their Pains, know not what they wish for: Apathy is a wretched Exchange, for fond Sensations, even with all their Incumbrances; and to prefer such an Indolence of Mind,

* Or Vampiere.

Mind is, as if a Man should refuse an Estate, because it was subject to Quit-Rent.

As for your extraordinary Notion, that perhaps your Love and Fondness for me may affect your Happiness hereafter, this must be your own Fault, and not the Nature of the Thing, if it should. The Love of God, and the Love of Man, are very different Things, and both made our express Duties, by distinct Commandments: Therefore the latter cannot become a Crime of the Nature you apprehend, even by it's Excess; for parallel Lines can never interfere, though extended infinitely: But the smallest Portion of mortal Love, or any other worldly Affection, rises into a Sin, when it intersects, or runs counter to our Love of God, the Duties of Religion, or the Morals of Virtue. Now there is Nothing, surely, in our chaste, sincere, and constant Regards, toward each other, which can possibly violate any of these high Concerns; but rather strengthen us in them, by inspiring our Hearts with the most grateful Sense, toward Providence, and possessing our Minds with the warmest Devotion and Thanksgiving, to the Almighty, for our mutual Happiness.

To a Mind rightly formed, the Paths of Heaven are strewn with Roses, not stuck with Thorns:

* 'For Heaven is paid, when Man receives;
'T' enjoy is to obey.'

And the Possession of all the Pleasures of Life, bounded by Reason and Religion, beyond which alone we taste the Bitterness of the Draught, leads us not a Step out of the Road to Happiness hereafter; referring every Thing to God, hymn-
ing

* Part of Pope's Prayer.

ing out his Praise, and submitting ourselves implicitly, and humbly, to the Justice, Goodness, and Wisdom of the divine Dispensations, whenever Heaven shall think fit to withdraw any of its *free Gifts* from us.

As for the Concern and Unhappiness we shall unavoidably feel upon the Disappointment or Loss of those Things which our fond Hearts are set upon here, you need not moralize so rigidly upon this Subject; for this Grief, like the Sighs and Tears which are the Consequence of bodily Pain, will be attributed by him who made us, to the Weakness of that Nature with which he was pleased to cloath our Souls; and, in either Case, it is not our Feelings, but the Repinings, Impatience, or Despondency, which create the Crime.

You see I have here renewed the Strain of our former Correspondence; for I am always pleased to enter into Subjects with you, whenever you give me an Opportunity; and, if you would more frequently write to me, in such a Manner as your last Letter, to shew the Delicacy of your Sentiment, and the Excellency of your Heart, you would do yourself infinite Service, in the Improvement of your own Mind and Virtue, in the securing of my Love and Esteem, and at the same Time, afford the most extreme Pleasure and Pride to my dearest *Fanny's* constant, sincere, and fond Husband,

Henry.

L E T.

LETTER CCXXV.

My dearest HARRY,

I THANK you for both your kind Letters :—
They are lively Emblems of yourself ; sensible, philosophic, affectionate, and polite.

I am always sincerely pleased, when any little Error or Weakness of mine gives my ever-dear Preceptor an Opportunity of setting his little Pupil right : And the Trouble you have taken, on this Occasion, is doubly kind ; for, as all the present and past Actions of your Life, toward me, may fully justify the Excess of my Affection for you, another Man might have thought it needless to satisfy the nice Scruples of a weak or delicate Mind ; but thou, the dear Dispenser of all Heaven's Bounty to me, hast convinced me, that it is both my Duty and Happiness, as well as it was my Inclination, to indulge that tender, chaste, and inviolable Affection, which I feel for thee, thou most deserving of thy Sex ! Nor would I change even those Pains thy Absence gives me, for the dull Insensibility in which the common Race of Mortals pass their Lives ; though I confess these Pains imbitter every Hour of Life ; for even while you are with me, my Thoughts are continually filled with the sad Idea of our Parting ;---and, indeed, it is dreadful to think of passing the Morn of Life, the Season for tender Converse, domestic Happiness, and social Joys, the Remembrance of which should gild the down-hill Path, the Evening Tide of Life, in a State of Separation from all we love ! to have the fleeting Days of Youth pass, like a Dream, unmarked by any pleasing Æra, or interesting Event ! Not but I agree with *Milton* and *Shaftsbury*, that they know not their own
Interest,

Interest, who wish never to be separated from those they truly love; for "Solitude is sometimes best Society; and short Retirement urges sweet Return." But mine is, I think a perpetual State of Banishment; for the Months you are from me appear like Centuries, and the few Days you are with me fly away like the Moments of a dying Man, who knows he has but one short Hour to live; or seem, at best, but like the wretched Exile's Interval of taking Leave for Life.

However, I will, henceforward, remember that Happiness is reserved for Immortality; and learn to consider those Anxieties, which the Tenderness of Affection sometimes occasions, as the Purchase of that Felicity, which it has, and I hope will still continue to produce; I mean the redoubled Joys of meeting.

What you say, with Regard to the Resentment I express'd upon *Tom's* Behaviour, is very just; but I own my Nature is warm, and impatient of Injuries, especially when they are loaded with the vile Weight of Ingratitude; but, believe me, *Harry*, I have a Heart as tender, and a Hand as open to soft Compassion, and to melting Charity, even as your generous Self; but I confess, with a Kind of Pride not to be described, that, in the stoical Habitude of subduing the first Impulse of Passion, and attending to the Dictates of Reason and Humanity, you have, as in every Thing else, a considerable Advantage over me. You are, indeed, the steady *Rack*, that keeps one even Course, and I the unsettled Cloud below, liable to the Gust of every varying Wind, which veers from it's purposed Bearing.

There is really Something singular in my Affection for you, which makes me triumph at every

every Mark of your Superiority in Sense or Virtue, even over myself ; and I feel a more exulting Pleasure at being excelled by you, than I should in being superior to all the World beside. Perhaps this may be owing to my having placed my chief Merit and Happiness in the Tenderness and Excess of my Love, (and there alone I will not yield the Prize, even to you ;) and as every new Proof of your Worth confirms and justifies the ruling Passion of my Soul, I am doubly pleased and grateful for it.

I will not yet despair of your Success with your *petrified Patronymic* ; for I depend on your Perseverance ; and constant Dropping wears at length the *Marble* : Besides, you find that the Proposal you made him, two Months ago, has at last made it's Way, and penetrated into his most obdurate Brain. So I take it for granted, that your last Offer is travelling the same round-about Road, and may, in the same Time, arrive, much fatigued with the tedious Barrenness of the Way, at the same Inn ; and truly I think an Inn a proper Simile for his Brain, where neither Sense nor Science take up their Rest, where every Thing passes in dull Rotation, and leaves no more Impression than " the Remembrance of a Guest, " who tarrieth but a Night." If I were Genie of the Black Isles, mentioned in the *Arabian Tales*, I would certainly take Measure of him, with my Wand, for a compleat Suit of Marble ; his Wig, at least, should " eternal Buckle take in *Parian Stone*."

I should have been glad to have known, from the ossified Man, *which* I hear is deposited in *Dublin College*, whether his Mind partook of his Body's Disorder, and if his Heart grew hard in Proportion as his Nerves grew rigid ; for if that be the Case, I would have the Gentleman, in
Question,

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Question anointed with Oils, like an Olympic Wrestler ; for indeed I believe an Act of Generosity would be a gymnastic Exercise to him ; and I would have him put to sleep in a Tub of Goose-Grease, to increase his Sensibility.

Forgive me, *Harry*, for making so free ; but I think it is better to laugh than cry at Things which we cannot remedy ; for I do not believe, what poor *Lear* makes a Question of, " that there " is any Cause, or Cure, in Nature, for hard " Hearts."

Your Observation, about *Charles's* Uneasiness, at being separated from his Wife, is, I believe, very just ; for I own I think him incapable of that delicate Tenderness, which renders Absence painful ; but it is very possible he may be uneasy for the Reasons you assign ; the Difficulty of Disuse, when Men are governed more by Habit than Reason ; the miserable Vacuum which this has left in his Mind and Time, and which he is at a Loss how to fill up, &c. for there is not, I believe, a more helpless Mortal breathing, or one less qualified for Solitude : His poor vague Mind is neither imbued with Religion or Philosophy, nor stored with Ideas enough to entertain himself, or any one else, for Half an Hour ; and, as he is generally much fatigued with Business, and cannot read, he must necessarily fall asleep, whenever he is left to himself : and such a Situation would make one regret the Loss of any Sort of Companion ; therefore I heartily pity the poor Man.

I should be very unhappy, if I doubted the Sincerity of your last Paragraph ; but indeed I do not, for you have given me many kind Proofs to illustrate it ; and you may believe me, in Return, when I assure you, that I would be content to
give

give up half the Duration of my Life, to be certain of spending the Remainder of it with you ; which is, however no great Compliment ; for all the Time you are absent, I consider myself in a State of Annihilation, as I am deprived of the principal Spring, or Movement, which actuates this little Machine ; or, rather like a Clock, with the striking Weight taken off, which is silent, though the Pendulum moves, and only expresses itself by the *Hand*, as I do now : But though I am dumb to every one else, I find, as you may have *long* since observed in this *long* Letter, a vast Inclination of prating away to you ; and should go on with this running Pattern, without any Ground, for an Hour or two more, but that the Piece of Mechanism, I have been alluding to, has luckily for you, just now informed me that the Post-Office will be shut in five Minutes.

Adieu ! Adieu !

Frances.

LETTER CCXXVI.

My dearest FANNY,

Belmont.

I SENT to the Post Yesterday, but had no Letter from you ; which I should have been extremely uneasy at, but that *Kitty* sent me one from you to her, which does not say you are worse, though you still complain. I came over here, just after I wrote last to you, and breakfasted with *Kitty* in my Way. This was but the second Time I have seen her, since you left her ; which she seems piqued at, and complains that I am grown peevish ; for she is one of those, who
cannot

cannot distinguish between Gravity and Ill-humour, or knows any Difference between Reproof and Scolding.

I enjoy as much Solitude here, as I did lately at *Maiden-ball*; and live after my own Manner, which is, not to dine 'till Night. I am more the Hermit here too, which makes some Variety; for I dress my own Meals, broil my Chops, and roast my Potatoes, by my Chamber Fire; for I chuse them clean; and they are but flatteringly People, who rent this House from me, though they are *English*, and Protestants. I do assure you, my Life, that I grudge myself every Morsel I eat in this or any Retirement, unenjoyed by thee; and would very chearfully fast three Days, for the Pleasure of your dining with me the fourth.

As I have a Way of philosophizing upon even the most trifling Occasions, I have begun to look upon Epicurism in a very different Light, from what I have always considered it. It is certain, that the Epicure has a greater and more frequent Enjoyment of Life, than a Man of vulgar Appetite. I grant, that the reducing our Wants to as few Things as possible, has more of the Philosopher in it; but, perhaps, to multiply our Pleasures may be the more sensible Scheme, within the Bounds of Reason and Innocence. They, who argue against this Voluptuousness, may, from the same Rule, prohibit a refined Taste for Letters, Painting, or Music. But, though they should indulge us a little in (what they call) rational Pleasures, they will find, that all their vain Philosophy against the Enjoyments of Sense, is but a certain Stoical Pride, which would pretend to set human Nature above any Satisfaction, which they may have in common with Brutes. I wonder, they have not yet attempted

tempted to stop our Breath and Motion, because Brutes have both.*

I am, my dearest Life, while I have Appetite, Breath, or Motion, your own rational Brute.

LETTER CCXVII.

AS I know it will give my sweet Love Pleasure, I find a very sincere one in being able to acquaint him, that I am vastly better, than when I wrote last. My Cough is somewhat abated, and I have slept tolerable well these two Nights.

I fancy, I live as retired, in the Midst of a great City, as you in your Hermitage. I cook for myself, and drink (rather than eat) by myself; for I live entirely on Broth, Chocolate, and Tea. I find, Slops agree with me much better than Meat; for I am surely sick, if I touch it.

My Wishes for you are not confined to Meal-Times, nor do I suppose your's are: No Moment passes, but I sigh for you: What do I suffer in being separated from thee! When, when shall we meet, to part no more?

I am so far an Epicurean. as to believe, that Providence designed a full and perfect Use of all it's Bounties to his Creature, Man.

“ For

* However, a Person who has attended to his Character, in History, may form this alarming Reflection, that all the Gluttons and Epicures were, in other Things, Men of debauch'd and vicious Morals, *Claudius, Heliogabalus, Caligula, Vitellius, Tiberius Verus, Clodius* the Tragedian, &c. And on the other Hand the most abstemious Men, were Persons of Virtue and Benevolence, *Augustus, Paulus Æmilius, Alexander Severus, Epaminondas, Socrates, &c.*

" For Heav'n is paid, when Man receives ;
 " T'enjoy, is to obey."

Else wherefore, with an unwithdrawing Hand,
 did he create them ? It is the Abuse of these,
 which constitutes the Crime ? and which, in
 general, bears it's Punishment in the very Com-
 mission of it.

" To the late Revel, and protracted Feast,
 " Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest."

They, who indulge the Gratification of any
 Appetite to Excess, are far below the Brutes ;
 and to debar ourselves of any Enjoyment, with-
 in the Bounds of Innocence and Reason, is ' to
 ' live like Nature's Bastards, not her Sons.'
 Every Person's particular Circumstances ought
 to fix the Bounds of their Self-Indulgence ; for
 there are many Gratifications, which would be
 criminal in me, that may be both reasonable and
 innocent for a Person, who has a large Fortune.
 Were I Mistress of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year,
 I would not wish to multiply my Desires (which
 are now confined within a very narrow Com-
 pass) because, by not having many of my own,
 I might gratify others ; which is to me the
 highest Enjoyment human Nature is capable of.
 There, indeed, we rise superior to the Brute
 Creation, who, I believe, have much the Ad-
 vantage in all sensual Pleasures ; for their's are
 unmolested with Intemperance or Remorse. Yet
 I do not think this is a Cause for us to spurn the
 rational Enjoyment of those Pleasures, we have
 in common with the Animal World : Let us
 rather follow their Example in those Particu-
 lars, where we appear most on a Level with
 them, by following, not oppressing Nature ;
 which

which is, in them, another Name for (what we call) Reason.

I have been insensibly led into a Subject, which I am conscious, I am by no Means capable of treating justly: But you, I am sure, will excuse my Errors on this and every Occasion; as they proceed only from the Weakness of my Head, not Badness of my Heart; which is filled and guarded by your loved Idea.

Adieu, my utmost Wish, my fond Desire, and only Hope! My Life, my Love, adieu!

LETTER CCXXVIII.

Dear FANNY,

YOU reproach me gallantly enough with only wishing for your Company at Board: But indeed, my Love, I have one constant, equal Earnestness toward you, which is never broke through; except that I wish for your Company with a more particular Fondness upon some Occasions, when I happen to be in such a Situation, or romantic Circumstance, as I know would suit your Taste, or give you an additional Relish to my Company. Have you not sometimes, during a constant Tenor of Health, perceived, at particular Periods, a certain Lightness of Heart, and Wantonness of Fancy, which you could not account for? somewhat like the Gleam of Chearfulness in the Mind, which is raised by the sudden Rays of Sunshine breaking through a Cloud. Something analogous to this I am frequently sensible of toward you. My Love is never less than Health; but my Fondness often rises to an Excess of Ardor, equal to those extraordinary Spirits I am alluding to: And, as these Flights of the Soul seem to be

it's

it's Essays towards a more perfect State, I may be said to love you, in general, like a Man; but, upon such extraordinary Occasions, to adore you with the Fervor of an Angel.

I am extremely pleased at the little Essay, I led you into, upon the Epicurean Philosophy; for, upon all such Occasions, my dear little Philosopher acquits herself with Justness of Sentiment, and Elegance of Expression. I wish greatly, that you had Leisure to exert your Strength more frequently upon such Topics; for, believe no Flatterer, you have a native Force of Mind, which, as some Poet expresses it,

"Leaves puzzled Learning lab'ring far behind."

Adieu, my Pleasure!

L E T T E R CCXXIX.

My dear FANNY,

Maiden-ball.

I SEND you inclosed a Letter, I had last Post, from *Tom*; which is a great Improvement to the uneasy Situation I am in at present, and likely to be farther involved in.

* * * * *

I am, my dearest *Fanny*, in these, and many Circumstances, too irksome to trouble you with, extremely to be pitied. I find now the great Benefit and Blessing of that Turn of Mind, which I have, for these two Years past, endeavoured to cultivate in myself; to prevent the Consequences of a very warm, violent, and precipitate Disposition of Temper, which I was born with, and indulged in too much, during the

the former Part of my Life. It is not, when Misfortunes come upon us, the Time to set about the Philosophy of bearing, or the Resignation of submitting to them: It is in Health we should prepare ourselves against Sickneſs, or the Invalid may find his Couch his Grave. *

I have brought a very ſevere Cold from *Belmont*, which breaks in upon my Scheme of Solitude, as it confines me entirely within Doors. It has not yet made any Attack upon my Throat, which is all the Danger I ever apprehend from that Diſorder.

Adieu, my Life, my Love!

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXXX.

My deareſt, ſick Love,

I AM particularly concerned at your Cough; for it is the worſt Symptom of a Cold, and what your ſlight Conſtitution, inclined to an Heſtic and Decay, is very little able to bear. My Love to the *India* Folk, becauſe you ſay they have been very kind and affectionate to you.

I am diſpleaſed at your ſaying, you are weary of Life: It is, at leaſt, unkind, if not Something worſe: It is the Sign of a Lowneſs of Spirits, and a Careleſſneſs; which is much below your Senſe, Virtue, or Religion. I cannot excuſe any one for ſpeaking without Thought, who is capable of thinking ſo well. It was ſaid by one of the Antients, “ that a patient Reſignation
“ to

* Ad opinionem dolemus; tam miſer eſt quiſque quam credit.

"to necessary Evils was next to the Merit of a
 "voluntary Martyrdom." This was a fine
 Saying in the Days of superstitious Enthusiasm,
 when Men officiously threw themselves in the
 Way of Persecution, in order to merit the eighth
 Beatitude; but, at present, the first Virtue,
 mentioned above, stands unrivalled. Let Men
 repine at what Misfortune they will, it will be
 found, upon Examination, that their Loss of
 Patience is the greatest Evil they labour under.
 The absurd Notion of natural Right to the good
 Things of this Life, occasions our Uneasiness at
 their Loss; but consider Matters philosophically
 or religiously, and all the Concern vanishes.
 We cannot challenge a Property in any Thing,
 from Providence, in this Life; for we were not
 in a Condition to make Terms for ourselves, be-
 fore we came into it; but we should consider
 ourselves here, in an happy State of establishing
 an indefeasible Right to the highest Enjoyments
 of the next. Neither Health or Fortune we can
 call our own, where every Thing fluctuates in-
 cessantly; and, if our Furniture be Glass, why
 should we be surprized at it's being broken? *
 And it is as vain and ridiculous to grieve at any
 Loss of worldly Advantage, as it would be to be
 mortified, because

"The very Air, you breathe this Day,

"The next may help an Ass to bray." †

Which is the only Distich, I remember, of a
 Poem, I wrote, some Years ago, upon this
 very Subject.

VOL. II.

H

Now

* Vitrea Vita fruor.

† Qui recusat ferre casus humanos. Sive Plebeii
 sumus, sive Reges, is e vita migret oportet.

ERAS.

Now observe, *ma Seule*, et *chere Mignonne*, that I am not scolding, but only philosophizing; which being premised, I shall go on with an Observation I have made, long since, upon one of the Beatitudes; I forget which, in Order; but the Text is, "Blessed are the Poor in Spirit," &c. Here is, methinks, an Instance, among many, of the Difference between the Christian and Heathen Philosophy; which some Authors, vain of the natural Reason of Man, have affirmed to be the same. The latter teaches us Contempt for Riches, and Fortitude in Misfortunes: But the former inspires us with a Resignation to Poverty, and Patience under Sufferings. One but increases the savage Fierceness of Man's Nature into a Pride and Stoicism above it: The other softens us into a Spirit of Humility and Meekness, not below, but consonant to, the imperfect State of Man in this Life. While Men, either before, or during their Ignorance of, Revelation, considered themselves only with Regard to this Life, perhaps the Heroism of Stoic Philosophy might sufficiently answer the Purposes of human Nature, in this confined View: But of what Use are Virtues, Sentiments, or Affections, cultivated here, which can never be exerted in that State, where there will be no Poms fit to condemn, or Misfortunes to oblige us to suffer? while the Spirit of Meekness and Humility will sufficiently answer our Ends here, and is the proper Temper to prepare us for the Enjoyment of Love, and Contemplation, which are the Occupations of *the Blest above*.

As your Cold has probably taken away what little Appetite you had, I shall send you up, by *Thursday's* Stage, a Crock of the finest pickled Walnuts, you ever saw or tasted. I wish I could

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send you some of my Mutton, as little, and as sweet, (but somewhat fatter) as yourself. My Hams, however, will soon come, and I shall carry up some of them for you.—Sweet, good Night!—

Take Notice, that I always kiss my Letters going to you, as I do those I receive from you; and have just put my Lips to the Expression, “the Blest above,” thy sole Superiors.

Henry.

LETTER CCXXXI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

My dearest Life,

AMIDST the Noise and Impertinence I am at present surrounded with, I am indeed utterly incapable of answering your very elegant Treatise; but incumbered as I am with Multitudes, I can love and thank you for it. Indeed, my sweet Love, you can reconcile me to any Misfortune, but your Absence; for, while you prove, from Philosophy and Religion, the trifling *Value* we ought to set on what are called the good Things of this Life, you still inance your *own*. My Love, my Friendship, my Esteem, seem to increase daily, though it is long since I thought I had arrived at the highest Degree of each, for thee, my Life, my Love!

I thank you for your intended Present: I doubt not their being excellent; but, alas! unshared by thee, what Delicacy can please? Haste then, my Love, to give me a Relish for every Enjoyment; for I neither know, wish, nor hope for any, but in thee.

H 2

While

While I pressed the dear Spot, which thou hadst blessed with the Impression of thy Lips, I found a Joy, which might indeed be felt even by angelic Natures; unmixed with any Passion, that might disgrace an Angel; my Soul seemed ready to issue at my Lips, in Hopes of meeting thine. None, but those who love like you and me, can have an Idea of such Pleasures.

I have spent the Day at your Brother's, where there are a little Hundred met to be merry: They pity my Melancholy; for, indeed, I am not gay: But I feel a higher Satisfaction, than the broadest Mirth is capable of, in subscribing myself, faithfully and affectionately,

Your's,

Frances.

LETTER CCXXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM at a Loss to know, whether my Love or Pride is most gratified at your kind Acceptance of those little occasional Essays, which I sometimes send you, for your Amusement, or Guidance in Life; but I shall refer the Satisfaction to my Love, as that comprehends my best and highest Pride too. It is but just in me to make you some Return of that Philosophy, which you have taught me: But in this Science you are infinitely my Superior; for I can but create in you a Disregard for the Things stiled of this World, meerly by shewing their Trivialness and Vanity in themselves; but you have inspired me with an utter Contempt of them, by putting them

them in Comparison with your own Worth. However, my Philosophy is neither of the Cynic or Misanthrope Kind : I have neither an Aversion to Men or Things ; for I can very well indulge myself with both ; but then I consider them like a Dream or a Feast, which serve as Amusements for the Time, and leave either no Longing, or a Satiety, behind. Indeed I take the true Use of Philosophy to be, not to vex ourselves in Prosperity, but to comfort us in Adversity. In short, we need not be so rigidly on our Guard against the Pleasures of this Life ; for they seldom happen, or continue long enough to soften or emasculate our Natures : But Disappointments or Misfortunes are the Things, which are most familiar to us ; and yet, by our Uneasiness, seem the Things, which we are least used to. Most of the Mortifications, we complain of, are what we owe to one another ; a great many of which may be avoided, if we justly considered Men but as Tools. An Instrument, which has not Sharpness enough for a Razor, may have Strength sufficient for a Paring-Shovel ; and that, which has not Hardness for an Hammer, may have proper Weight for a Mallet. Now, to instance in Men : *G. F.* would make a miserable Confident ; but, if you are to make an Apology, he can tell an admirable Lye for you. *J. S.* is not of Stuff to make a Friend, but Nobody directs a Coachman to *Chapel-Izod* better. *H. D.* indeed, cannot write Letters ; but sure he can carry them to the Post. *H. G.* would be but an indifferent Comforter in Affliction ; but then he can make you laugh, and forget it. So that a tolerable Judgment, upon the different Characters of Mankind, may help us to work some useful End, even out of the Worst and Meanest : And, as to the Evils and

Goods of Life, a religious Sense of them will be found to be the only true philosophic one—to consider the first as a Reprobation of our Faults, and so amend; and the latter as a Reward of our Virtues, and so persevere.

I took a solitary Walk in my Fields this Evening, contemplating upon such Subjects as these; and think, I never observed a more beautiful Western Sky, at the Setting of the Sun. This shall be the Test with me, whether there be a true poetical Genius in this Island, at present; for such a one must certainly, like *Prometheus*, catch Fire at the Sun in so much Glory: For no Person can be eminent in this Art, who has not a strong Enthusiasm about the Beauties of Nature; nor without a certain inspired, though not an acquired Knowledge of the Philosophy of it too. What are all the Hints and Allusions to Arts and Sciences, some of them unknown to the World, and others supposed to be so to himself, which the Commentators mark out in *Homer's* Works, but a Sort of Præ-sentiment, or, as it were, a Flight at Science, which duller Mortals were forced to learn thro' the Labour of Academies? I think, such Instances as these, with Dreams, and many other Proofs of stronger Force, may be brought as Arguments for the Independance of the human Soul upon Matter: For, tho' we should allow the Materialists, that the Knowledge, we attain from the Deductions of Reasoning or Reflection, may be but the natural Effect of the animal Spirits upon the Fibres of the Brain, which is the unintelligible Jargon they speak; yet surely the Discoveries, we sometimes make, without any Deduction at all, cannot be accounted for from the meer Organization of

of Matter, but must arise from a certain Impulse foreign to it.

Adieu, my Love!

Henry.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCXXXIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM here attending the Affizes, and enjoyed but one Day at Home. I must be confined here this Week, but depend upon the Alto Relievo of your charming Letters, to bear me thro' it; one of which I received Yesterday, and expect two more, before I return to *Maiden-ball*.

I do assure you, as a Truth, that I have not felt the least Symptom of the Cholic, since I left *Dublin*. In short, there is Something extraordinary in my Disorder; for surely the Cure of so remarkable a Case could not be so suddenly or so slightly performed; for I live as usual, except in one Particular, that I go supperless to Bed, and rise early. If this be my Remedy, it is a very easy one, when absent from you: For what Entertainment shall retain me at Board, or what Pleasure detain me in Bed, when you, my Society and Happiness at both, are distant from me?

I here send you my Answer to —'s genteel Letter.

The Prologue, you sent me, is, in general, very well, has a good Turn and Spirit of Poetry in it; but there is one vile Line, as it has but a

but a simple Meaning in itself, and no Sort of Context with the rest :

‘ To greet his Shade this grateful Night we give.’

‘ A Foe to Folly, but the Friend of Man,’ is an old Line : I think, it is in *Rochester’s* Poem upon *Dorset’s* Satires, where also is this Line, ‘ The best good Man, with the worst-natur’d Muse.’ But somewhere, I am sure, I have seen it before.

Adieu, my Master-work of Art and Nature ; whom no Satire can invest without, nor Adulation can corrupt within ! Farewel, while I do so ; for our Happiness is one !

The Post is come in, and no Letter from you — Unkind !

LETTER CCXXXIV.

I AM not, my dearest *Harry*, a sufficient Mistress of Language to express the heart-felt Pleasure, which your Letters give me : They fill my Mind with such a Kind of Rapture, as arises from reflecting on any extraordinary Benefit we have received from Providence : It is a Mixture of Praise, Gratitude, and Love. Indeed, every Act of Kindness of your’s raises me to the best and truest Devotion. I admire and bless the Greatness and Goodness of that Almighty Being, who formed thee ; while my Heart overflows with the most thankful Sense of his unmerited Benevolence, in being graciously pleased to make thee mine.

You say, you have enjoyed but one Day at Home since we parted ; and I have been but one Day abroad : So we remain equal Debtors to Pleasure, if that Term may be justly applied to

to any Circumstance, Time, or Place, I meet with, in your Absence.

You have already, I hope, received my Excuse for not writing by *Thursday's* Post—*Unkind!*—how could thou deem me so?

I will not, because I cannot, tell you how sincerely I rejoice at hearing you have got the better of your Cholic. I have not had any Return, that signifies, of my Disorder; but am still very lame, and suffer much from the Rheumatism.

I think your Letter to —— an excessive clever one: It shews, at once, the Man of Sense and Business; but still you say Nothing of your own Affairs, and seem more inclined to advise, than engage with him.

I hear, Lady O—— is to be in Town in a few Days; so think it needless to write. I have not any Thing new to acquaint you with: Every Thing and Person are just in the same Situation you left them.

Adieu, my Love!

Frances.

L E T T E R C C X X X V .

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your Letter; and, since you are well once more, observe, that I will never give you *Credit* for being sick again; and I hope you will never have *Discredit* for being irregular, to which, believe me, all your Complaints are owing. At the same Time, I disclaim any Compassion from you too, when I am ill again of my old Disorder; for, from the Discontinuance

H 5

of

of it, since I left Town, I am convinced, that early Hours, and supperless Slumbers, are the absolute Cure for it. As truly as that Vice produces Vice, Excesses, being of the same Nature, beget each other. We ought certainly to sit up after Supper; then we shall, as surely, lie a-bed in the Morning; and consequently, a late Breakfast falls too suddenly upon Dinner; then a slight Repast keeps back the natural Appetite 'till Night, when the Irregularity must of Course begin again. And yet the Cure is easy; for, but any one Excess in this Rotation being omitted, the Whole will fall again into its due Order; as by stopping any single Point of a Circle, you arrest the Whole.

Just as I had gone so far, a poor Boy begged at my Door, in the Stile of a poor Scholar, and modestly asked for Nothing but Paper. It seems, he is orphan'd both of Father and Mother, and lives from Cottage to Cottage in the Parish where he was born. The Boy had a good honest Look, and I took him into *Thompson's* Shop, and bound him Apprentice. I am pleased with the Thought of what charming Surprise it will be To-morrow to the whole Parish, when they inquire after their Foundling, to hear that Providence met him begging in the Way, had Charity for him, and bound him to a Trade.

I am very glad to hear, that *our* Lady is coming to Town; but would not have you decline writing to her on that Pretence. You can say many prettier and genteeler Things in a Letter, than you could in Person; and Writing, such as your's, to such Taste and Understanding as her's, has confirmed more lasting Friendships, than ever Conversation did.

I have not hinted any Thing to this House about my Correspondence with —; nor shall I,
'till

'till I see the Event of it. If it should not answer your Expectations, I will not speak of it at all. I would not, for fifty Guineas, I had not proceeded as far as I did; but my failing of Success will not give me one Shilling's Worth of Concern. I should be uneasy at having passed over, through Neglect or Inadvertency, any Opportunity, Providence had thrown in my Way; but more particularly in this Case, as you were the Index, which pointed out the Occasion: But I have a Turn of Mind, that reconciles me to a Disappointment in any Affair of Life, which does not happen through my own Fault.

Adieu, my Comfort! my only Coadjutor to my own Conscience, farewell!

LETTER CCXXXVI.

My dearest FANNY,

I RETURNED this Day extremely fatigued from the Assizes; and, having roved through my Gardens and Fields, and looked over my Manufactures, while it was Light, I have but little more Time, than to write one Letter more to -----, and to make a Copy of it for you. As our Correspondence will be then closed, I may expect the Event of it soon; which, whatever it may be, you shall be immediately informed of. Perhaps, after I have given him the complete Plan of Operation, he may indeed proceed upon it, like *Hudibras* profiting of *Ralpho's* Gifts, but may employ some other Person to execute it for him. Why then there is but so much Ink and Paper wasted, for Trouble I make no Account of: And all I shall regret, is the precious Time I have thrown away, which might have been so

so much more agreeably employed in writing to you; which though, in Fact, I have not neglected, yet I have wanted Leisure to exert my Faculties in the Manner I should do, to your charming Apprehension.

Next *Monday* I go to *Belmont* to settle your Affairs in that Province.

I am, my dearest *Fanny*, your faithful Trustee, and indefatigable Agent.

L E T T E R C C X X X V I I .

I N D E E D, my sweet *Harry*, I am very ill of a violent Cold, which I have got, without knowing how. I have a Cough, that would deafen you, if you was near me: It almost shakes me to Pieces, and hinders me from sleeping the whole Night. If I am not better, I will be bled on *Monday*. Take Notice, I am neither peevish, nor low-spirited? and only mention my Illness, by Way of Conversation.

Tho' I am utterly ignorant of every 'Thing, which relates to the Scheme of your Letters to —, I dare, from my own Opinion, pronounce it a perfect one; for Sense, like Truth, will strike Conviction on any intelligent Mind, without the Help of Demonstration.

I am sincerely glad to find you returned to your sweet Retirement. May every Pleasure, which Virtue, Sense, Health, and Tranquillity can bestow, attended my dearest Life! And be assured, my dear *Harry*, there is Nothing in this World can so much alleviate the Pains of Absence, and the many other disagreeable Circumstances, which attend my present Situation, as the Thoughts of your being happy; and I solemnly declare, I would not, for any Consideration,

Consideration, be persuaded, that you felt as much Concern from our Separation, or wished as ardently for me, as I do to be with you. There is a Kind of romantick Justice in this Sentiment, which pleases me, and, I hope, will not offend you; for, as you have such a vast Superiority over me, in every Virtue, every Charm, the only Pre-eminence I aspire to, is that of loving most: Believe me, it is a painful one; and yet I will not part with it, nor bear to be rivalled, or outdone, in this my single Merit, even by thee.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

IHAVE three of your Letters lying before me now, which I had not Time to answer or remark upon before; as you know the Hurry and Complication of Business I am engaged in.

As to -----, whom you mention, I have not heard one Syllable since his first and only Letter to me. Tho' he said then, he was to stay at ----- for a Fortnight; which Time was not elapsed, before he had my last Letter; yet, perhaps, he did not stay as long as he designed, and might have gone Home before I had finished my Essay. This may account for the Delay of hearing from him: Or perhaps he has taken Time to consider, and consult some Friends about it. But as I said in a former Letter on this Head, I was so prepared as not to suffer any Disappointment, from the very first of my Application to him; so shall trouble myself no more about the
 Matter,

so much more agreeably employed in writing to you; which though, in Fact, I have not neglected, yet I have wanted Leisure to exert my Faculties in the Manner I should do, to your charming Apprehension.

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LETTER CCXXXVII.

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Matter, unless I hear from him again ; and then it shall be as a new Affair to me.

You have renewed a Subject which we have had frequent Disputes about ; that my Sense is better than your's, but your Love greater than mine. Now I shall still argue both these Points with you ; and the latter, I hope, I shall make, at least, doubtful, during our Lives. If I have a stronger Sense, you have a prettier one ; and, if I appear to have any Advantage over you, in the Humility of your Opinion only, it is more owing to the Fortitude of my Mind, than the Excellence of my Understanding. As to the second Point, it is out of Debate, as you seem to have given it up, by the first ; for a Man must love you in Proportion to his Understanding.

I did not mean to scold, but warn my Pet, when I hinted at Irregularities ; which, I apprehended, was the Occasion of the heavy Cold, you complained of. What I meant was sitting up, and lying in Bed, late ; both of which are very bad, in a *double* Sense, at present. But I am quite easy, since you have promised to conform to the Rules I shall prescribe to you : As you likewise know my Sentiments already, I need not repeat them ; for I have that Confidence in you, that you will strictly govern yourself by them. Nor need I endeavour to give them Weight, by hinting to you, that not only your own Health and Spirits, but the Health, Strength, and Happiness of that, which may, one Day, be as dear to you as your own, entirely depend upon the prudent Regimen of yourself at this Time. I am up every Morning at Five, tho' I do not go to Bed till Twelve ; and, notwithstanding the Labour of Body, and Anxiety of Mind, I go
through

through all the Day, I feel such Chearfulness and Flow of Spirits about me, owing to this alone, that I cannot contain myself from singing and dancing about my Fields, like one stung by the Tarantula.

I have now gone through your three Letters, and am sorry they are at an End; for, like a Person used to speak from Notes, I have Nothing more to say, but---that

I am, my charming Girl, no less your's than ever, and I cannot say more.

Henry.

[A second Letter is wanting here, which this seems also to answer.]

L E T T E R CCXXXIX.

My dearest HARRY,

I AM still a poor lonely Wretch. Judge, from your own Heart, how earnestly I wish for you, and how tenderly and constantly my Thoughts are employed in lamenting your Absence, and the cruel Necessity which occasions it. It is now a Month, by common Calculation, since we parted; what a Length of Time, when measured by the Pangs of Absence! and yet you do not speak of coming to me. I envy you the complicated Hurry of Business, you are engaged in: It divides your Anxiety, and prevents your thinking too earnestly on any one Subject. I rejoice at it, while I feel the Uneasiness of having my every Sentiment and Idea fixed on the only Object which can give me Pain or Pleasure, thy dear Self alone.

Your

Your kind, and charming Letter has, indeed, raised my Spirits to an higher Degree of Chearfulness, than they have known, for some Time past : But while the elegant Tendernefs, which you there exprefs, elates my Heart to a Kind of Rapture, it necessarily increases my Sorrow for our Separation :

“ So Mourning comes, by Blifs convey’d,

“ And ev’n the Sweets of Love allay’d.”

My dearest Life may be perfectly assured, that there is no Enjoyment, however dear to me, that I would not readily sacrifice to the Pleasure of obliging him: For this Reason, I was piqued at your seeming to suspect me of Irregularity. Take my Word, that the dear little Object of our mutual Care, and I hope, Blifs, shall not suffer through any Fault of mine, that I can avoid. I am in Bed every Night by Twelve, and up at Nine. If my lying so long be a Fault, I will not cover it with a Falshood : But if you knew the many restless and uneasy Hours I pass in Bed, you would more wonder at my rising so early, than at lying so late. You must allow Something to the Weakness of my Condition, and consider the vast Difference between this, and my former Way of living ; and you will find my Nine almost equal to your Five in the Morning.

I am surpris’d ——— has not wrote to you ; but not at your Sentiments on the Occasion. They are consistent with that good Sense and Steadiness of Mind, which accompanies my dear practic Philosopher through every Action of his Life.

Adieu, my dearest *Harry* ! May we never be able to determine the only Point, which I hope and believe, we shall ever dispute on ! and may each incessantly endeavour, through the Course of our Lives, to make the only coveted or contested
Superiority

Superiority between us (that of loving most) appear doubtful, even to our latest Moments.

Adieu !

LETTER CCXL.

Dear FANNY,

I PITY you not for being alone, knowing your Mind, and the Use you are capable to make of it ; though, by your mentioning your Solitude in such a forlorn Way, I am afraid you have not a proper Set of Books to read. Indeed your present Study is but thinly scattered with them ; and meer Amusement is but a sorry Comfort in Solitude ; which requires the bests Helps of Reflection, moral Philosophy, and Religion, to support ; which light Reading is but ill qualified to afford us. I do not mean to make you an abstracted Enthusiast, by the Study I shall recommend to you : But what I shall prescribe will not only qualify you for Retirement, but for the World too ; at least, for that Part of it, which is worthy of your Sense, Spirit, and Virtue, to hold Society with. When you have engaged in such a Course of dead Authors, you will have the less Reason to lament my Absence ; for you will there find, much better, that Sense, Philosophy, and Virtue, which you are so partial to compliment me with ; and the real Excellencies of those Things may, perhaps, be as dead in me, as they are in them.

I do not mention my going to you, because the Time was fixed already for that, which is about the Time of your * — &c. and you know my Situation too well, to desire it seriously sooner.

My

* L'accouchment.

My Pet, you surely could not imagine I expected you should be up at Five in the Morning. I only mentioned my own Practice, to vaunt myself, not to prescribe to you ; and shall be satisfied with cutting you off only one Hour in the Morning : But, to shew you how indulgent I shall be to you, at the same Time, I will allow you to go to Bed an Hour, or even two, earlier, at Night.

— has played a very knavish Prank lately, with Regard to me. Tom can inform you : But I shall not expose him, for two extraordinary Reasons ; because I do not believe any other Man would decline it ; and because I have a sincere Pique to him upon an Occasion, I mentioned to you, some Time ago.

Adieu ! my Heart's Transport,

Henry.

LETTER CCXLI.

My dear FANNY,

I INCLOSE you this Paper, because it relates to the Subject of one of my late Letters, about Reading. I send it to you more for your Amusement, than Instruction ; as you need no Hint of this Kind : Nor, indeed, do I think Reading itself any otherwise necessary to my charming Philosopher, than to direct or adapt your Thoughts to proper Studies ; for an Ant, or a Straw, which gave you Occasion to exercise your own Reflections, would answer the End as well. Give but fair Play to the ingenious Nature inhabiting

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thy Breast, my proudest Mansion, and all human Learning were superfluous to thee. Happy for Mankind, if Arts and Sciences were meely so ! As all States thrive best upon their proper Forces, so these, like Auxiliaries, tho' called in as Friends, often remain as Tyrants.

I am well. Amen to you !

[A Letter is missing here.]

L E T T E R CCXLII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THOUGH I am thoroughly convinced, that my Letters cannot afford you the least Entertainment, yet I think it in some Measure incumbent on me to acknowledge yours ; as insolvent Debtors are more frequently obliged to make Promises to their Creditors, than those who are able, but not willing, to pay. Like them too, my oft-repeated Thanks only prove my Poverty ; but, were I capable of making any other Return, I would rather pay, than own the Debt. You must then, my dear Teacher, accept the little All I have to offer, as freely as I give it ; my Love, Esteem, and Gratitude, which are, indeed, sincerely your's.

I am afraid to write any more, lest I should enter into the *Melpomene* Strain ; for, notwithstanding all your Precepts, I cannot, will not be satisfied, while you withhold my primum Mobile, your dear Self, from me. Indeed, *Harry*, though you do not know it, your Philosophy renders you cold and indifferent to me ; else how is it possible for you to abstain from even wishing to be

be with me ?---Hang up Philosophy !---I will have done.---You shall not be teized with my Complaints, though sure I have much Cause to be uneasy ; for, in thy Absence, Joy is seen no more.---

May that Health and Chearfulness, which is fled from me, be doubled to my Love, and I will not regret them.

Adieu, my dearest Harry !

Frances.

LETTER CCXLIII.

My dear FANNY,

AS I have had no Letter from you last Post, I shall employ that Portion of Time which is more particularly dedicated to you three Times a Week, in communicating to you such Reflections as occur to me, at present ; which I take just in the very Order they succeed one another in my own Mind.

I am, forsooth, a great Philosopher :---I practise it in myself, and perform it to all the World. In the severest Trials, I think I should be able to exhibit myself to the Satisfaction of all Spectators. In a Gaol, I could comfort myself with these Reflections : ‘ Here I can enjoy a perfect Vacation from all Business or Care : All Solitude after Honours, and all Anxiety about Fortune, are useless here, because incompatible with my present State. I can here give up my whole Time to Reading and Contemplation, without the Reproach of Idleness ; and can here indulge my much-loved Solitude, without the Imputation of a misanthrope Singularity. Here my Occupation and my Leisure are all my own ;

‘ for

' for few intrude upon the Wretch's Levee. Wel-
 ' come the Interruption of those that do ; for he
 ' must be a Friend indeed, who seeks us in a
 ' Gaol. Happy then, thrice-happy State, which,
 ' at the same Time, proves our Virtue, and ap-
 ' proves our Friends !' Even in the Day of Sick-
 ness, and the Night of Death, could I sustain
 the Pains, and survey the Terrors, with an unsha-
 ken Mind, from this Soliloquy : ' Grant, just
 ' God, that the Vices, Errors, and Follies, of
 ' my past intemperate Youth, may be opposed,
 ' at the great Day of Account against the humane
 ' Offices I have performed in Act, and the ge-
 ' neral Benevolence I have always had in Will,
 ' even to the vast Circle of all created or possible
 ' Beings of the Universe ; and, in this Hope,
 ' welcome thou glorious Death, so much dread-
 ' ed, because so little understood !

' Welcome, thou Cordial to a troubled Breast,
 ' The softest Remedy, that Grief can find ;
 ' The gentle Spell, that lulls our Cares to Rest,
 ' And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind !

' Thou happy Minute, the first of Immortality,
 ' how have Men traduced thee, by comparing
 ' thee to a long Sleep ! but Sleep is a tedious
 ' Death, while Death is but an instant Sleep.'

Yet, with all this Appearance of Philosophy,
 I am prone to Anger, Passion and Resentment ;
 and, though I am sufficiently aware of this Foi-
 ble, and set the whole Force of my Reason against
 it, I am not Master enough of myself to pre-
 serve my Temper sometimes, upon the slight-
 est Provocation, even of the Folly of a Child.
 Now what is the Reason of such a remark-
 able Inconsistency in my Character, has been

the

the Subject of this Hour's Contemplation ; and I have attributed it to this ; that Nature must universally prevail, and will always be found too strong for Art. In the first Instances, I mentioned, to you, I owe my Philosophy to an happy Turn of Constitution and Genius ; to a certain Carelessness about, and sovereign Contempt for the Things of this Life, when they are out of my Power, though No-body enjoys them more, when they are within my Reach ; and an elevated Hope, and strong Conviction of the Enjoyments of the other World ; by the frequent Contemplation of which I have happily improved Nature into an Habit of Philosophy : But in the latter Case, I am almost afraid Art will never be able to conquer Nature ; though, at some Times, it may govern, or disguise it ; because, perhaps, trifling Occasions do not sufficiently call upon my Philosophy to exert itself ; and no Army is so soon overcome, as that which too much despises it's Enemy.

Adieu !

LETTER CCXLIV.

YOUR Letters fill me, at once, with the extremeest Pleasure, and the tenderest Concern. My Heart melts in me, while I read thy Thoughts : A Kind of gentle Tremor throbs my Breast, which is not to be described, nor understood by any, who have not felt the Extremes of Joy, and Grief, which I have known for thee. The little Understanding I am Mistress of is charmed with your truly philosophic Sentiments : But the fond Woman is hurried into Grief and Madness, at the bare mention of those Subjects, which

which are, indeed, the real but severe Trials of our Religion and Philosophy. I have many Times been so weak (you, perhaps, may call it cruel) as to lament the Possibility of your dying. I am certain, I shall never be able to think of your Death, either in a christian or philosophic Light. Let me intreat you never to mention it more: Indeed I cannot bear the Thought.----
 "Forlorn of thee, whither should I betake me?
 "where, subfist?" Oh! if you love me, *Harry*, the single Consideration of my Distress, in being torn from thee, should make you even anxious to delay your future Happiness. You would not call the Moment of our Separation an happy one, were thy Soul linked to mine, as mine to thee.

'Oh! the soft Commerce! oh! the tender Ties,
 'Close twisted with the Fibres of the Heart;
 'Which broken, break them—and drain off the
 'Soul
 'Of human Joy, and make it Pain to live!---
 'And is it, then, to live, when we two part?
 'Tis the Survivor dies.---My Heart, no more!

I doubt not but you will think my Tendernefs, upon this Occasion, entirely selfish: Indeed I grant it is so;---for I would leave thee, *Harry*; with Transport leave thee! well knowing that my Death would be conducive to thy Happiness. Your Religion and Philosophy would prevent the Effects of your natural Tendernefs.---My little, happy Spirit (for fuch, I doubt not, it would be) should minister unseen to thy gentle Sorrow, and bring thee Peace and Comfort from above. My Mind is fomewhat chear'd by this last Hope.

I shall

I shall conclude my Letter here, as it would be the Art of sinking, to mention even our Meeting in this World; which, indeed, I begin to despair of; but, in a strong Hope of our future Happiness, I subscribe myself,

Eternally Your's.

Frances.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I AM vastly uneasy at not hearing from you last Post. I have a Thousand Apprehensions, lest some Accident should have befallen my Heart's Treasure; for I am sure he is not capable of neglecting me. The Badness of the Weather adds to my Concern. Every Drop of Rain that falls shrinks me, as if it touched my Heart, when I think that thou, its dearest Part, art, perhaps, exposed to it. I work myself into an Hundred different Terrors, on your Account; yet still I hope that God, in whom we trust, will protect and save thee from every Danger: 'He shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy Ways.'

I flatter myself that To-morrow's Post will bring me glad Tidings: 'Till then, I will endeavour to suspend my Fears; but, for the present, my Mind is too much disturbed to allow my writing on any Subject that could afford you the least Entertainment. What would I not give to be with you this Moment? I should find

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find more Joy in being wet, dirty, and tired, on that Occasion, than all the Pleasures of this World can give me. I have often longed for *Gyges's Ring*; but never so much as now. I have frequently amused myself with thinking of the extreme Pleasure I should have in surprising you with my Presence, at the very Moment you were, perhaps, lamenting my Absence, or wishing for me to share in the rational Delight you sometimes receive from a fine Passage in a favourite Author. This Whim has entertained me much; and, by the Force of Fancy, I have spent many delightful Hours in your Musæum, when you little thought I was so near you. I have, in the same Manner, accompanied you many a Mile in your Evening Walks, and held long Conversations with you, though you, perhaps, never uttered a Syllable, during the Time of such imaginary Discourse. I never found any Thing in Castle-building half so pleasant as this:---It annihilates both Time and Space, and brings us together, in Spight of the Severity of that ill Fate, which parts us. But I hope soon to see this, and all other imaginary Joys, realized in the substantial Bliss of seeing and conversing with thee, my dearest *Harry*.

I am in some Concern about my two last Letters directed to *Maiden-ball*, as you left Home before they could reach you. There was one of them inclosed in your Brother's, which I fear your Uncle has opened.---Let me know their Fate, as soon as you are acquainted with it.

Adieu, my Heart's Delight! I am, with Love, Truth, and Constancy, ever your's.

Frances.

LETTER CCXLVI.

Callen.

I HAVE passed a very disagreeable Time of it, since I set out ; for the Hosts, I have met with, thought the best Way to make me welcome, was to make me drunk. Consider how irksome it must be, for a Man to be forced to a Thing, which he does not like, who does not even care to be pressed to what he does. What a terrible Thing must it be for one, who hates Drink, to be obliged to it, without any Inducement toward it ; to keep Company with Men, that I would rather even get drunk than converse with ; and yet to be under the Necessity of doing both at the same Time. At —, I was *ill*-treated with Corporation Politics, and four Claret ; and at —, with Puns and Beer. At length, I have escaped hither, to my agreeable Friend *W. B.* where I shall, as it were, perform Quarantine, before I betake my impatient Steps toward thy Feast of Reason.

I am, my dearest Girl,

Eternally Yours,

Henry.

LETTER CCXLVII.

THOUGH I think I have been pretty much used to Disappointments, I find I am not yet Philosopher enough to bear them without a sensible Chagrin. Perhaps it is owing to the punctual Exactness of my own Disposition, that

that I am hurt at the most trifling Breach of Promise, when committed by any Person, for whom I have the least Regard. For these Reasons, I have felt more Uneasiness at the frequent Disappointment of my Expectations, with Regard to your coming to Town, than I should from a Certainty of your not coming these six Months.— But a Truce with the Subject ; for I am determined never to mention it more.

I am mighty glad you have escaped from the disagreeable Circumstances you mention, and are so happy with your agreeable Friend. As it is not in my Power to make you Amends for the Loss of his Conversation, I shall not detain you longer, than while I subscribe myself,

Sincerely your's,

Frances.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM sincerely concerned at the bad State of Health you are in at present : But have a good Heart, my own dear Pet, for you will be much better of the *next* ; so let not this discourage you.

I am extremely well pleased to find you are at your Aunt's now ; but am afraid of the Disturbance you apprehended from the Trade carried on in the Back-Yard. I beg to know immediately, how you like your Situation in every Particular ; and every Instance of Kindness or

Good-nature you meet with from any of your Friends, who are therefore more mine, shall be ever acknowledged by me with more than Thanks. If I have a Thought, but what tends to my dear Fanny's Happiness, to her proper and honourable Establishment in Life, may I be as much disappointed in the faithless Wish, as I am certain I should be in the worthless Experiment!

Adieu, my dear, charming Fugitive! Oh, when may my Doors, as well as my Arms, be open to receive thee, thou most welcome and much-desired Guest?

Farewel, 'till then, thy impatient Exile!

LETTER CCXLIX.

I AM sincerely pleased at finding my dear Harry in such a chearful Mood; tho' what you jest with, like the Fable of the Boys and Frogs, has been almost Death to me; nor am I able to enjoy the little Relaxation from Pain, which I am, at present, blessed with, from the dreadful Certainty of what I have yet to undergo.

It was, indeed, very lucky for me, that I got to my Aunt's: She has behaved with great Care and Tenderness, the Want of which must have added greatly to my Sufferings, if not immediately endangered mine, and the poor Bab's Life. As to the Noise, I must compound for it, and endeavour to bear with one Inconvenience, where there are so many Conveniencies.

I cannot help telling you, that I think our Friends in ——— have behaved very ill to you. I had no Claim to their Friendship or Regard; but I think they should have rejoiced in any Opportunity

portunity of shewing their Gratitude and Affection to so near a Relation, and kind a Benefactor. The Particulars of their Conduct I refer to our Meeting, which I hope and believe will be soon. Observe, that I have never seemed to take the least Notice of their Behaviour, nor shewn any Kind of Pique or Resentment at it. By this you may perceive, your Example has not been thrown away. I strive to copy it, tho' convinced I shall never, in any Thing, arrive at the same Degree of Perfection; and, I assure you, I scarce engage in the most trifling Action, without asking myself, would my *Harry*, if present, approve my doing so? or, how would he act in the same Circumstances? So really anxious am I to become thy Epitome.

I hope I shall keep up a little longer, to gather Strength and Spirits for the approaching *Æra*; and that Bab and I may live to thank you for the kind Assurances of your present and future Regard.

Adieu!

Frances.

L E T T E R C C L.

My dear FANNY,

I HAVE this Day begun my * great Buildings, &c. The Boldness of my Undertakings, with the amazing Success of my Atchievements, surprizes even myself; but is a Matter of miraculous Wonder to the Rest of the World. Yet it is impossible to conceive, without having tried, how much may be compassed by the Help of a little Thought, Spirit and Perseverance;

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referring

* Mills, Bleach-Yard, &c.

referring the Success ultimately to Providence, which has hitherto, in a good Hour be it spoken, favourably attended every one of my bold and desperate Undertakings. So prosper me still, as I mean Honour to you, my truest Love, and to your Children! for whom I begin already to feel a Father's Fondness, say rather a Grandfather's; for I have always behaved to you, as to a favourite Child; cherishing you for your own Advantage, and thwarting you only for your Good.

The Compliment, you make, of setting me for your Example, is higher than my Merits: You need no better Pattern than the fair Exemplar in your own Mind, whenever you are pleased to reflect your own Thoughts upon it; and for this Purpose, if you consider me as your Monitor only, it will be the highest Favour, I shall pretend to.

Adieu, my sweet Pupil!

LETTER CCLI.

I DID not receive your's of the 9th, 'till a few Hours ago. This Delay, joined to your late Silence, threw me into a Situation very little short of Distraction. I have not slept two Hours at a Time since *Thursday*, and have almost blinded myself with crying. As you have been always so exactly punctual in writing, I must say it was unkind to miss a Post at this particular Time. My Spirits, weakened and worn out by bodily Pain, sunk under the most dismal Apprehensions. I imagined you had met with some dreadful Accident; or, at best, concluded that your Uncle had intercepted my Letters. Heaven

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be praised, my Fears were groundless! But let me intreat you, my dear *Harry*, to write constantly for the future, though your Leisure should afford but a single Line. I know you think it extremely silly to be uneasy on such Occasions; but indeed I cannot help it, and must therefore beg your Indulgence to this particular Weakness.

As I am sure all your Undertakings are founded on Reason and Virtue, it would be arraigning Providence to doubt their Success. May he ever bless, prosper, and preserve my Love! and then, tho' he afflict me, I shall not complain.

I am not offended at your making so light of my present Sufferings: "Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel." But I am affronted, you take no Notice of my favourite * *Elfrida*: If you do not like it, let me beg you not to tell me so; for I am vain enough to fancy there is a strong Parity between her Sentiments and mine.

Adieu, my dearest Life,

Frances.

L E T T E R . CCLII.

THOUGH you caution me about speaking my Opinion freely about *Elfrida*, I must not be confined or restrained by any Thing, but my own Judgment, as far as that will go.

The Author's prefatory Letters shew him to be a better Critic, than his Work shews him to be a Poet. There are some pretty Turns, which

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any

* A Dramatic Writing, which she had sent him.

any one, who *imitates*, may write: But the Soul of Poetry is wanting; which I am certain of, from my not *feeling*, through the Whole; and a Work must be very slight and insipid, which amuses only the Fancy, without affecting the Heart. I will not allow any Thing to make us *wiser*, which does not make us better; and the cold inanimate Contemplation of moral Beauty is not sufficient for this. He, who said, Virtue need but be seen, to be adored, expressed himself but faintly; I say, she must be felt.

But to return—*Orgar* is a vile, unnatural Brute, who would prostitute his Daughter to the Honour of being a King's Mistress. *Atbelwold* is but a poor Character thro' the Whole; and, as to *Elfrida*, I will not compliment her so much, to say there is any Parity between your Sentiments and her's. She seems, in her first Speech, to be piqued, in Pride, that she is not more publicly manifested to the World; talks high of *Orgar's* Daughter, Courts, &c. I think her rather like * *Semele*, than you; and that impatient Temper of her's, jealous of his Love in Absence, and, not without Murmur, submitting to the Prudence of concealing their Marriage, perhaps drew upon her that Judgment of Providence, which destroyed her Husband, and rendered her miserable. I think the Stile very indifferent, and, in some Places, mean and absurd. One or two of the Heroes, I think, says *'Sdeath*, which is not a Word in the *English* Dictionary.

Adieu,

* She was Mistress to *Jupiter*. She obtained a Request from him that he would shew himself to her in all the Glory of his Deity: But the Rays of his Divinity, like Lightning, struck her dead.

Adieu, my dear Pet! May you never have *Elfrida's* Fate! though I would rather you had that than *Semele's*.

I met Yesterday with *Bolingbroke's* Letters upon the Method and Use of reading History, &c. I have gone through but the two first Letters. I like them extremely, but dare not say they are sensible and clever; because I have several Times spoke and wrote to you upon this Subject, and have often inculcated that we misapply our Study-Leisure extremely, who read for meer Amusement, or even Theory Contemplation. Such Persons may be said to study, as the College Lad expressed himself, by an happy Blunder, "I read six Hours a Day, and no one is the wiser."

I think such a Man may as well be asleep; for he can only be said to have pleasant Dreams, who reads any Thing, but with a View of improving his Morals, or regulating his Conduct. I mean Men, who are happy enough to be under no Necessity of reading, but for themselves; for Arts and Sciences must be studied by some People for the useful Purposes of Life. *Adieu!*

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLIII.

My dear FANNY,

I DRANK hard at —, and it is now too late to reach Home: However, I might get as far as —, with Ease; but have stopped short here, that I might be at Liberty to think of, and write to you, more agreeable to me than

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Henry.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCLIII.

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I DRANK hard at —, and it is now too late to reach Home: However, I might get as far as —, with Ease; but have stopped short here, that I might be at Liberty to think of, and write to you, more agreeable to me than

any Company or Converse, I can meet with in this World, while my Back is turned to you.

I received a very pretty Letter from you last Post, a very generous and a kind one too. The fatal Necessity of my too long Absence from you is sufficiently irksome in itself; and the sensible Light in which you apprehend it, and the rational Manner you speak of it in, saves me that additional Weight of Anxiety, which would be intolerable. You can always command Sense and Reason enough, when you are Mistress of yourself; and, in Obedience to them, let me be proud to own myself your Vassal too.

The Comments, I expect from you, upon those Writings, and others of the same Class, which I have recommended to you, are best shewn in your Life, by Chearfulness and Content; the first manifested in Philosophy, and the latter in Resignation. Whenever I sit down to read any Writings of this Kind, I first suppose myself, in order to try their Power, labouring under all the Ills of Sicknes, Sorrow, Poverty, and Oppression: When in a short Time, all these gloomy Cares are dispelled, like Mists before the enlivening Sun-beams; and I look back first, with Triumph, and Contempt upon those fleeting Shadows, which are now posting so far behind me; and then look forward, with Gratitude and Joy, to that glorious Prospect wide-opening before me. In short, there is but one Misfortune in Life, which I think could prove too hard for such Reflections as these to support me through; I mean the Loss of thee, of thee, my only *Gain*: And I am very certain, that Nothing could prevent me from following you precipitately, but the Fear, by that rash Action, of losing you for ever.

Among

Among the Papers, which I design to collect in my *Solamen miseris*, I would insert the Hymn to Contentment, and Night-piece on Death, of Parnell's. I happened to read them both this Morning, at Kitty's; and, if it would not appear too much Vanity, I would add some of my Letters to you, where I speak of the Providence and Mercy of God, and the Immortality of the Soul; which, as they are my own Reflections, might have a better Effect, on myself, at least, than better Writings on the same Subjects. A Collection of Essays, intitled *Speſtacle de la Nature*, occurs to me here, as they give you a general and comprehensive View of Natural Philosophy; which is such a Manifestation of a God infinitely wise, powerful, and good, as—away all impious Thoughts!—almost renders particular Revelation superfluous; at least, to contemplative Minds. There are also many Passages in these Writings, especially two Letters from the Prior to the Chevalier, which are masterly in their Kind, that are admirable to abate the Self-sufficiency of Man's Pride, and to humble all human Presumption to a religious and implicit Obedience and Submission to the infinitely great Dispensations of Providence; before whose Throne let us both kneel, with a pious and virtuous Devotion, not with an enthusiastic or fanatic Zeal; and from whose Grace may we both receive such Reward, as shall merit our just and honest Inclinations and Actions toward each other! So, concluding with *Otbello*, Amen, I say, to that sweet Prayer!

Henry.

P. S. J. M. is in this House, offered me his Company, and *stranges* much, as the Waiter phrases

phrases it, why I should chuse to be alone.
I am not alone——“ Have I not seen her,
“ where she has not been?”

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLIV.

My dear FANNY,

YOU cannot imagine with what Anxiety I wait for every Post, at present, to hear a favourable Account of your safe Delivery. I own my Concern is double, at this Time, but double for you alone; and, had I the Universe to leave an Inheritance, I would rather make Hospitals my Heirs, than have you forfeit your Life, or Health, to give me one. “ In Sorrow shalt thou “ bring forth,” was the original Curse. What Labour would it have saved your whole Sex, if my charming Girl had been our first Mother!

The Delays in the Posts, which you complain of, are owing to this: That, for some Time past, they have gone later out than usual; so that I had Time to write my Letters in the Morning, and send soon enough: But now, I find, they have recovered their former Diligence, which I was not aware of 'till Yesterday Morning. I will take Care, that you shall meet with no more Disappointments.

I have met with a Book lately, which I never heard of before, and that pleases me extremely. It is stiled *Microcosmography*, or the Characters of Mankind. It was wrote by Bishop *Earle*, who was some Time Preceptor to *Charles* the Second. Most of the Characters are very well drawn; and the Whole is wrote with a good Deal

Deal of Wit, and shews a thorough Knowledge of the World, both the speculative and busy Parts of it. There are some flat Endeavours at Point and Turn, with several Passages unintelligible to a modern Reader : But, as the Whole is worth Perusal, I design it for your Library. I shall send it up along with the Hams, &c. which I design for Bab's first Carnival ; and, if it will give me Leave to do the Honours of the Entertainment, I shall certainly be there at your appointed Time.

Adieu my *Life* ! 'till we meet, I may be said to have taken my Leave of *it*.

L E T T E R CCLV.

IN the first Place, how is my sweet Love ? and well, and how is Bab ? and what Sort of a Bab is it ? Has it a broad, good-humoured Countenance, like Dad ; or a lively Eye, double Chin, and saucy Look, like Mam ? Is it most a Wit, or a Philosopher ? Does it incline rather to Poetry, or Metaphysics ? Is it compounded of the two heavy Elements of Earth and Water, or the two light ones of Air and Fire ? In short, tell me every Thing about it ; what it says, and what it does, and whether it has ever yet discovered any Ear for Music ; what Sounds affect it most, and whether it's Eyes sparkle at the gay Colours, or it's Brows knit into Contemplation at the grave ones ? I am in very chearful Spirits upon this happy Occasion, and am exerting all my Wit to be a very great Fool about our sweet Infant.

I thank God, with a grateful Heart, for your safe Delivery ; and do unfeignedly think, that, among the many remarkable Favours I have, at
several

several Times, received from the Hands of Providence, or can ever yet receive, you were it's best and most valuable Gift; for you are not only to me a Blessing in yourself, but, like Health, give me a Relish for all the other Goods of Fortune, or Advantages of Life.

Farewel, my Heart's only Life!

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLVI.

My dear FANNY,

Kilkenny.

I AM, at present, employed more agreeably than I can be otherwise in this Town, writing to you, and waiting the Arrival of the Post to hear from you.

I am obliged to your Secretaries, but they must accept my Answers to you, for I am at you alone. *Kitty* gives a promising Account of our *Ilizus*: And that he does not suck, surprizes me not; for *our* Child could not possibly do any Thing like another Child. If he was reared entirely by the Spoon, perhaps it would not be amiss; that he might imbibe no Humours, but what he brought into the World with him; and that he may say, with *Richard* the Third, 'I am myself alone.' Our's is so perfect an *Englishman*, on both Sides, that he has refused the *Irish* Teat, because it would not have the Brogue on it's Tongue. If he is to be stiled *Pliny*, let it be the Younger; for I would rather have him endowed with that Goodness and Benevolence

nevolence of Heart, which was his Characteristic, than all the Learning and Philosophy of the Uncle.

I have been shifting all I can to settle my Affairs, so as to make my Journey to *Clogher*, thro' *Dublin*, convenient at this Time; but, whether I can do that or no, be assured I will see my sweet Boy christianized, though I go up in one Stage, to return in the next. You shall hear more from me next Post on this Head. I have sent up a fine Ham and a Head by a Carrier, directed to my Brother.

I am so charmed at the proper, becoming Sense and Reasonableness of your not pressing me to go up before, nor calling upon me since, on the just Assurance that my own Inclinations would induce me to it as soon as possible, that I am therefore resolved to go *Coute qui Coute*, though I had not determined on it before.

Adieu, my Heart's Delight, and my Mind's Comfort!

Henry.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCLVII.

OUR poor Infant still continues very ill, suffers great Pain, and his Mouth is so swelled and inflamed, that he equally refuses Food and Medicine; so that, in perfect Despair how to relieve him, I do Nothing but sit by his Cradle all Day, crying, and praying, and waiting for a Crisis, which the Doctor gives me Hopes of.

While

While I see him in such Anguish I am almost tempted to expostulate with the Almighty, and say with *David*, 'I have sinned, O Lord, but what Harm hath he done.' In short, I think there is no Way of accounting for the Sufferings, natural and incidental to Infants, but by believing the Doctrine of original Sin: And yet this Supposition seems intirely repugnant to our finite Ideas of the Goodness and Justice of God; which convinces me that we are utterly incapable of forming any just Notion of the divine Attributes; or even of conceiving the true Nature of them. The Divines tell us that this Knowledge is kept from us, lest we should be able to comprehend the mysterious Workings of Providence toward Man, which would reduce Faith into Science, by which one necessary Article of Salvation would be destroyed; and this Life become then a State of Perfection, not Probation, for 'we should be as Gods, knowing Good from Evil.'

But all this seems to be meer scholastick Reasoning, and I think it more orthodox in Philosophy and Religion to suppose that Man is endowed with just so much Knowledge and Perfection as that Link, which he occupies in the great Chain of Beings reaches to: And as to the Article of Faith, I cannot think any Thing essential to Salvation which is purely constitutional; for there is as much Difference between Men's natural Disposition to believe, as there is between their Strength or other natural Powers.

Such Subjects as these are far beyond the Reach of my Capacity, but you, my dear Preceptor, have taught me to reason, or rather to ask Questions on every Subject which occurs to me, and I often find a Kind of Pleasure in being ignorant, from a Certainty of your being
capable

capable and kind enough to inform me : In short, I carry my Fondness for your Instructions so far, that I am sometimes sorry I had learned to read, or had any Taste for Books before we were acquainted, for every Pleasure or Advantage I receive from you doubles its Value, from that Consideration; and were your Circumstances of Fortune easy, I should rejoice in not having brought you any Dower, for had I one, I should be jealous of it, and lose the Satisfaction which I now enjoy, of deriving every Blessing, Good and Happiness from God and you alone ! Oh, my dearest *Harry*, how tenderly, how fondly must I love you, when the being overwhelmed with Obligations, beyond the Possibility of Return, can give Pleasure to a Heart so proud as mine !

Frances.

P. S. I will not delay the Christening till you arrive, if the Child does not mend. I wish you would pronounce it's Name. I am still weak, and lame.

L E T T E R CCLVIII.

I WAITED in vain last Post in *Kilkenny*, for a Letter from one of your Secretaries. Now may *Kitty's* Days be ever Nights; and in those Nights, when she stretches forth her Arms for Joy, may she be disappointed, as I was, when the Post came in ! Let her, like me, be "mad with the Idea, and grasp the Wind !"

I have not Half done my Prayer, but have stopped short, hoping this Post, which I have just sent

sent to, may make me some Amends for the Disappointment of the last.

The Post is just come in, and has answered my Wish of a Letter from yourself: But I am extremely alarmed at the unfavourable Account you give of yourself and Bab; and this very unnatural Weather happens unlucky for you both.

I answered you already about Bab's Name, which I shall leave entirely to you. I hope your next Letter will contain a better Account of yourself, and poor little *ourself*, than your former. I would not have the Christening delayed on my Account; and I am sure I need not give your Sense and Prudence a Caution to have it as private as possible, that both the Expence, and Report of it, may be as small as can be. The Ease and Happiness of our *three* Lives depends upon a proper Discretion about these two Articles. Your Happiness depends upon my Welfare; my Welfare upon your Conduct; and *our little Self* rests upon both. Now, as you are the first moving Principle in this Chain of Causes and Effects, I am perfectly easy, tho' the Consequences are so choice and estimable.

Adieu, my Love!

Henry.

H I A T U S.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCLIX.

I DECLARE myself a Convent to *Fitzosborne's* Opinion, and 'no longer doubt of the salutary Effects, which are said to have been produced by Words.' I am become a recent Instance of their Power ; for my dear *Harry's* kind Letter has wrought a greater Change in my Health and Spirits, than could have been effected in the Time by the whole *Materia medica*. In the Name of our dear little Bab, I return his Duty and Thanks for the Kindness you express towards him. I hope he will live to make his being mine, his smallest Merit to your Tendernefs. Though I receive a very exquisite Pleasure from seeing him, I cannot help grudging it to myself, (as I should any other, unshared by thee) and wishing he were placed within your View, though I should, by that Means, be debarred of the only Joy I am capable of tasting in your Absence. Any Increase of my Fondness for your dear little Epitome must be superfluous ; and indeed I know Nothing that could add to it, but seeing him become as much the Object of your Tendernefs, as he is of mine. I flatter myself with thinking the happy Time will come, when it shall be doubtful, which of us loves him best.

As I am still very weak, and have not made the least Progress in recovering my Appetite, I should be very glad to get into the Air for a little Time : But I wait your Orders to dispose of myself in the Country, or wherever else you please. All Places are alike to me : I must live somewhere ; and I think my having a Lodging out of Town, for a few

few Weeks, could make but a small Difference in my Expences---But let this be, or not, as you think best.

Adieu, thou dear Dispenser of my present Happiness, and only-wished Addition to my Hopes of future Bliss !

Frances.

LETTER CCLX.

My dearest FANNY,

Belmont.

I WRITE this from my new Farm, which I might stile the *Paraclete* ; for there are ' white Walls and silver Springs ' enough to intitle it to that Appellation ; though there are better Reasons for it. So romantic a Place never was, if Wildness, Solitariness, with the Print of *Astræa's* last Footsteps in the Situation, and Love and Constancy in the Proprietor, be the distinguishing Marks of that Character.

There is Something amuses and pleases me extremely in this Chain of Thought ; that Providence seems to have marked out this Spot of Earth for your's, by a Train of unforeseen Accidents. I had taken the Land at a Time when you and I were upon such Terms, that it was highly probable we should never be again reconciled. You had good Reasons to be highly piqued at my Behaviour ; and your Prudence, your Pride, and Honour, was a just Bar to a Re-union. At that Times, perhaps, all Libertine as I was, with many Schemes in Imagination, and many Views in Prospect, I might have had some Consolation in the Loss of a Woman, whom my Passion loved,
and

and my Reason esteemed, in the Thought of being, in some Sort, eased from that Restraint, which my Regard to your Worth, my natural Sentiments of Generosity and Honour, never yet (thank God !) extinguished in me, must have laid me under---at such a Time, I say, we met by Chance : When speaking of this extraordinary, bold, and enterprizing Purchase of mine, engaging for a Thousand Acres of Land, at a desperate Rent, at a hazardous Crisis, and in a dangerous Country, which required a large Fund to improve, when I was above Two Thousands Pounds in Debt, and had neither Money, Credit, nor Stock to apply ; upon describing the Situation of the Place, you desired I would name it *Belmont* ; adding, that it was probably the only Compliment, you might ever desire from me. Some Time after this, you and I projected a Plan of *Paraclete* ; which I have, this Day, by an accidental Turn of Thought, adapted to this Place. You may remember last Winter, that, &c. * * * *

and, when I was to look out for a Nurse, and Accommodation for your sweet ante-loved Babe, I was, from some prior Reasons, directed to this particular Place, for both.

Let me indulge myself farther in the Contemplation of this Scheme of Providence, with regard to you and me. You chose and approved of me, when you had before you, as *Milton* says,

“ The World to chuse, and Providence your
“ Guide.”

Sense, Wit, and Reading were, from my earliest Years, the Objects of my implicit Adoration ; and, whenever I changed my Passion, it was in
Search

Search of a fit Subject for my Admiration. I, at length, possessed, unknowing, these rare Qualities in you, and was in Danger, "like the base Indian, to throw a Pearl away, richer than all my Tribe:" But, as my Reason improved by your charming Converse more than my own Reflection, I found, acknowledged, and incased the Gem, thou "one entire and perfect Chrysolite!" and hope never to exchange thee, but for a better World than this, made more eminently so by a nobler and higher Converse there with thee, thou amiable Cherubim and Seraphim in one! in whom are so perfectly joined their two distinguishing Characteristics, Love and Knowledge! the pleasing Hope of which Enjoyment above will be a stronger Incitement to my Virtue here below. In short, I do not know two Persons alive, who seem more adapted by Nature for each other. Excuse this Vanity in me, when your Approbation has already made my Panegyric. My Calmness and Philosophy is fit to temper the Misfortunes and Disappointments of Life; and your Wit and Spirit proper to season and enliven the Ease or Pleasures of it;

"Dull, tasteless all, if unenjoy'd by thee!"

Farewel, thou best Subject of my best Comments!

Henry.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCLXI.

INDEED, my *Harry*, I wish to live for no other Reason, but to make you Amends for all your Goodness to me : God grant my Power may be in any Proportion equal to my Will, and we shall be the happiest Couple breathing: And, indeed, I think I may, without Vanity, say, I know no two Persons, who seem better qualified for such a State, than we are ; and therefore we must be thoroughly miserable, if we are not entirely happy ; for both our Feelings and Sentiments are too delicate and refined, to be capable of that Indifference, which the Generality of Mortals pass their Lives in. For which Reason, I am not displeased that your Situation and Circumstances prevented our living together, before I was thoroughly acquainted with you, or myself ; but, though I think I might now safely answer for my future Conduct, I own my most fervent Wishes are sometimes damped with fearing, that, if ever we should live together, you may grow weary of me, or, as *Milton* phrases it,

“ Too much Converse thee perhaps may satiate.”

However, I more often lament the sad Necessity which parts us ; and I think you more to be pitied in this Separation, even than I am, supposing our Love to be quite equal. I have the Pains of Absence to combat with, which are perhaps as much as I can bear: You have these also, joined to the Reflection of having attached yourself to me, for no other Reason, but the Hope of finding a sincere, tender Friend, and an agreeable Companion : You have made it my Duty, as well as Inclination, to become
the

the sole Partner, and chief Solace of your every Care, to smoothe the rugged Path of Life, and make the Uphill, as well as the Descent, less painful; nay, even your common Affairs and Oeconomy are so situated, that you really want a reasonable Woman, and a faithful Friend in whom you might confide. Will you not think me vain, if I say you are deprived of such a Person by our Separation? When I consider the Opportunities I lose of endearing myself to you by numberless nameless Acts of Love and Gratitude, I lament each passing Moment, and regret my fleeting Youth, for, oh! I want unnumbered Ages, beyond the common Date of Man, to prove my fond, faithful, grateful Soul to thee: Oh! never may the Veil of Passion cloud it more.

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCLXII.

NOT one Word from my Pet these two Posts! Perhaps you did not get my Letters regularly, while I was on my Route; for I did not know the Course of the Posts, as well as I do at Home. You see how ready I am to make an Excuse for you; and attribute your Omission to any Thing, rather than vex myself with vain Fears of your Sickness or Neglect; but, in such a Case, I know that my dear Heautontimorumenos would immediately conclude me indifferent to her, or dead to myself:—And indeed you may as well suppose me one, as the other.

But

But this is nothing to the principal Business of this Letter; which is to desire Tea exactly at Seven o'Clock, on *Tuesday* Evening.

"None enter may, but Love; and he
"Shall guard the Door, and keep the Key."

As, I dare say, my Life thinks this Account Entertainment enough for this Post, I shall husband what little Wit, or Sense, I have, for another Occasion, and conclude myself,

My dear Girl,

Your's eternally,

Henry.

L E T T E R CCLXIII.

Dear FANNY,

Dengan.

I ARRIVED here last Night, much fatigued by the Warmth of the Weather. I hope my Pet is well, and my Pet's Pet. My Blessing to the little Fellow.

I perceived my Heart growing warm at the Approach to a Place, where I had, twenty Years ago, spent so many cheartful, boyish Days, somewhat like the Emotion we feel upon meeting an old School-fellow; whether it be one we have a particular Attachment to, or no; for I am not speaking here of a rational Affection, but such a Prejudice and Partiality, as is contracted from early Habit and Custom, before we have the free Exercise of our Understandings. The Love of our Country may be ranked under this Head; by

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which,

which, I do not mean that Patriotism, which is but universal Benevolence, *poorly* bounded by a Province or Kingdom; but that superstitious Attachment, Men have even to the very Soil, they were born in. I fancy that departed Spirits, even in Bliss, look sometimes back upon this World with a Regard like this, though without any Desire of exchanging Situations. I speak this upon a Presumption that we carry our Consciousness with us to the next World, which I look upon to be a Thing so far from requiring Proof, that to assert the contrary is arguing God to be partial or unjust. Should you be rendered a blessed Spirit for your Virtues, or I an unhappy one for my Vices, you might indeed be said to be happy, and I miserable; but neither of us could be said to be rewarded or punished, without a Consciousness of our being the Persons, who, in the other Life, had merited or incurred these Judgments. It is Consciousness, which makes the Identity of a Person, relative to himself; and, if Death destroys this, it in Effect creates another Spirit in our Stead; and to reward or punish such a one for our Actions here, would be Partiality or Injustice. I should be ashamed to insist upon an Argument, which, by appearing so obvious to me, makes me conclude has been often urged before; but, as I really never met with any Thing on this Head, at least, deducted from this Reasoning, and that it is a Subject you know I am fond of, I should carry it a good Deal farther, if I were writing to any one else; but your Apprehension saves me that Trouble, as it has often done before. *Adieu!*

[A Letter

[A Letter is wanting here.]

L E T T E R CCLXIV.

I DID not receive my dear *Harry's* first Letter 'till *Saturday* Evening. I was then at the Rock, and had no possible Means of sending an Answer to the Post-office; therefore was obliged, for the first Time, to disobey your Commands.

In Answer to your Inquiry after mine and my Pet's Health, I must tell you, you have been very near losing both, since you left us. I attribute my Illness to the irregular Way we lived in, the four last Days you were in Town. I was seized on *Monday* Night with all the Symptoms of a violent Fever; I raved incessantly, and did not recover my Senses 'till *Tuesday*. *Polly* sent an Express to Town, but no one came near us 'till *Wednesday*. I went thro' all the necessary Operations, and am now, thank God, very well. I came to Town Yesterday, and shall return no more. Poor little Bab has had two Convulsion Fits; the last was very near carrying him off. They did not let me know of his Illness, 'till I came to Town. He is vastly altered; but I hope, and believe, he will recover. You may judge (by your own) the Anxiety I feel for him.

I am vastly delighted with your Sentiments in Regard to our future Consciousness, as they are, in my Mind, highly conformable to Reason and Religion: But I am still more charmed with them, as they corroborate my darling Hope, that we shall see, know, and converse with each other in a future State. For certainly, if we retain a Consciousness of the Affections and Actions of this Life, we shall likewise retain the Idea of those Persons, who were the Cause of those

ACTIONS, for which we are to be punished or rewarded. The only Thing, I ever heard objected to this Opinion, is, that such Remembrances might lessen the Happiness of those blessed Spirits, who may, in this Life, be connected by natural or acquired Ties to Persons, who are to make up the Number of the Unhappy, in the next. To this I answer, from my own Belief and Hope, that no Soul will be doomed to everlasting Damnation: Or, if there should be such unhappy Beings, the Heinousness of those Crimes, which deserve everlasting Misery, would entirely erase the Affection or Regard we bore them, unknowing of their Guilt; and make us readily acknowledge, when purged from gross and selfish Passions, that their Doom is just. I cannot think, that, even in this Life, there ever did, or will subsist, a real Friendship, or sincere Affection between the Good and Bad. Virtue alone is the sure Basis, that can make those Unions firm and lasting. Without that only true Foundation, like *Estcourt's* Guests,

“ They part in Time—

“ Whoever hears this my instructive Song—

“ For, tho’ such Friendships may be dear,

“ They ne’er continue long.”

I have not wrote these Lines right, but ’tis no great Matter: I have only altered the Form, the Sense remains.

The Compliment, you pay to my Understanding, is more justly due to you, than me. If I **am** sensible, or intelligent, it is you have made **me** so. The fond Desire of gaining your Approbation first roused me to exert the little Powers, which Nature lent me. Your Converse, your Letters have improved my Mind, and given my
Thoughts

Thoughts a Turn superior to the Trifles, which employ the Generality of my Sex. Yet still I plead no Merit from this Boast, for such a Preceptor must have improved the dullest Pupil. It is you, my charming Guide, who have made me, as far as I am either, wise or good. You have illustrated your Theory by Practice, and, by your dear Example, shewn me what it is to be a Christian and Philosopher. Go on then, my loved Master; continue to instruct, and (I hope) improve me, 'till I arrive as near thy own Perfection, as my small Powers admit. Yet still remember I am a Woman, nay a weak one too; subject to all the Failings of my Sex, which require Time, as well as Reason, to conquer.

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCLXV.

Callidon, August 10, 1752.

THIS is a very sweet, romantic Situation; the House old and bad. The Boy and Girl are really very fine Children, and capable of any Education, solid or polite. Lady Q— is a very sensible, chearful, and agreeable Woman; and such a Person, as any Man might be both pleased and proud to have belong to him, in any Situation, or Relation of Life. Her Affability and unaffected Manners, not less than her Food, which is little more than Bread and Pulse, Milk and Water, would besit a Cabin: while her Taste, Spirit, and Politeness might become a Palace.

I feel a very singular Kind of Affection for her, which I never was sensible of before for a

new Acquaintance ; it is such a Regard, as we have for an old Friend. I think, I could speak as freely to her, and intrust her with any Secret of Consequence to me, as I could to a Person, whose Confidence I had proved for twenty Years.

* * * * *

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CCLXVI.

Dear HARRY,

I HAD the Pleasure of your's from *Hermitage*, and am highly delighted with your Account of Lady O—, and her Babes. I have long been certain, that, whenever you knew, you would love and esteem her ; and this Belief was, I think, the highest Compliment, I ever paid her. Has she not Abundance of that Cleverness, which is not to be defined ; which, to the common Actions of Life, is like Grace to Beauty ? And, as the latter does not arise from any particular Complexion, Limb or Feature, but is the joint Result of all ; so neither can the former be said to depend on Sense or Virtue, tho' I am morally certain it cannot exist without both : For, as we have seen many handsome People who wanted the charming *Je ne sçai quoi* ; so we must have met with many good and sensible Folk, who had not one Grain of Cleverness about them.

I am

I am heartily concerned at the Account, you give of your Affairs. It is really a melancholy Thing, that you have no Person about you, whom you can depend upon ; for those, whose Integrity is past Dispute, for Want of a little *Cleverness*, may injure you as highly, as others could by defrauding you. May I live to see the Day, when you shall have made me as capable, as I am willing and faithful, to become my dear *Harry's* only Steward !

Our dear little Baby is still very far from well. *Baxter* saw him Yesterday : He has ordered him to live entirely on Chicken-Broth and Sack-Whey. I am sorry to find his Constitution so extremely delicate. I grieve over again for every Grief, I felt and indulged, while he was immediately a Part of me ; but I hope he will get the better of every Thing, and never have Reason to sigh, as much as he does now from Constitution.

I am to sit, for the first Time, to *Hussey*, on *Saturday* : He has been engaged every Day since I came to Town. I repent of my Folly already, but do not know how to get off : Indeed I think it a very great one, to have *my* Picture drawn, especially as you cannot take it with you---But it is too late to help it now, and I must go on with the Farce.

As your Affairs are in such an irregular Way, I suppose you will not stay long at *Hermitage*. Let me know when you intend coming to Town. I wish I were to change my Lodgings every Time you leave me ! for I can neither sleep or wake, without having your Idea continually before me ; nor can I sit or walk in any Part of the House, without recollecting that you sat or walked there, at such or such a Time. As this local Memory is but a Kind of Interruption to the constant Re-

membrance I have always of you, independant of Time or Place, I am sometimes tempted to take up my Abode in the Kitchen, where (to the best of my Knowledge) you never were, that I may be free to think of you, without Regard to particular Circumstances, or material Objects.

I have, with great Care and Attention, read about Half of * *Brown*; but I must give him a second Reading, before I pretend to deliver my Opinion, or communicate my Remarks.

Your Brother and Sister are come to dine with me. I cannot say they interrupt me, as I have Nothing farther to add, but that I am, and ever will be, your's.

Frances.

LETTER CCLXVII.

Dear FANNY,

Clogher.

HERE am I at the † Bishop's House, quite alone, and shall be so 'till *Monday* next; when the Family return from *Enniskillen*. I met some of the Servants of this House about six Miles off, and they acquainted me with the State of Matters here; which would have been Hint enough for any reasonable Man to turn back upon; but, you know, it was rather a Matter for me to rejoice at, that I should have so much Time to myself, my Books, Papers, and Music. The Servants, who are left behind, are the higher Sort; and, as we are unfortunately old Acquaintance,

* On the Characteristicks.

† Doctor Clayton.

Acquaintance, they fall foul on me, from mistaken Kindness, at an unmerciful Rate. The Butler was immediately for sending to the Parson of the Parish, "to notify the Arrival of a Relation and Friend of the Bishop's, who was in such a *lonesome* Way, that it would pity one's Heart to see it." But, upon Inquiry, I found this Man would not go away, when I bid him, nor take a Denial, if he asked me to go Home with him; and, not being at the Top of his Preferment in this Diocese, I begged to be excused from the Over-abounding of his Civility: My Friend, the Butler, then apprehending, that I thought the Parson too grave and wise for me, (for he could not get it into his Head, that a Man should chuse to be alone) recommended the Bishop's Agent to me; who, he said, would much delight me, as he was a brave, jolly Batchelor, like myself, and could crack a Bottle and a Joke with any Man. I asked him, whether this Man would give me any of my Lord's Money, without his Leave? and, being answered No, I said I desired no Acquaintance with him.

Lady O—— and I had a good Deal of Conversation about you, the Day before I came away. She spoke very handsomely of you, and kindly too. She said also, that you had but a slight Constitution, and was subject to low Spirits often; which she attributed to Irregularity of Hours, late at Night and Morning, and recommended to me to take some Care about that Matter for you. She assured me, that she was herself so sensible of the good Effect of rising early, that, as she has naturally a great Flow of Spirits, which were first owing to early Hours, she is now obliged to lie in Bed, some Time longer than she is inclined, lest she should

run wild about the Country, to the utter Scandal and Astonishment of all her Neighbours.

Adieu !

LETTER CCLXVIII.

I Congratulate my dear *Harry* on the unexpected Indulgence, which his Taste for Retirement has met with. I am not at all surprized that you neither returned to *Hermitage*, nor accepted the Company that has been offered you at *Clogher*; for I am well aware how pleasant it must be to a Mind like your's, to be allowed the free Exercise of it's own Faculties. I have often looked with great Pity, not intirely unmixed with Contempt, on very good Kind of People, for seeming to be utter Strangers to the Pleasures of *Self-society*; for I will not call it Solitude to be sometimes alone. However, I hope your contemplative Amusements are, by this Time, heightened into the Joys of a rational Converse, by the Bishop's Return. I am sure he is a sensible Man, from the Friendship that has so long subsisted between you, and the Manner you always speak of him in.

I am much obliged to dear Lady O—— for the Expressions, as well as Proofs of Regard, she has honoured me with. There is really Something extraordinary in her Attachment, for indeed I cannot plead the least Merit to her Friendship; yet I hope, and believe, I shall ever retain it; for I am well convinced I must be highly to blame, whenever I forfeit it.

I am very certain, that you and she are quite right with regard to early Hours: But I would not disgrace the Goodness of her Heart, as well

as

as Understanding, to suppose her chearful Spirits arise meerly from Constitution. Believe me, that, in order to support them, she has had Recourse to Religion and Philosophy: nor has her high Station exempted her from wanting their Aid. May both you and she ever retain that sensible Chearfulness, which so well becomes ye! which, tho' you modestly ascribe to Regularity and early Hours, has it's Effect from another Cause, a Consciousness of acting right, and a Mind filled with 'that sweet Peace, which Goodness bosoms ever.'

I will not however pretend to deny, that, in such Constitutions as mine, Irregularity may weaken the Faculties of the Mind, as well as the Body, and diffuse a Lassitude and Heaviness over both; Providence having ordained, for their mutual Preservation, that what injures the one, shall immediately, or remotely affect the other. This Sentiment may be carried a great Way, even to the mental Vices of Envy, Avarice, &c. and every Person, who has ever felt Sickness or Pain, must know, 'we are not ourselves, when Nature, being oppressed, commands the Mind to suffer with the Body.'

Adieu!

Frances.

LETTER CCLXIX.

My dear FANNY,

ALL alone still, in my own Kingdom; where, though I have no very extensive Sway, I have those Subjects to govern, that should be the first Essay of a Monarch's Politics, namely,
my

my own Passions and Foibles. † I might have answered your Letter last Post, but declined it ; as I had not Time to do it *Justice*, to speak still in the kingly Stile.

I am extremely pleased, when you answer my Letters properly, by entering into the Spirit and Subject of them, which indeed you can do so well ; not with ‘ I received your’s, and for Answer say.’

A Correspondence should be properly a Conversation ; not meer Question and Answer. I often just hint at Subjects, and leave them imperfect, to give you Occasion to complete them ; and I am vexed and disappointed, when you neglect it, out of Laziness or Diffidence ; for it must be owing to either of these, whenever I am disappointed. You have sometimes told me that I over-awe you, from an Apprehension of my superior Understanding ; so that, in writing or speaking to me, you have not always the full Exercise of your own Powers. Now, for Argument’s Sake, we will let this pass ; but then believe me, *Fanny*, if I remember right, I had not so refined and speculative Sense, as you have now, when I was at your Age. All the Improvement I have ever made to it, has been almost since that Time ; and a practised Wrestler may be able to overcome an inexperienced Man of greater natural Abilities. You are now in a State and Stage of Life, proper to improve yourself, and may have this Advantage over me, that you can have the Help of one who has lately travelled through the Road you are to go ; so that I hope, in Return, to have your Assistance, as your Understanding will be at the
Height,

† Si vis omnia tibi subjici, teipsum subijce rationi,
SEN.

Height, when mine, from the Course of Nature, will be on the Decline. This I should look upon as a Sort of Triumph of the most flattering Kind, namely, a Conquest over myself; that is, my better Part overcoming my worser. Besides you have the Advantage of a chaste and religious Education, which will the sooner enable you to reach the only End I have ever proposed from my Studies, to make me rather a *better*, than a *wiser* Man. Moral Philosophy may reform our Manners, and subdue our Passions; but slowly the one, and with a constant Struggle the other; while Religion effects the first at once, and the latter with Ease, by substituting more charming Pleasures in their Stead.

This is the most romantic Place I ever saw: There are not two Hundred Yards of level Ground in the whole Country; for it is composed of an infinite Number of green Hills, lying so close to each other, that it resembles a Codlin Pye in a Bowl-dish. So that the Nurse's Story of Giants, of old, stepping from one Hill to another, round the Country, would not appear an improbable Tale here. It is much the same Way at *Hermitage* too, and, in general, thro' all those Parts of this Country, I have yet seen.

I hope you are reading *Brown* upon the *Characteristicks*, and writing Notes upon it: I am sure you are, because I desired it. I should be glad to have your Opinion upon the Definition of Virtue, given in the last Lines of the third Section of the second Essay, upon the moral Obligations of Man to Virtue. I give you fair Play, by telling you that I think this Definition false and imperfect; and only ask you, how it is so. Read the first, second, and third Sections carefully,

carefully, before you give your Opinion; not that you will discover the Error from them, but they will help you to judge the better.

This is a severe Trial of my dear Pupil; for I own, when first I read the Book, I was fully satisfied with the Definition: And, to give you some Help in this Matter, I agree that he has shewn the Imperfection of the other three Definitions of Virtue; but yet I say he has given a more imperfect and dangerous one himself.

Adieu, my Life!

Henry.

LETTER CCLXX.

IN the disagreeable and embarrassed Situation I am at present, I know Nothing could tempt me to write, but the Fear of your thinking I poorly declined the Task you have assigned me, without being ingenuous enough to confess myself unequal to it. I had gone through the whole Essay on the Obligations of Man to Virtue, before I received your Letter; and had remarked the Definition you mention, to be as *imperfect* as any of those he terms *so*: For which Reason I had contented myself with thinking that Virtue is not to be defined; and had taken up so much of Dr. Clarke's Opinion, as to believe, that though, like the Certainty of an Almighty Being, it cannot be reduced to Terms, or fully proved and explained by Words, yet it is self-evident to every rational Creature. Brown says, Virtue consists 'in the Conformity of our Affections with the public Good, and the

‘ the voluntary Production of the greatest Happiness.’ If, by the Public, he means all human Kind, he might have explained it by *universal Benevolence*; which is so far from excluding the natural or moral Ties, that it certainly strengthens them.

‘ Friends, Parents, Neighbours first it will embrace,

‘ It’s Country next,—and next all human Race.’

But, if he confines his Idea of the Public to a particular Nation or People, he doubtless makes Virtue of a variable and indeterminate Nature; and, at once, destroys his own System, and it’s Existence: For, tho’ the Love of our Country is certainly a very noble and proper Principle; yet, as the Interests of every Nation and People vary, what may be virtuous with regard to the Advantages of one, may be highly criminal, by becoming prejudicial to another. This therefore, cannot be the true Criterion of Virtue: It’s Effects must be uniform, independent of Time or Place, as it is itself the same in the Vale of *Santone*, or the Palace of *Versailles*.

I am still more displeased at the latter Part of his Definition, ‘ the voluntary *Production* of the ‘ greatest Happiness.’ As this may be understood, poorly confining Virtue to the particular Stations of Affluence or Power. I cannot think this was the Author’s Meaning; yet, as it may be wrested to this Point, I think it is dangerously expressed; for it may tend to discourage the Exercise of Virtue in those, who have it not in their Power to do great or generous Actions.

I have now given my dear Preceptor the highest Proof of my Obedience to his Commands; and, as
we

we are told in Scripture, that 'Obedience is better than Sacrifice,' I hope he will accept the Will for the Deed. Believe me, my dearest Life, I have never been so much hurt at the Consciousness of my own Weakness, as at this Moment. I know I have exposed it ; but I know I have an indulgent Master, who will forgive and instruct me. From the first of our Correspondence, I have ever declined writing, tho' I was vain enough of my Capacity in that Way before ; but the Perfection of your Letters has shewn me my Insufficiency in such a glaring Light, that I never sit down to answer a Letter of your's, without blushing. You say, I am now 'at an Age, and in a State of Life, to admit Improvement.' My Age is doubtless on your Side, but my Situation much against you. The Quickness of my Apprehension, which is, or should be my best Help to study, is turned to melancholy Prospects, and my Attention to any Thing I read, continually interrupted, as I never am one Moment alone.

I am ashamed to send this Letter. I would not let it go, but for Fear you should think me lazy. Adieu, Life, Love, adieu !

Frances.

LETTER CCLXXI.

My dear Pet,

YOU cannot imagine what Pleasure your *Critique* upon *Brown* gives me. Your Sentiments are extremely clever and just, and would become a greater Adept in Philosophy, than you are ; but are really surprizing for a young Woman upon so abstruse a Subject. I am pleased to find,

find, that your Remarks have taken a different Turn from mine, tho' we both agree in the same Opinion ; and am glad I did not see your's, before I wrote my own, lest I should have rested there, and thought that no farther Criticism was necessary upon the Subject.

Indeed, my Dear, I intreat you to exert your Talents a little oftner in this Way ; for you may be assured, that, if I did not think you equal to the Task, I would not recommend it to you. Your short and impartial Character is this : You have a very good natural Understanding, a lively Fancy, a quick Apprehension, and an easy Expression. Your Judgment is rather delicate than strong, and may be better stiled a refined Taste than a logical Reason. In short, you need no farther Helps from Nature ; and all the Assistance you want from Art, is to be directed to a Course of Reading, proper to furnish you with Subjects fit for your Reflection ; and a letter'd Converse, to exercise your Mind, 'till it attains that Health and Vigour, which it is originally capable of.

Adieu, my Life !

REMARKS upon *Brown's* Definition of VIRTUE, in his Essay upon the CHARACTERISTICS.

'VIRTUE is the voluntary Production of the greatest Happiness.' See the last Line of Section Third.

This Definition I look upon to be more imperfect, and of a more dangerous Tendency, than any of the three Precisions he has so ingeniously proved the Insufficiency of. According to Mr. *Brown's* Precision, a Man may disinheret his Children

Children to endow an Hospital. All *Europe* might have been involved in a War, if a certain neighbouring Prince had not an Heir. But would it therefore have become the Confessor to have got the Princess with Child? This Definition gives Latitude to a dangerous Principle in an old *Latin* Sentence; *cum vitia profint, peccat qui recte facit*: In short, I think that Mr. *Brown*, both here, and in his Obligations of Man to Virtue, argues more like a *Politician* than a *Divine*; regarding the *End*, without respecting the *Means*.

But there are Actions which all Men agree about to be Sins, which the School Divinity styles *Specifick*, and St. *Austin* says, *multa prohibita sunt quia Mala*, i. e. *in se*, Mala. The Scripture forbids us to do *Evil*, even tho' *Good* should come of it: Now if the *Production* of Happiness constitutes the Nature of Virtue, how can that Action be deemed *bad*, which tends to *good*? This Text then might make one suspect, at least, that there was such a Thing as *irrelative* Vice, that changed not its Nature upon becoming a *relative* Virtue. I think it a dangerous Opinion, that Virtue is not a *Reality*, but a *Name*: I am persuaded that we have an original Idea of Moral Truth and Beauty, transfused into the Soul by our Great Creator; which to distinguish from the Natural Perceptions we have of Harmony in Musick, or Proportion in Matter, may be stiled by the Name of Conscience. 'Tis a Sensation we are affected with, previous to all Reasoning with regard to our own Happiness, or that of others. 'Tis an Impression originally framed in our Minds, which, like the Appetites of the Body, we feel ourselves moved by, without regard to the Ends for which they were ordained. In Truth, the first is a divine Impulse, as the latter

is

is a natural Motive, but neither of them a philosophick Deduction.

All Men, 'tis said, are not sensible of this Moral Perception in themselves; let us say then, that those who are blest with it, are affected not by what *Shaftsbury* stiles *Taste*, but by what the Divines better term *Grace*.

I am sure that Mr. *Brown* does not mean to say, that there is not really such a Thing as abstract Virtue, tho' he would unkindly destroy that pleasing Opinion, so flattering to the Dignity of human Nature, and so inducive to its Ethicks, that we have an original Sense of it.

If then there is such a Thing as abstract Virtue in the great Exemplar, is it not more agreeable to our Notions of the Divine Wisdom and Goodness, that he should imbue our Souls with a natural Tincture of this charming Idea, than that he should leave it to be groped out thro' the puzzled Labyrinths of human Reason, or hazard its Foundation upon the various and contradictory Systems of bungling Politicians?

I agree indeed, that Reflection may be necessary to direct its Operation, but not to create its Nature; and that Reasoning may form *relative*, but not *absolute* Virtue; as Arithmetick may multiply or divide Figures, but can neither make or alter the Nature of Number.

If it be objected that I have given no explicit Definition of Virtue, as the calling it an Idea is no Precision, I answer, that as 'tis of the Essence of God, no Terms can adequately express it: 'Tis a certain *afflatus Divinus*, or inward Working of the Spirit, which we may feel, without being able to describe; for it is, as I said before, an Impulse, not a Reflection; for Reason, if left to itself, as in some Instances given above, with Regard to the greater publick Good, would
often

often betray us into Vice or Mistake, if we had not a certain Consciousness, or original Idea to guide ourselves by.

Brown tells us, that Virtue is the *voluntary Production of the greatest Happiness*, but when we ask him what shall direct us to that amiable End, he is silent: Then *Clarke* tells us, that Reason must be our Guide; when I enquire what is Reason? *Woolaston* cries Truth; and when I ask for a Definition of Truth, *Shaftsbury* refers me to Idea; which Idea I attribute to a superior Spirit, or Emanation of the divine Light or Grace, which impresses a Conviction upon our Consciences, of certain moral Truths and Obligations which are previous to, and independent on human Reason or Reflection, and therefore permanent, and fixed in their own Nature.

Now I do not mean, by any Thing I have said, either to supersede the Use of Reason to guide our Actions, or the Necessity of Revelation to influence them: But thus I argue, that if the Exercise of moral Virtue be our highest and purest Pleasure here, and that this Pleasure proceeds not from the great and glorious Idea of absolute, specifick, *irrelative* Excellence, but meerly from a Regard to publick or private Happiness, here or hereafter; what Enjoyment can we have in this Contemplation, which we must suppose to be the Bliss of Angels, when the Opportunity of exercising this Virtue, and its Relation to all Happiness shall be finally at an End? The Joys of the next World we are to suppose, consist in the Intuition of the Divine Presence, in the Contemplation of absolute Beauty, Harmony and Truth, abstract and *irrelative*: In this World then, we are not only to purchase the Reward, but to prepare ourselves for the Enjoyment of it; and without such an Original,
irrelative

irrelative Sense, we should be unblest in any Heaven, but a Mahometan one.

' *Aristotle* says, that Virtue hath no Reason, by which he means that it is indeed prior to all Reason; yet it may be said to have it, because it hearkens to it, and is, in Respect of the reasonable Part, as a Son is in Respect of his Father, who is governed by his Instructions.' * *M. Paschal*, seems to be at a Loss for a certain Definition of Virtue: He says the Port is a Guide for Mariners, but what shall direct us to the Haven of Virtue? upon which *M. Voltaire*, whom I take to be both a superficial Writer, and a slight Philosopher, answers him, *extempore*, 'Do as you would be done by.' According to which Rule, you should rescue a Thief from the Gallows, because you would be glad that any one should do the same for you, in like Circumstances. Here *Paschal* seems rather to be in Search of the *Example* than the *Rule*, for tho' the Haven is the End your Voyage aims at, yet it is not that which directs your Course: But he has unawares made a very apt Allusion to the proper State of this Question, for Virtue, like the Loadstone, is a Power in the Hands of our Creator, as yet inexplicable by human Reason.

[Here a Letter is missing.]

LETTER CCLXXII.

AS my dear *Harry* knows the Uneasiness which his Silence gives me, I cannot help saying it is more than unkind, it is absolutely cruel,

* *Gassendi*.

cruel, to neglect writing. There was a Report last Week that you died suddenly. I heard it last *Friday*; and my not receiving a Letter from you that Day, almost distracted me. Tho' your Letters are the most sensible and elegant Pleasure I can receive in your Absence, yet is my Affection so much stronger than my Understanding, that I would willingly give up the Entertainment they afford me, to be certain of a single Line by every Post, which should barely tell me you are well. I know it is a Weakness to expect such Punctuality; but it is the natural Effect of a *greater*, the having so entirely given up my Heart, as to render my Happiness wholly dependent on another; a Trust, for which (contrary to the general Opinion) you can, with Ease, give me sufficient Security.

I received your two Letters of the former Posts; and think it is really Something extraordinary, that a Person who was bred and has lived like you, should, at your Time of Life, immersed in Business, and involved in disagreeable Circumstances, without any outward Call, or visible Help, become so great a Proficient in a Science, which to the Generality of the World appears so tedious and abstruse, as to deter them from being at all acquainted with it; and in which many learned (and from thence called wise) Men have passed their Lives, without either making themselves, or the World, one Whit the better for it. In short, I look upon it as a particular Mark of the Almighty's Goodness, that has been pleased to give you a Turn of Mind, which must render you superior to the common Accidents of Life; and that he has thought proper to make you an Instance, among the few, that neither Riches, Power, nor Honours are necessary to constitute the real Happiness

ness of a rational Being; since, with a Taste and Relish for them all, yet unpossessing any of them, your State is infinitely preferable to those who, in the full Enjoyment of them all, are unblest with true Religion and Philosophy.

May my sweet Love long taste those Blessings, which Virtue can alone bestow! and may it, both in this World and the next, be to him an Addition of his Bliss, that he has made me better, wiser, and, of Course, happier!

Adieu, my Heart's, my Soul's dear Harry!

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

YOU tell me that your Picture is improved into your own Likeness at last; then take it Home immediately, lest the Painter should attempt to cheat me with a *Helen* of *Guido's*.

Poetry and Painting, they say, are Sister Arts; but *Hussey* has so raised my Jealousy by his Success, that I shall endeavour to make them Rivals too.

Character of FANNY.

With all of Wit that Nature can bestow,
And more of Sense, than ev'n her Sense can know:
Her Heart a Mine, by Modesty conceal'd,
Untaught to glow, 'till Love the Gem reveal'd:
With Tenderness, and Converse sweet, to prove
At once the Joys and calm Delights of Love:
Her Fancy lively, and her Judgment true;
Perfect in Nature, and in Morals too:

Her

Her Air coquettish, but her Mind a Prude;
 Her Body wanton, but her Soul not lewd:
 Rivals by Turns, her Mind and Person charms,
 Allays the Lover, and the Husband warms:
 Who pleas'd at first, and yet at last pleas'd more;
 My future Hope, and yet my present Store.
 These are thy Worth; not Dow'r told down in
 Too dearly purchas'd for thy Merit sold. [Gold,
 Thy Virtues, not my Art, these Numbers frame,
 Oh! more my Inspiration than my Theme! *

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

My dear FANNY,

YOU desired to hear from me on *Friday*;
 but those who love are fond of Works of
 Supererogation.

I am reading one of the Books I brought
 away from you, intitled *Manners*, and am well
 pleased with it. I remember the Reason of my
 throwing it aside, when I bought it for you,
 was, upon looking a little into it, I observed the
 Author had alluded to a great Number of private
 Characters, to illustrate general Theorems; and
 as I had sometimes met with many insipid moral
 Novels of that Kind, I conceived a Prejudice
 against the Book: But I find, from this Author,
 that, when such a Manner is managed with Wit
 and Address, it gives a certain Vivacity to this
 Kind

* Tantus eras vates, tanta est Lucretia. An ipsum
 Hoc illi dederas: an dedit illa tibi?

FRAG. EPIG. JUL. SCAL.

Kind of Writing, and strengthens the Stile, by adding Action to Reason.

What incited my Inclination to read this Book, was a Paragraph in the public Papers, that it had given great Offence in *France*, where it was written, and that there was likely to be a Prosecution against the Author; and, as far as I have gone, I find it has a Merit in it very apt to give Offence to Priests and Bigots. The Writer is, I think, a Man of Sense, Learning, Parts, and unprejudiced Reflection. I am, therefore, highly pleased to find he is of the same Opinion with me, of an innate Idea of irrelative Virtue; which is a Sentiment I am so charmed with, that I am fond of laying hold on every Occasion of discoursing about it. So I shall here take a Flight at it again.

We have, from the meer Bounty of Nature, a Smell for Flavours, a Taste for Savours, a Sight for Symmetry, an Hearing for Sounds, and a Feeling for more sensual Gratifications. Shall then the Goodness, nay the Justice of God, leave us void of as immediate a Sensation of Virtue, which is a Thing of so much higher Consequence, both to ourselves and others, and both with Regard to this Life and the next? Shall, I say, the Bounty of God be greater than his Justice? Shall our instinct Faculties be governed by a divine Impulse, and shall our moral Powers be left without a Guide? for human Reason is insufficient to form the Rule, tho' its proper Province is to be exercised, and conversant about it.

But the Senses are only the Organs to convey Ideas to the Mind; it is the Soul, which perceives. Brutes then have a Soul: They have also a Spirit, if you give me Leave to make a Distinction here; for Matter, of itself, is inactive.

tive. There are so many Instances in Brutes of what we partially stile mimic Reason, that Mankind has no great Cause to be vain upon the sole Prerogative of this Excellence; since all we can claim is but a higher Degree of this boasted Superiority.

But we are taught to believe that God formed Man after his own Image: This Favour surely was not shewn in his human Figure, which *Diogenes* humourously ridiculed, by plucking a Goose, and leading it through the Streets of *Athens*, crying, "Behold *Plato's* Man!" which that Philosopher had defined to be a two-legged Animal without Feathers. * Nor can this glorious Characteristic be presumed from any one Quality, which Brutes have in any Degree or Analogy with us. What then is this great Distinction, upon which we do, and ought so justly to value ourselves, but a certain, innate, moral Sense, which, as the Serpent expresses it, 'makes us as Gods, knowing Good from Evil?'

Brutes are capable of Virtue, according to the common Sense of it; for many of their Actions demonstrate Love, Gratitude, and Benevolence: And though, when the Spaniel beats the Field for our Sport or Food, he may be considered as acting meerly for his own Pleasure; this is no more than some Moralists have charged upon human Virtue, which they have resolved into a Self-satisfaction. In short, it is an innate, moral Idea, which makes us *sensible* of Virtue; while Reason and free Will only make us *capable* of it.

As

* Animal bipes, et implume.

As soon as I have read this Book, I will send it up to you.

Adieu, my fairest Idea!

LETTER CCLXXV.

My dear FANNY,

I WOULD not tell you any Thing of the Matter, 'till it was over; but I left Town with a sore Throat, which increased very fast upon me last Night; but I am this Morning, thank God, as well as ever, and am just setting out for your own *Maiden-ball*.

I have gone a good Way in *Manners*; and, upon a farther View of that Author, I begin to find the same Fault with him, which I did at first. His Characters are too frequently introduced, are tedious, and ill drawn, and many of them not at all to the Purpose. However, there are here and there, certain Traits of Genius, which, upon the Whole, make the Work appear to have been written by two different Persons; or rather I have taken it into my Head, that it was wrote by a Woman, who had, for some Time, conversed freely with sensible Men.

The Author, Authors, or Compiler of this Book speak very rationally against the Doctrine of eternal Misery; which is a Matter, I think, I have in some of my Letters, given my Opinion upon; and is a Subject I am so fond of, that I shall venture to speak the Sentiments which at present occur to me on that Head, without waiting to recollect whether I have said the same Things to you before or no, or whether any one else has said them before me.

The Doctrine of eternal Misery establishes the Empire of the Devil; for twenty Men must be damned, for one that can be saved, upon the orthodox Christian Scheme; and the Mediator has suffered in vain.

Suppose, during the Millennium of the Just, there should be a Millennium of the Unjust—don't you think a Thousand Years Sufferings may make sufficient Atonement to divine Justice? And I think the Popish Doctrine of Purgatory only absurd in the Opinion, that any Merits of the Living can avail the Dead there. However, this wild Notion may be considered as a *pious Fraud* to be of Service in Religion, as it multiplies our Inducements to Devotion—As for Example; If I thought my dear *Fanny* was receiving many Stripes there for her Crossness to me, no Anchorite ever led such an exemplary Life as I should, to rescue my own spoiled Pet.

Infinite Justice, they say, requires infinite Satisfaction. Perhaps this is only a Quibble upon Words: But, to take it their own Way, has not the Mediator's Sufferings already given this infinite Satisfaction? and must every miserable Wretch, who dies in Sin, become an additional Victim to infinite Justice? In short, this shocking Doctrine seems rather to be a Piece of Priest's Rage, than divine Wrath; and is such a blasphemous Opinion of the Godhead, as exceeds almost any of those Lay Crimes, they anathematize so vehemently and presumptuously at the same Time; and are not aware that they reduce God to a Kind of Fate, while, by extending his Justice, they limit his Mercy, and so peremptorily destroy the Power of free Will in the Exercise of his Attributes. But I cannot let this *infinite* Satisfaction pass by so quietly, without shewing that it proves Nothing, by proving too much;

much; for infinite Satisfaction must be infinite every Way, in Degree as well as Duration; then this destroys the equitable Rule of proportionable Punishments; for the least Crime requires Satisfaction, infinite Satisfaction, infinite in Degree, and infinite in Duration—so that a Man must be made a God, before he can be rendered capable of giving such *infinite* Satisfaction.

I have not done with this Subject, and shall resume it in my next; for the Post is just going out. Adieu, my own *Fanny*! Read and write, my charming Pupil, while I endeavour to reflect that Light back again upon you, which you first inspired me with.

L E T T E R CCLXXVI.

My dear FANNY,

I AM just come Home. My Uncle is as usual; or, as some Man construed *Queen Anne's* Motto, *Jemper eadem*, worse and worse.

Every Thing here in a backward and neglected Way—Why do not you come down, and set Matters to Rights? I hope in God I shall not be long the only Slave in your Affairs. I have many Things to take Care of; and there is but one Person I can, or should chuse, to confide in, and her Help I am deprived of. O my Soul, keep steddy to your Philosophy; for my old Friend Providence will not forsake you.

I have finished *Manners*, and still think of that Book, as I did in my last; and could point out several Passages, to shew that it is rather a Collection, than an original Work. I do not mean from his general Reasoning; which, if right, cannot avoid being the same with others, who,

have wrote justly upon the same Subject; but what I would instance, are particular Turns of Thought and Expression, which I have met with before. There is one among them taken from *Montesquieu's Persian Letters*: 'That it appears more reasonable, the Minority, instead of the Majority, should determine a Question; for ten Men think wrong, for one who judges right.' The only Difference between this Whim in the *Lettres Persanes*, and this Book is, that *Montesquieu* only threw out this Sentiment as a Stroke of Fancy; but our Moralist seems to advance it as a grave Argument, and supports it by a Text from *Exodus*, disingenuously quoted. His Words are, that the *Jewish* Legislator advises us 'not to pass our Judgment according to the Opinion of the greater Number;' which Words do certainly support his ridiculous Argument: But observe the literal Words of the Text, and you will see how unfairly he deals with it. 'Thou shalt not follow a Multitude, to do Evil; neither shalt thou speak in a Cause, to decline after many, to wrest Judgment.' *Exodus* xxiii. 2. *Adieu!*

Henry.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

I HAVE but just Time to tell my sweet Love that I have spent the greatest Part of this Day with my dear Lady.—She came to Town on *Sunday* Night, and sent to me Yesterday. Indeed she is a charming Woman.

I am sorry for your Uncle's Disorder, but am afraid he is incurable. I am sure I need not say how earnestly I wish to share and alleviate your
very

every Distress and Fatigue : But, tho' I am, at present, denied that Happiness, I will rely on that Providence, who can, and will, in his good Time, remove every Obstacle that prevents my lessening your Inquietudes, by taking that Share in them, which is immediately my Right ; and which I would not part with, nor exchange, for any Title that could put me into the Possession of Power, Wealth and Honours.

I could say more, much more upon this Subject, but hear the Tinkling of the Post-man's Bell ; therefore must conclude truly and affectionately your's,

Frances.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

Dear FANNY,

I FORGOT to mention to you, in my last, another remarkable Passage in our moral Plagiarist ; even *Pope's* much-admired Simile of a Stone thrown into a standing Lake, verbatim, except the Rhyme.

But let us have done with him, for he interrupted me last Post in the Prosecution of my Argument upon eternal Misery ; and how, or how far, I reasoned upon that Subject, I do not recollect at present ; for I have been deeply involved in Affairs of this World, since I came Home : But I shall proceed as Thoughts now occur, without Regard to Order ; as you know I take the Liberty with you of making my Letters a Sort of Common-Place-Book.

I am not ignorant that the Scriptures are full of penal Threats ; but I do not remember that they are denounced to all Eternity : Nay I think

the contrary is implied in a Text, which the Popish Clergy quote for Purgatory ; ‘ there to remain, ’till thou hast paid the uttermost Far-thing.’ It is an Allusion made to the State of a Debtor. I am afraid that even eternal Happiness is not fully promised in the Scriptures, which surely is a more reasonable Faith than the other ; and that this glorious Hope is rather a *moral* Presumption than a *divine* Revelation.— Our principal Arguments upon this Head are drawn from the perfect Goodness of God, the Analogy running through all his Works, the natural Frame of the human Soul, it’s frequent Satiety of all worldly Enjoyments, it’s earnest Longings after some supreme, elevated, and complete Bliss, and a certain natural Sympathy, the virtuous and religious Mind feels, to be again allied to some more excellent Nature, which it seems to have, as it were, a Sense of being lately separated from. I think it may be rationally inferred from all this, that, to satisfy the natural Frame of such a Soul, it’s Bliss must be eternal ; for Pleasures not made to cloy, can give no Satiety. Now extend, rather say *limit*, our heavenly Bliss to the millionth Power of a millionth Myriad of Years, which is almost infinitely beyond the Art of Numbers to enumerate ; yet even the immediate Bliss of the sublimed Spirit would be, from that Reflection, rendered imperfect ; as, the higher our Happiness in Possession, the more sensibly are we affected at even the most remote Thought of parting with it. And I should prefer my State, even in this vile World, satiated with frail, mortal Joys, and oppressed with life-long Cares, but presuming upon the great Hope of a glorious Immortality, to the most sublime Pleasures of the next, limited in Prospect, even one Thought short of Eternity.

Shall

Shall we lose our earnest Relish, our virtuous Longing after Immortality, in a State of certain Bliss, which operates so emphatically in our Souls, even while the Vices of the Body, and the Corruption of the Heart, occasion that Thought to be attended with a Dread of what Eternity we may be doomed to? or may the Soul, in perfect Bliss, have one Desire ungratified? In short, to bring this heart-transporting, metaphysic-inspiring Subject as near to Demonstration as possible, let me presume to argue thus: If the Souls of Men are not immortal, God has granted us less Happiness, than we are naturally made capable of, which is contrary to our Notion of God, 'with whom is Fullness of Joy, and Pleasure for evermore.'

Thus Man has a natural Præ-sentiment of future Bliss, and a rational Deduction of it's Eternity; but he has neither the one or the other with Regard to future Misery, or it's Eternity. The only Dread, which appears to me natural to the Mind of Man, is that very shocking one of Annihilation.

What I mean is, that Man has not any natural Forebodings of future Misery, tho' his Reason may draw some Inference about it: But then this Reason can never conclude for eternal Punishments. So that this Doctrine rests merely upon what Revelation is made about it; which as I hinted before, does not denounce them eternal, at least the *Misery*.

Nay I think farther, that, tho' Rewards may be agreeable to divine Justice, Punishments are not. If I remember right, I said Something upon this Subject to you in a * former Letter, by alluding to human Laws; so shall insist on it no

L 5

farther

farther here : But, to take away all Cavil from this Paradox, and to treat the Subject more equally, I shall deny that either Rewards or Punishments, tho' allowed in the moral Sense, are agreeable to divine Goodness or Justice, in the legislative Sense.

I would not hazard this Subject, so unfinished, to any Hands but your's, as I am obliged to break off in a very dangerous Crisis ; but the Night is far spent, and next Post shall be employed to extract the Poison.

Adieu, thou sole Partner of my Heart, and only Confidante of all it's Sentiments !

Henry.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

I DO remember the Plagiary you mention : and indeed it is the only Passage I can recollect of the whole Book. I beg you'll send it me by the first Opportunity.

The remaining Part of your Letter is upon so very high and nice a Subject, that your saying you have not done with it, is not perhaps my only Reason for not beginning with it. I confess myself so great a Coward, that, tho' I have many Doubts with Regard to particular Points of Faith, and scriptural Tenets, I chuse to continue in a State of Uncertainty, rather than expose those Scruples, either to my own, or any other Person's Reason : tho' Nothing pleases me better than meeting with the Sentiments of others upon those Matters, which my weak Mind is not able to reconcile to itself. For this Reason, tho' I make no Return to your Sentiments on religious, or philosophical Subjects, I must beg you will

will take it for granted, that I am both improv'd, and delighted with them : and, when I cease to be either, I will confess my Ignorance, and honestly tell you so.

I have been in a continual Hurry since I saw you : I have not had Time either to read or write ; don't scold, and I'll mend directly.

I hear that *Bolingbroke* has wrote a Treatise in Defence of *Suicide* ; and revis'd a Book of Dr. *Middleton's*, intitled *The Inefficacy of Prayer, to an immutable Being*. These we may, I think, from their very Titles, apprehend to be Works of evil Tendency, and such as may do vast Mischief in the World ; particularly as *Suicide* is the national Vice of our gloomy Countrymen. But let any one, who reads the Treatise, look back on the Circumstances of the Author's Life, and they will, at once, convince us of the Insincerity he must have used on this Subject ; as there have been few Persons, who had greater Temptations to illustrate such Arguments by Example. Consider him fallen from the highest Grandeur, (except a Throne) in one Instant deprived of Power, Wealth, and Honours ; doom'd to Banishment ; his Foes triumphant ; his Friends discarded, his Character calumniated, and his Body suffering under an irremediable Disorder ! then tell me what prevented his seeking Refuge in the Arms of Death, if he thought *Suicide* no Crime ; or did not fear rushing into the Presence of his Judge, in the actual Infringement of his Laws ?

Adieu, thou dear Guide, and Pattern of my Life ! from whom I derive my *little* Goodness, and *great* Happiness. Adieu, my Heart's dear Harry !

Frances.

Sequel

Sequel of Letter CCLXXVIII.

LETTER CCLXXX.

I THINK then, with some sensible Divines, that *Rewards* and *Punishments* are not bestowed or inflicted upon our Actions, good or bad; but that *Happiness* or *Misery* is the pre-ordained Consequence of Virtue or Vice; and that, as natural Virtue or Vice, as Temperance and Exercise, or Intemperance and Inactivity, produce Health or Disease in this World, so moral Virtue or Vice as essentially are attended with Happiness or Misery in the next.

Now, if our Portions hereafter be *general moral Consequences*, and not *particular justiciary Adoptions*, I can perceive no Reason why the Soul of Man should be, at any Time, precluded from redeeming itself by a thorough Contrition, and sincere Repentance; or that a Halter or a Quinsey shall be sufficient to deprive it of Bliss, to all Eternity: For a Spirit, at any Period of it's Existence, reclaimed to a full and perfect Sense, Love, and Adoration of the Essence, Truth, Goodness, and Power of God, must *necessarily* attract to itself that Happiness, which is *essentially* allied to such a State of Mind.

But some severe Divines may here object, that a departed Spirit can possibly have no *Merit* in Contrition or Repentance, when Temptation to Sin is no more, and when the consequential Misery is demonstratively ascertained, and severely experienced. But the Beginning of this Letter may be referred to, where Happiness is said to be the *Consequence*, not the *Reward* of Virtue. And, as we are taught to believe that higher Spirits than

than our's, have been plunged into the Abyss for Sin, in the next World; why may we not hope that a poor human Soul may be capable of emerging from thence, by Righteousness hereafter? for surely Religion is not limited, either in Place or Time, to the narrow Bounds and short Duration of this poultry Globe; but extends itself thro' the whole Universe of Intelligence, and shall continue to all Eternity.

I look upon this Life to be a State of Trial, and the next to be a State of Purgation, from which, perhaps, the most perfect Man may not be exempt: For Vengeance is not of the Essence of God; but his Nature is so pure, that no Spirit may approach the Throne of his Grace, obscured by Stain or Blemish; and a State of thorough Purgation, that is, of sincere Repentance, without Temptation to Sin, is necessary to prepare us for the Bliss of Angels. So that I look upon the Devil's Empire to be of this World only, and not extended to the next; for here he may tempt, but there he cannot.

I think, then, that a Soul purged from Sin, by any Method, is a proper Object of the Divine Favour. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." Can Chastisement then be deemed the Effect of Hatred, in the Lord, "who hateth Nothing, which he has made?" And does not a Father cordially love a Son, whom he has reclaimed by Discipline? Is not the Penitence of a Sinner accepted of by God, tho' effected by Pain, Poverty, or other Misfortune in this Life?

In short, if Punishments, or Misery, either judiciary or consequential, be eternal, in any one Instance, the Devil has triumphed so far; which is Blasphemy: But, according to the Severity of some Divines, there can be but a small
Minority

Minority saved ; which would look like a very poor Composition for the Redeemer of Mankind to make.

If this Doctrine may appear to set Men too free from Terror, to influence their Conduct toward a virtuous Life, I shall consider this Subject in that Light, in another Letter ; and do assure you, my dearest *Ally*, that I am as sincerely attached to you, as if I thought my Salvation depended upon it.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

SINCE my last Letter I have looked into the Bible, and find some Passages, where eternal Punishments are denounced : but then I find also several other Places, where the Words *eternal* and *everlasting* are meant in a limited Sense, for a long and indefinite Time. So that I think these Texts do not preclude me from reasoning upon this Subject.

I own, the first Thing which occurred to me, when I met with Expressions in the Scripture, that seemed to shock my Reason, and my Idea of God, was, to suppose them only Threats *in Terrorem* ; but then this alarmed me about the Consequence, which such a Surmise might draw after it, with Regard to the Promises mentioned in the same Scripture. However, upon Recollection, I did not think this Inference should logically follow ; for a Promise is a Contract, the virtuous Man a Purchaser, and Justice exacts the Obligation : But the Case is quite different with Regard to Threats. A Lord may say to his Steward, ‘ ‘Tend well this Farm ’till my Return,

‘ turn, and I will make thee an Inheritance out of it; but, if you suffer the Soil to be overgrown with Briars, I will cause thee to be flayed alive.’ Now, tho’ the Lord must fulfil his Promise out of Justice, he surely may forgive the Penalty out of Mercy.

But I do not mean to insist upon this Argument; for, as the Texts I hint at may be so interpreted as to agree with the Reasoning of my former Letters, I should be very tender of charging the least Disingenuoufness upon the Words of God; and, if they were express and uncontrovertible in this or any other Particular, against my Sense or Opinion, I would, as becomes me, submit my Reason to my Faith. And indeed, tho’ the Distinction I have made between Promises and Threats, sufficiently proves that Justice or Reason does not require the Completion of denounced Vengeance, yet certainly *Truth* requires that every Thing shall be, as it is affirmed.

In order to help us the better to frame a Judgment upon this Subject, let us take the Matter as high as we can, by beginning at original Sin; and yet all the Curse, we hear, upon that Occasion, seems to be Temptation, Labour, and Death, (*Genesis* iii. 15, and to the End.) That is, it may be apprehended, that the natural Consequence of the first Parent’s Sin was the debasing human Nature to a State of Frailty, Mechanics, and Mortality; which imperfect Nature was, from thence, derived down to all their Race: ‘ For an evil Tree bringeth forth evil Fruit.’

Our Redeemer afterwards, at a certain Time, (though resolved from the Beginning) takes our Nature upon him, (and is thence stiled our second *Adam*) by which benevolent and godlike Condescension Mankind was retrieved to their former

former Dignity, so far as to be rendered capable of their former Perfection, perhaps greater ; in which the whole Mystery of the Incarnation seems to lie, not in the unaccountable Doctrine of satisfying the Divine Justice ; which Doctrine has perplexed the Faith of many well disposed Christians, and, perhaps, has prevented this Religion from becoming as universal, as it's other Evidence, and moral Perfection, seem to promise.

That Mankind should labour under Guilt, for the Sin of our first Parents, and that they should be redeemed by the Sacrifice of God ; the first not our Crime, and the latter not our Merit ; seems to be a Scheme of Providence contrary to Sense or Religion : But that a Race of Beings proceeding from *Adam*, after his Fall, should consequentially be of too corrupt a Nature to be capable of perfect Bliss ; and that our Redeemer, becoming our second Parent, a Man every Way, (Sin only excepted) should thereby restore that Purity to our Nature, as may render it capable of perfect Happiness, is, in my Opinion, a Doctrine agreeable to metaphysical Philosophy, reconcileable to the Nature of Things, to the eternal Laws of God ; and likewise vindicates him from the Charge of Vengeance or Partiality, as the whole Consequences seem to proceed from the original Formation of Things.

From all which Reasoning, I shall venture to conclude against eternal Punishments : For, in the first Instance, at the Fall, even temporary ones are not threatened *in futuro* ; and in the second Instance, at Man's Redemption, if they became so then, how many wretched Souls would be Losers by the Bargain ! and Christ may be said to have overcome Death only, by his Sacrifice, but not to have conquered Sin.

These

These few Thoughts occurring to me, when I sat down to write, have obliged me to defer my Promise in my last, 'till the next Post.

Adieu !

Henry.

L E T T E R CCLXXXII.

My dear FANNY,

Kilkenny.

I AM now retired from the Grand Jury, to perform a Promise I have delayed for some Posts, and think an Assizes a proper Time to discourse about *Judgment to come*.

When I first entered upon this Subject, I own I trembled, as *Felix* did, for Fear of the Consequence of my Doctrine ; therefore I canvassed the Matter a good Deal in my own Mind, before I ventured to treat upon it even to you ; tho' I was perfectly certain that the Notion of eternal Misery could not add any Thing to the Strength of your Virtue, tho' it might, perhaps, take away somewhat of the Merit of it. The Reasons, then, which suffered me to proceed, were these.

If I argued justly, which I endeavoured to do, I cannot apprehend any ill Consequence from my Subject. Truth cannot injure Truth ; and Error is not necessary to bring about the Ends or Designs of Providence.

I do not say that the Propitiation of our Saviour was self-sufficient to redeem us totally ; but that it did not leave us in a worse State under the Gospel, than it found us under the Law, (which, with Regard to the many, it would have done, upon this Doctrine ;) and only enabled us
to

to work out our own Salvation, but I do not think it has limited the Time.

I think that the severe Divines endeavour to prove too much : For, as there is no proportional Justice in eternal Misery, Men may suspect the whole Scheme, from one Flaw, to be but a pious Fraud to deter from Vice ; but, when Misery is taught to be the *natural Consequence* of Vice, Damnation may appear to be unavoidable, unless the Great, Immutable Being shall contradict his eternal Laws ; which is absurd, and still less to be expected in Favour of a Sinner.

The Terror of eternal Torments either drives Men to Despair, and so does more Harm than Good ; or is balanced by the Hope of Mercy, in Proportion to it's Fear, and so is destroyed.

A Man would certainly, with more Prudence, put himself into the Power of a provoked Enemy, than expose himself naked to an easterly Wind ; because in one Case, Something might be hoped from Generosity and Mercy ; but, in the other, he must expect the natural Consequence of his Indiscretion and Folly.

I think the Doctrine, as it stands in the Orthodoxy, favours too much of human Politicks ; and the mixing profane with sacred Things has often a dangerous Tendency.

Some Divines argue very unfairly, and uncomfortably too, upon the Obligation of Man to Virtue, by attributing it to Hope and Fear ; as if Rewards and Punishments were like an *Allay*, necessary to make the too refined Idea of it permanent, and fit for Use. But surely the Love of Virtue is not Hope, nor is the Abhorrence of Vice, Fear ; though these very distinct Ideas seem to be confounded by their Definition.

I believe.

I believe that any Man, who has observed the least upon the Motions of the human Mind, has, at several Times of his Life, perceived a certain Impulse to some Actions, and a Sort of Unwillingness to others, though both, in all human Appearance, indifferent in themselves; nay, sometimes these secret Intimations have moved us contrary to the most obvious Reason about such Things; but in a little Time, perhaps the Genius of these *intimate* Directions has manifested itself in some remarkable Event of our Lives, unforeseen, and improbable at that Time.

Is it reasonable then to suppose that such Hints should be afforded us in Things merely relative to our Lives or Fortunes in this World, and that we should be left without some unerring Guide or Impulse with Regard to Virtue, upon which our nobler Fortunes and immortal Lives depend? These inward Workings of the Spirit, this natural Consciousness, this Self-evidence, which I have, at several Times, supposed in the Mind of Man, I am well convinced, has, in general, a stronger Effect toward the Influence of Virtue, than all the Art of Logic, supported by the Doctrine of eternal Misery. For my Part, I have been often guilty of Vice, with all the Fear and Trembling of an orthodox Christian; and have, at other Times, been capable of Virtue, without the least Contemplation about Hope.

As true Religion consists in the perfect Love of God *, I do not see how Fear is, any Way, necessary to Piety; except that best and strongest of all Fears, which proceeds from extreme Love. "There is *Mercy* with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared." And I cannot help joining with
Shaftsbury,

* St. Mark says of the Love of God, "This is the first Commandment."

Shaftsbury, who says, ‘ that Priests have made
 ‘ Religion so very selfish, that I do not see, after
 ‘ all, what Merit there is in it worth rewarding.’
 Fear may deter from Vice, but can never conduce
 to Virtue.

The less we suppose the Deity capable of Cru-
 elty or Revenge, the higher our Love must natu-
 rally rise ; and it is certain that Mankind is apt
 to undertake nobler and more difficult Actions
 from the Spirit of Love, than from the Passion
 of Fear. There is a Courage in our Natures,
 which spurns at Fear ; but a Generosity in our
 Frames, which disposes to Love : And, if any
 Man is base enough to be influenced by Terror,
 it is because he has not had his Mind sufficiently
 imbued with more worthy Principles ; and, in
 this Case, which is corrupt Morals, it is too often
 found that even Fear will have no Avail. Instan-
 ces are numberless of moral Pagans, independent
 of Hope : For, tho’ in the Writings of the Anti-
 ents there are very fine Reasonings upon a future
 Life and Retributions of Justice : yet these ap-
 pear to be rather the *Effect* of their Philosophy,
 than the *Cause* of their Virtue.

The Jesuits have a blasphemous Tenet with Re-
 gard to Communicants : ‘ That *Attrition* alone,
 ‘ which proceeds merely from the Fear of Hell-
 ‘ Torments, without *Contrition*, which compre-
 ‘ hends the Love of God, is sufficient to justify a
 ‘ Sinner at the Sacrament.’

I will here give you some of the truly religious
 Sentiments of Father *Quésnel*, which I think re-
 gard this Subject ; and, in order to raise your
 Esteem for them, I need only tell you, they are
 some of the Propositions condemned by the infa-
 mous Bull *Unigenitus*.

‘ As

‘ As Sin proceeds from a mistaken Love of ourselves, so Virtue proceeds from a true Love of God.’

‘ Fear stops only the Hand ; but the Heart remaineth adherent to Sin, as long as it is not directed by the Love of Justice.’

‘ He, who refrains from Evil only out of Fear of Punishment, commits it in his Heart, and is already guilty of it before God.’

‘ He, who is baptized, is yet under the Law, even as a Jew, if he doth not fulfil it, or if he fulfil it only thro’ Fear.’

‘ Moses, and the Prophets, the Priests, and the Doctors of the Law are dead, without sending any Children to God, since they have made Slaves, but thro’ Fear.’

‘ They that are under the Curse of the Law, do no Good ; because it is equal Sin to do Evil, or to shun it thro’ Fear.’

‘ He that approacheth God, should not come to him with brutal Passions ; nor be led by Instinct or Fear, as Beasts, but by Faith and Love, as Children.’

‘ Slavish Fear represents God as a severe, imperious, unjust, and unmerciful Master.’

To all which I shall add, that Fear may make good Citizens, but Love alone makes good Christians. And, upon the Whole, I really think that in my Doctrine there is Mystery enough to exercise Faith, and Inducements sufficient to influence Action.

Adieu, my Fanny !

Henry.

Several other Thoughts occurred to me upon this Subject, but I think I have hinted them in former Letters.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCLXXXIII.

I HAVE, ever since the Close of my late nice and extraordinary Subject, been examining and viewing it in several Lights, to find out whether my Reasoning had proceeded from the Prejudice of former Opinions, or had arisen from an Hope produced by a Sinner's Fear. But I found, that during a constant Neglect of religious and Christian Duties, and a free Indulgence of a debauched and libertine Life, I preserved an unhesitating Belief in the Orthodoxy of Hell-Torments; and that, 'till within these few Years, that is, since I became in Practice, as well as Belief, a Christian, I never had the least Doubt upon the Subject. The Truth is, that I had never before given myself Leisure to reason about Religion, and had entirely rested upon a childish Belief, instead of supporting myself by a rational Faith. Perhaps a Dispute upon this Subject may be put an End to by a very strong, though not obvious, Distinction between *Punishment* and *Misery*; and I will agree with the Orthodoxy, that Sinners may be eternally punished, though not eternally miserable. A less Degree of Bliss, than we are taught from Reason and Revelation, our Souls are capable of, is a Punishment, but not a Misery; and, after having passed thro' a State of Purgation and Contrition, emblemized by the *purging so as by Fire*, as is sufficient to fulfil the Measure of divine Laws, some inferior Degree of immortal Bliss, may be the highest Portion of a Sinner's Redemption; and the Consciousness that such Limitation proceeded from his own Vices, or Demerits, may be that Punishment, which is described

described in Scripture by the Metaphor of the *Worm that never dieth*.

As I have, thro' the Course of this Argument, made use meerly of human Reason instead of scriptural Authority, I shall here call in Aid some profane Writing to support me. *Socrates* speaks by *Plato* in his *Gorgias*, much to this same Purpose : and again in his *Phædo*, where he is discoursing just before his Death. I have not the Book here, or I would send you the Quotations.

Now I can hardly suffer this to pass for profane Authority ; for he was not only the greatest Heathen that ever lived, but was stiled, by some of the Fathers of the Church, a Christian before Christianity ; and * *Erasmus* seems to consider him as an inspired Person. Perhaps, the Fulness of Time being then near at Hand, and the World, as it were, entient with the God of Life and Immortality, some Ray of Divinity might have illumined that great Man, as the Sun disperses a Twilight, before itself appears.

It was at this remarkable Æra, when moral Philosophy was brought to the highest Pitch that ever it arrived at in the Heathen World, that *Socrates*, or *Plato* for him, acknowledged the Insufficiency of natural Reason to perfect this great Scherne, and called aloud for a Revelation, to dispel the Mists of Error, and afford us a certain, infallible, and safe Guide to direct Mankind in the Paths of Virtue.

If I have erred in my Reasonings upon this Subject, it has been owing more to the Weakness of my Understanding, than the Wickedness of my Heart. So I shall conclude here with the
two

* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis !

two last Lines of *Buckingham's* Epitaph, the Whole of which I once translated for you :

*Humanum est errare, et nescire :
Ens Entium, miserere mei !*

Henry.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

My dear HARRY,

HOW tremendously near have I been to the extreme Verge of an awful Eternity, since I wrote last to you ! The World, and all its Vanities receded instant before the glorious Prospect of a happy Immortality : My Soul stood hovering on the Wing, like the last Blaze of a poor dying Taper, while Nothing but my Love for you seem'd to retard its Flight. Indeed, my Heart's sincere, and only Transport, hadst thou been here, I am sure I should have died ! I every Moment expected your coming, and the fond Hope of expiring in your Arms, made me hold in Life by Force, and suffer the severest Torments, with a Resolution which has surprized myself. However, it has pleas'd Heaven, by a Kind of Miracle, to restore me back to Life, to Love and thee, and what he wills is best.

Tell me, my Heart's best Health, when will you come to sooth my anxious Mind, and raise my drooping Spirits ? for I want your Aid extremely, not only to relieve me from Solitude, but from Company too ; for I am incumbered at present with two or three officious well-meaning People, who think one is to hang or drown themselves the Moment they are left alone, and
so

so relieve the Guard by Turns: you guess who they are, and know also that it requires the utmost Vigour of Health, and Chearfulness of Mind, to support their Company; for they are of that Race of Mortals, who, for Want of Something to say, are eternally talking. This is miserable Physick for my disordered *Mind* and *Body*, the sensible calm Philosophy of thy loved Converse, is my Panacea for *both*.

Pythagoras says, the Eyes cannot be cured without the Head, the Head without the Body, nor the Body without the Soul: and *Plato* says, that moral Discourses procure Health to the Body, by giving Peace to the Soul, upon which the Body depends. Say what Day shall I be in perfect Health.

Adieu!

Frances.

[A second Letter is missing here.]

L E T T E R CCLXXXV.

My dearest Rediviva,

I RECEIVED your Letter of last Post, wrote by your own dear Hand, which gave me extreme Transport. What your Secretary said of your Health, or rather of your Life, which I was for a Thousand Years alarmed about, could not make my Mind easy, 'till I had the Confirmation from yourself. How I passed the Age between the two last Posts, would be too tedious a Detail to trouble you with now.

I was ill for several Days, of the worst Sort of Illness, an Inattention to Reading, and a Lowness of Spirits. It was upon these Hints that I wrote to you for the Precedent of a Will, though

VOL. II.

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I pre-

I pretended it was for another Person, for Fear of alarming you ; and you cannot imagine what a Shock it gave me, that I had deferred a Matter of such Consequence to you, and to our dear Pledge, so long. I wrote that Letter from my Bed, and lay down between every Paragraph.

What a Sympathy was between us at the same Time ! for I think we fell ill, and recovered, at the same Instant. How lucky it was too, that neither of us knew the other was ill, 'till we had both recovered !

I am no farther displeased at your having made Use of *our* Money, than that you should mention it. In a Fortnight, from this Date, I design to be in Town ; neither my Health or Business will permit me sooner.

Put up the inclosed along with my Papers. Farewel, my redeemed, my dearest Life !

Henry.

The Paper, which he inclosed, was his Will, in the Wrapper of which was the following Writing :

AS my Marriage, which I hereby publish, which I have privately owned to some Friends already, and which I hope, long before these Seals shall be broke open, I shall find myself at Liberty to acknowledge to all the World, may surprize some of my Relations and Friends, to whom I would, living or dying, give Satisfaction in any Particular relating to myself, I leave this Declaration behind me for their Perusal.

I was not over-reached into this Match by Art, nor hurried into it by Passion ; but, from long Experience of her Sense and Worth, I reasoned myself into it : And that I have not had any

any Cause to change my Opinion since, may be seen by my leaving this Writing uncanceled at my Death.

I considered, that there were three Things necessary in a Wife, which the World or myself should approve; Money, to accommodate my Fortunes;—Birth, to satisfy the Pride of my Relations;—and Sense, to render my own Life happy.

I considered, that it was an extraordinary Chance for one Man to compass all three; any one of which being as much good Luck as generally falls to one Man's Share, and the last the most seldom: There was then no Dispute which of them I should prefer, considering that I was, at that Time, thirty-six Years of Age, and that 'a Man, who is born of a Woman, has 'but a short Time to live,' and a much shorter to be happy.

I considered, that I had formed my own Mind, and made my own Fortune too, having never had Tutor or Patron to either; and that my Friends ought surely to give me Leave to frame my own Happiness too.

I found I had so engaged her Affections, that no other Man could make her happy; and so dallied with her Character, that only myself could repair it. Thus Honour, Justice, and Generosity concurred, to what my Love and Reason had before approved.

The Progress of our Loves may be seen in a Collection of our Letters, which are, at present, in the Hands of a Friend; and, in reading them, one may see how our Studies, Sentiments, and whole Turn of Mind, were adapted for each other: So that, in our Case, it might most

M 2

emphatically

* Unum opus & requiem pariter disponimus ambo.
Perfius.

emphatically be said, 'Whom the Lord hath
' joined, let no Man put asunder.' Amen.

I am in my constitutional Principles, for a
limited Monarchy; and, in my national Policy,
for the *Hanover* Succession; and think that any
one, who differs from me, must do so more from
private Reasons, than any Regard to the public
Good.

January 19, 1753.

There was also inclosed, in the Will, the fol-
lowing Poem of *Pope's*:

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left Conscience free, and Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away :
For God is paid, when Man receives ;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When Thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak and erring Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
Still in the Right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh ! teach my Heart
To find that better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others shew,
That Mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath ;
Oh ! lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this Day's Life or Death !

This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot ;
 All else beneath the Sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,
 And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
 Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies !
 One Chorus let all Beings raise !
 All Nature's Incense rise !

LETTER CCLXXXVI

TELL me, my dearest *Harry*, can my whole Life, and I would have it a long one for that Purpose, spent in a continued Series of Love and Gratitude to thee, make a sufficient Return for the generous Kindness you express towards me ? Oh my Soul's Joy ! my Heart o'erflows with Tenderness, and soft Ideas crowd too fast upon me, to admit of poor Expression ; excuse it then, and read my Rapture in thy own dear Breast.

With heart-felt Praise, and with a Zeal more fervent, than cloystered Nun, or Anchorite e'er knew, I bless that gracious Power who has restored thy Life, thy Health to me, and to Mankind ; and oh ! how truly good has the Almighty been to me, perhaps scarce thankful enough for my own Recovery, he wakes my Gratitude upon a Theme, which fills my Soul with true Devotion, and makes it all his own. Thus has Heaven multiplied its Mercies on me, by giving me, I hope, a just and proper Sense of them.

Need I tell you, that I am transported at the Thoughts of seeing you, as you promise. I have
 cried

cried out more than once, since I received your dear Letter.

' Gallop apace ye fiery-footed Steeds, &c.'

I have the Pleasure to inform you that I am much better than when I wrote last, tho' still very weak; but I am certain that *Hygea* will return with thee, and as I shall be happier then, I shall, I am sure, in every Sense, be better.

I own I am not displeased, that since we both happened to be ill, we were so at the same Time, since we were not together, and as the same Sympathy accompanied our Recovery, may a truly tender and affectionate one ever subsist between us.

Adieu, and haste!

H I A T U S.

L E T T E R CCLXXXVII.

I AM returned Home safe to my Elysium, and did not see so sweet a Place since I left it. A Cow dead, two Sheep, six Turkeys, two Ducks, and a Goose stolen, was all my Loss, while I was away. I forgot; a Ferret died. These Things have greatly ruffled the *Calmness* of my Uncle's Temper, especially the first; for it was one of my Weaver's Cows, which I had sold to him, about a Month before; and thought it between half honest and half humane to make good his Loss. My Uncle disputed very logically with me upon this Head; that it was not an Act which Honesty required, because I had fulfilled my Part already, in delivering the Cow; and was not to be a Guarantee against Accidents. He said, that Humanity was no more

concerned with him, than any other Object of Charity, &c. &c. All which I acknowledge to be true; and yet I had some strong Idea roving in my Mind, that I was but acting justly; not from any particular Law of Morality or Religion, but from Something higher, that adapts itself to many nice Circumstances, which express Laws cannot reach. This is, I suppose, what the Philosophers and Divines stile Conscience; Something, as *Prior* expresses it,

‘ Beyond the fix’d and settled Rules
‘ Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,’ &c.*

There is, certainly, such a Thing as original Truth, coeval with Eternity; Part of the Essence of God, and not a Law of his ordaining. This is that charming Idea, which the Mind of Man contemplates in itself with so much philosophic Rapture. This Primitive Reason is the great Criterion, which guides noble or unflavoured Minds, when they see fit to depart from, exceed, or act directly opposite to the express Laws of God, or Man; which being but imperfect Deductions from that original Source, necessarily established for the Regulation of Men’s Lives, who have not Sense or Leisure to contemplate the native Beauty of Truth, or Virtue enough to embrace it, may be deviated, according as Reason or Conscience instructs the unprejudiced Mind, the great Law would have been directed in such a particular Case or Instance. I am extremely provoked at the unphilosophic Assertion of *Descartes*, ‘ that two and two make four, not from ‘ original Necessity, but because God Almighty ‘ willed it so.’

I have

* See the Story of *Quintus Scævola* in *Tully’s Offices*, Book III. Chapter xv.

I have just sent to the Stage ; and, if a Place be vacant, I shall go up to Town in it.

Adieu !

Henry.

HIATUS.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

AS to the Conversation with —, I should be much obliged, if you would let me know who was the second Person ; which upon my Honour, I shall never mention either to him or the other ; and this you may be assured of, both upon your Account and mine. It may be of Use to me to know his Confident upon this Occasion, but only so, if I keep my Mind to myself.

Such Expressions as he made Use of, though the same that you quoted, may very well bear a different Sense from what Mistake, Prejudice against him, or in Favour of me, might possibly apprehend them in ; or, even supposing them capable of no other Meaning, but the unkind one reported to you, yet the Ill-nature of the Tongue does not always proceed from the Malice of the Heart ; and the unmeaning Purposes of a light Reverie, or the vague Folly of an idle Dream, may sometimes be mistaken for a deliberate and determined Scheme of Action. I have not, thank Providence, in my own Heart, Malice to any Man : I have therefore no Jealousy of any one's evil Designs towards me. The few, I love, I love entirely, both with Friendship and Esteem :

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Those,

Those whom I meerly love not, (for I hate no one) have my general Benevolence and Charity. This happy Cast of Mind has enabled me to live hitherto very easily and comfortably, both in the World, and my own Closet ; and has turned the Edge of many Mortifications and Disappointments, I have met with, in my Communication with Mankind ; which, though frequent, I may be supposed to be not well qualified to bear with ; as, from the general favourable Opinion I have of human Nature, in Honour to it's Creator, the Conviction of Yesterday prepares me not for the Disappointment of To-morrow. My Affections vary, but my Friendships never ; for the first depend upon others, but the latter upon myself ; or, rather, this rests upon an higher Principle than the slight Basis of human Connections. This Principle is not my own ; it was graciously lent me by Providence, who would have unkindly given me Life without it. I will spend it here with pious Use, and pay it back with grateful Tribute ! And the Lord incline our Hearts to keep this Law !

[A Letter is missing here.]

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

My FANNY,

I DO not remember what I said in the Letter, which inclosed you *Fielding's* Essay ; but am certain, from the Tenor of my Opinion of you, that I did not mean to reprimand you for the Misapplication of your Time in reading Books of Amusement only. When I speak of Sense, Honour, or Virtue, you ought to understand it as a Compliment,

Compliment, a just one, to you ; not meant to upbraid you for the Want of these Excellencies. Why am I eternally mistaken ?

You say, that the present Uneasiness of your Mind calls for Amusement. I should think, that Amusements were fitter for a Mind at Ease. Irksome Thoughts are not to be relieved by Trifles ; and it requires high Studies, and deep Reflections, to divert us from present Ills or melancholy Prospects. But let Amusement be the Word ! Will not *Shakespear's* Plays amuse you better than *Dursey's*, and would you not find better Entertainment in the *Spectator* than the *Rambler* ? No Boarding-School Girl reads more for Amusement, than I do. I would have you do so too : For I know very well, that Sense, Philosophy, and Virtue will make any Reading an higher Entertainment to you ; and that you are capable of receiving Pleasure or Amusement from many Writings, which are capable of instructing half the World. This was what I meant to hint to you, by any of my Letters on this Subject ; that the *utile* was not inconsistent with the *dulci* ; as I was too anxious for even your Amusements, to leave them to Chance or Carelessness for the Hap. I recommended some Papers to you lately, which, I flattered myself, would have highly amused you ; as I am sure the Comments, I expected from you upon them, would have greatly entertained me. But I will not presume to set you Tasks — Your own good Sense be your Guide !

I am sincerely concerned to find you still in that plaintive Mood of ' Misfortunes, Anxiety of Mind, &c.' I hope, and believe that you are not in any Circumstance of Life, which can provoke such melancholy Reflections. In short, I have observed, that there is a great Deal of Sense
and

and Virtue, with some Smattering of Philosophy, in the World ; but that great, noble, and comprehensive Quality, called Fortitude, seems to have quite forsaken Mankind ; and *Scarron* might well say, if, in Truth, he could even say so much,

‘ None, but myself, could e’er that Pitch attain,
‘ To sport with Misery, and jest in Pain.’

May Heaven, most earnestly solicited by my Prayers, defend my dearest, amiable Love from both ! and from every Evil, natural and moral, except the Penalties, which she deserves herself ! and then surely her Happiness here will be an Earnest of that Bliss, which perfect Spirits enjoy hereafter. Amen to that sweet Prayer !

Sir Francis Bacon has a fine Passage, which may be quoted here as a noble Definition of that Constancy, and Fortitude of Mind, which I am lamenting ; ‘ prepared for every Event, armed in
‘ all Fortunes, foreseeing without Fear, enjoying without Satiety, and suffering without Impatience.’ This great Character is in the Power of so small a Portion of Sense and Virtue to attain to, that, for my Part, I am resolved to commence Heroe from the Date of this Letter.

Adieu !

Henry.

LETTER CCXC.

I HAD the provoking Pleasure of receiving two Letters from my dear *Harry*, by Yesterday’s Post. Tho’ they were of different Dates, the Post-Mark was the same on both ; so that these
teizing

teizing Delays must be owing to the Person you send with your Letters.

We do indeed too often misapprehend each other. I make no Doubt but the Fault lies chiefly on my Side ; for I am conscious I have too much Quickness in my Disposition ; which, joined to the earnest Desire I have to render myself agreeable to you, puts me on endeavouring to justify or explain away my Faults, perhaps with too much Warmth. It is long since I have agreed with my dear Preceptor, in owning that Trifles will not, even for the present Moment, amuse a rational Mind. There is a Kind of Self-contempt inseparable from the mis-spending our Time, in Pursuit of any Thing, which does not tend to make us wiser or better, and, of Course, happier. But this Feeling is, I believe, only known to intelligent Minds ; tho' I have heard People complain of throwing away their Time on a Book, that did not please them, who were utterly incapable of making any Reflection, or forming any Sentiment from *Milton, Shakespeare, or Addison*

It is, indeed, as my sweet Love observes, not in the Power of Trifles to relieve or calm the Sorrows of the Mind, or divert the Thoughts from bodily Pain. It is only in the Province of Religion, Philosophy, and Sense, to aid us in surmounting present Ills, by teaching us to look forward to an happy Futurity.

As I had entered into a regular Course of reading the *Spectators*, I have not yet gone thro' the particular Set of Papers you recommended. I think it is impossible you should doubt my being really charmed with those I have met : But, alas ! what Comment could you expect from me, on Subjects, where the little Understanding I am Mistress of, may be compared to an Infant
just

just weaned from Leading-Strings, afraid to make a Step without a Guide ?

I never did set up for the least Degree of Fortitude : My Sensations are much too lively for the Stoic : A decent Resignation to the Will of the Supreme Being is the utmost I aspire to. Nor do I look upon it, that my complaining to you can be deemed a Breach of Duty, in this Point : You are so much myself, and every Faculty of my Soul is so much devoted to you, that I can scarce call them mine. You have my Thoughts all wild and uncorrected : Tho' you may not approve them, you should pardon, while you endeavour to reform them, as you do those faulty ones, that rise involuntarily in your own Heart. " For where's the Palace, where-into foul Things " intrude not ?"

My Heart's dear *Harry* must give me Leave to assure him, I am sincerely grateful for that elegant and affecting Solitude he expresses for my Happiness ; of which he is, and I hope ever will be, the first and only Agent in the Hand of Heaven. May it reward and bless him for the Kindness, and return those Wishes, which he makes for me, to him an Hundred-fold !

You do me but strict Justice, when you believe that Nothing, but *extreme Illness*, or some very extraordinary Accident, could prevent my writing. Your not hearing from me, by *Saturday's* Post, was owing to the *first*. I was the whole Day in racking Pain, and could not rest three Minutes in any Place ; therefore, as I had no Letter from you to answer, I thought it cruel to make you uneasy with my Pains.

Tho' I am transported at the Thoughts of seeing my dearest *Harry*, I would, by no Means, desire you to come, unless you can do it with Convenience to yourself ; for I would have you leave
all

all your Cares behind, when your dear Presence is to banish mine. But in this, and every Thing, I submit myself to your Discretion and your Love.

Adieu, my dearest Life ! May it be as consistent with your Business, as I am sure it is with your Inclinations, soon to see your fond and faithful.

Fanny !

LETTER CCXCI.

My dearest FANNY,

YOU know I was lately angry : And I am so ashamed of it, that I have been recollecting what my Reading, or own Reflections can suggest, first, to palliate the Offence for what is past ; and to prevent, for the future, the ill Effects of a Vice and Weakness, which I think even I have Sense and Virtue enough to guard myself from.

The best Hints, which I shall offer here, are taken from 'an Essay upon this very Subject of Anger, wrote by Lord *Verulam*.

To extinguish this Passion entirely, is but a Bravery of the Stoics : For, like all ill Habit, we must cure ourselves by Degrees ; as a skilful Rider manages an headstrong Horse, guides his Steps in the safest Course, and pulls and relaxes the Rein by Turns. The Reason that so few People reclaim themselves from bad Affections, is owing more to Want of Judgment, than Virtue. We grow careless, upon finding the Imperfections of human Nature not easily conquered by the Perfection of Philosophy ; not being aware that Habit must be overcome by Habit ;

as

as Regimen cures chronical Distempers better than Medicines. Intermissions are as necessary in Ethics, as in Physic. The Scriptures, which are better Guides in Morals, than the whole Body of Philosophers, give some Indulgence to human Frailty in this Particular: 'Be ye angry, but sin not.' And in another Place, 'Let not the Sun go down upon your Wrath;' which seem to declare, that the Continuance of Anger, not the first Start of it, makes the Vice. *Bacon* says, the best Way to cure the natural Inclination or Habit of Resentment, is to reflect upon the Effects of Anger, 'how it troubles a Man's Life;' and the best Time to do this is to look back upon Anger, when the Fit is over. *Seneca* says well, that 'Anger is like a Ruin, which breaks itself upon that it falls.' *Socrates* being asked what a Man was doing, who was seen in the Street chafing himself in a Rage, answered justly, 'he is punishing an angry Man.' The Scripture exhorts us to possess our Souls in Patience; then whoever is out of Patience, is out of Possession of his Soul. A passionate Man may be compared to a Bee, according to *Virgil's* Expression, that, * when they sting, they lose their Spirit in the Wound. Perhaps this may leave an Open to Sarcasm, to compare a calm Man to a Drone. *Bacon* says, it ought to make Men ashamed of Anger, the Consideration of those Persons, who are most subject to it; Children, Women, old People, and sick Folks. Men should carry their Resentment rather with Scorn, than Passion; especially where our Pride is piqued; for that same Pride should rather shew us above, than below an Injury or Affront. Many other Arguments, drawn from Prudence, Morality,

* Animaque in Vulnere ponunt.

VIRG.

Morality, and Religion, occur to me at present ; but, I am sure, there are none of them necessary to inform your Sense and Understanding ; and all I mean by this Essay, is to furnish you with a few Hints to be offered to my own Consideration, whenever you find me relapsing into that Weakness, which you may remember in a former Letter, some Time ago, I mentioned as the only Thing, which, now and then, gets the better of the Tenor of my Philosophy.

Adieu, my fairest Guide ! I assure you, that I fly to your Arms with all the Impatience of an angry Man, and with all that Good-nature and Affection, which passionate Persons are remarkable for.

Atbenodorus.

LETTER CCXCII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM just returned from my Expedition to Scotland ; and, to give you my Opinion of it, I need only say, that, since I was obliged to go, I am glad it is over.

You cannot imagine, in what Light every Thing, both at Bed and Board, appeared to me, who have been used, all my Life, to travel through the best Roads in *England* ; for, though I am no great Epicure, yet I look upon Cleanliness not to be any extraordinary Luxury ; though *Mandeville* calls it so, when he wants to help out a disingenuous Argument.

I have rode several Days through this quondam Kingdom ; and was so persuaded, that I had strayed into *Gulliver's Country of Houynbmns*, that I was almost tempted to alight from my Horse,
and

and swear Allegiance to him; for I could not perceive a Grain of Corn, through all the Fields, but Oats; nor any one House that was too good for a Stable. And when at last I chanced to espy a *Garden* of Wheat, I rejoiced, like the shipwreck'd Philosopher, who, thinking himself cast away upon a desert Island, when he observed a Circle described on the Sands, cried out, 'Courage, my Friends; for human Creatures inhabit here.'

There is a Saying among Foreigners, who observe the Cleverness of the Generality of the *Scotch* Gentlemen, who travel abroad, that *Scotland* keeps all her Fools at Home: But I think they are mistaken in this Particular; for, really, those of that Nation, whom I have had any Sort of Commerce with, are 'ne Feuls.' I shall not press this Remark farther, as I think all national Reflections both unphilosophic and unjust. I shall take Leave of you now; for, as my ingenious Hostess of the *Garter* often expresses herself, I am tired after my Fatigue.

Adieu! my own Fanny.

Henry.

LETTER CCXCHII.

My dear HARRY,

I THINK your noble Correspondent makes a very poor Figure in his last Letter. I own, I had a better Opinion of his Sense and Spirit, than to suppose he could be alarmed at finding a Person, who possessed these Merits in an higher Degree than himself; but I am now convinced, that the Superiority, you demonstrated, is the Reason

Reason of his declining any farther Connection with you. It is not easy to fall with a good Grace, from a Principal to a Second, in any Point, which we have much at Heart; nor can we bear the Person, whose superior Excellence makes us appear in an inferior Light, even to ourselves. *Swift* is the only Author, or Person, I ever met with, who honestly confesses this Foible :

- ‘ Why must I be outdone by *Gay*,
- ‘ In my own hum’rous, biting Way ?
- ‘ *Arbutnot* is no more my Friend,
- ‘ Who dares to Irony pretend ;
- ‘ Which I was born to introduce,
- ‘ Refin’d it first, and shew’d it’s Use.’

When I plain’d my lonely Situation, did I seem to lament the Want of any Friend, or Companion, but thee ? Indeed, I neither did, nor do ; for all other Company and Converse are tasteless to me. I wish I had Religion or Philosophy sufficient to support your Absence with a proper Firmness, I will not say, Unconcern. But to those, who truly love, believe me, *the best Authors* appear but bad Comforters, under the Pains of Separation : To me they must be rather a Disservice, than an Help ; as they would but more strongly remind me of thee, thou charming, practick Essence of them all ! However, if I live, I will fall into whatever Course of Reading you think proper, as I shall always be pleased with adopting your Sentiments, or modelling mine by them, as far as my poor little Capacity will admit. But let me beg you not to attempt curing me of the Pain, which your Absence will ever give me ; for, as Nothing but Indifference can render me easy in that Particular,

ticular, be assured it is out of your Power to make me so.

Notwithstanding your Situation, which I know requires your Presence, I very seriously and sincerely wish you here, at this and every Moment. There is no saying how far the Weakness of my Body affects my Mind: Perhaps my being disqualified for every other Pleasure and Satisfaction, makes me feel your Loss more strongly. Be that as it will, I cannot help thinking it a little melancholy to be left in the forlorn, unsettled Way, I am, in my present Condition. How is the Time fixed for your Coming, when my falling ill is so uncertain? And sure you need not grudge me the Happiness of seeing you a little sooner than, perhaps, my latest Moment. However, if it is inconvenient, I relinquish your Promise; for I shall always prefer your Interest to my Satisfaction; nor can I receive any Joy from the Thoughts of your coming with Reluctance to me.

Adieu, my Heart's dear Harry!

LETTER CCXCIV.

My dear FANNY,

YOUR Observation upon — is extremely just, and expressed in a very pretty Turn and Manner; and, tho' I did not flatter myself in the Way you have taken it, yet that may rather be his Reason, than none at all; for, as to the Objection he makes, with regard to the Expence; I think my Letters sufficiently proved that the Expence of my Scheme would be considerably less than his own Plan.

Your

Your Remark upon — puts me in Mind of a Passage of Sir *Francis Bacon's* Treatise upon the Wisdom of the Antients ; where he labours to give a new Moral to the old Fables of Antiquity. *Juno* is said to be woo'd by *Jupiter*, in the Form of a Cuckow ; upon which he makes the following Comment : ' That Men often impede their own ' Success by Ostentation of superior Merit ; and ' that especially with Persons, who have more ' Arrogance and Pride, intimated by the Character of *Juno*, than Sense or Merit. The surest ' Way to win their Favour is, to appear as mean ' and humble, both in Virtue and outward Appearance, as possible.'

The whole Treatise, which I am now quoting from, is, in my Opinion, a very poor Performance, and much below so great a Man. The Morals drawn from the Tales of the Pantheon are wretchedly forced, and many of them improperly adapted. His Stile is ordinary, and Expressions low.

My dearest Life, you cannot surely think, that I would not rather be with you, even in Town, than from you, even here : Why then do you seem to upbraid me ? Oh never, never do so again. Be assured this once for all, and then never let a Doubt or Surmise disturb your Breast, that I never stay a Day from you, but when it is necessary I should, both for your present Security and future Happiness. You can surely calculate pretty near the Time you would most particularly desire my Attendance ; and it will certainly be Time enough for me to go up then. If I should go at present, perhaps I might be, for many Reasons, under a Necessity of leaving you, at that Time, I should most wish to be with you. Thus your own Impatience would
disappoint

disappoint your End. I shewed the same Impatience in desiring you to come down; but I have been uneasy, ever since, about it, as I am apprehensive the Attempt would be extremely hazardous, and the Journey too fatiguing; and an unlucky *Contretemps* might happen in the Country, before you could be able to return again. I hope this Letter will reach you Time enough to prevent you; or rather, I hope your Prudence has corrected my Indiscretion already. There are many Reasons too against your coming at present; which, however, material in themselves, are Considerations too insignificant to mention, after the Objection I have made, of your Danger.

I am, indeed I am, tout a vous Seul.

LETTER CCXCV.

My dearest FANNY,

TUESDAY's Post did not bring me any Letter from you. In your present Situation, you may judge how uneasy I must be, upon such an Occasion. Accordingly I sat down to scold, or complain, which are synonymous Terms.—But stay, says I: Before my Letter need go, another Post may come in; and many Accidents may have prevented her writing, or made the Letter miscarry, without her Illness or Neglect. Thus, my Pet, do I always deal with you, and would sooner suspect Improbabilities, or even my own Senses, than your Truth; and should, in like Circumstances, behave, with regard to you, like that noble *Venetian*, who, seeing a Looking-glass make some Reflections on his Wife, broke it with his Cane, crying out, 'Thou lyest.'

Farewel,

Farewel, my dearest Life ! I am not less your's than ever ; and need no more to assure you, I am totally, and for ever, your's.

Henry.

L E T T E R CCXCVI.

MY dearest *Fanny* tells me, that it is only in my Power to make her unhappy. 'Tis a Secret you may safely trust me with, and to make you the more secure, I do hereby place the same Confidence in you. I am sure that we shall never render one another uneasy by Design, and Inadvertence can have no Excuse, when our mutual Attention should be constantly directed toward each other's Happiness. If ever this charming Union should be broken in upon, on your Part, my Love might induce me to forgive you, but should it happen, on my Side, my Justice would hinder me from ever forgiving myself.

I should not speak thus to you, if my Heart had not acquired a perfect Confidence and Acquiescence, in your Sense and Behaviour ; and 'tis while it o'erflows with Love and Fondness toward you, that I tremble most at the bare Possibility of that charming Current, being diverted or dried up. 'Tis not in Pain or Sickness, but in the Vigour of Health and Pleasure, that the Apprehensions of Death use to shock us most.

Our fine Weather is broke, and yet there is Something not displeasing to me in this Vicissitude. I may say with *Milton*, in the same Words, tho' not in the same Sense,

' To me each Season, and its Change,
' All please alike.'

for,

for, tho' I have a great Deal of Constancy, with
Regard to Love and Friendship, I delight ex-
tremely in every Variety which Nature has in-
dulgently contrived, either for Pleasure or for
Use.

Adieu.



END OF VOL. II.



